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Reading the "Want Ads"

WORKING-GIRLS' BUDGETS

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BASED UPON INDIVIDUAL STORIES OF SELF-SUPPORTING GIRLS

BY

SUE AINSLIE CLARK AND EDITH WYATT

[THESE articles are based upon information obtained through an investigation conducted by the National Consumers' League, and covering the earnings of working-girls—wages, overtime work, loss from slack seasons, their expenditure for shelter, food, clothing, etc., down to the last penny of their earnings, and their uncertain struggle to preserve health and vitality. EDITORS.]

ONE of the most significant features of the common history of this generation is the fact that nearly six million women are now gainfully employed in this country. From time immemorial, women have, indeed, worked, so that it is not quite as if an entire sex, living at ease at home heretofore, had suddenly been thrown into an unwonted activity, as many quoters of the census seem to believe. For the domestic labor in which women have always engaged may be as severe and prolonged as commercial labor. But not until recently have women been employed in multitudes for wages, under many of the same conditions as men, irrespective of the fact that their powers

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Photograph by Hine

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT-STORE GIRLS

are different by nature from those of men, and should, in reason, for themselves, for their children, and for every one, indeed, be conserved by different industrial regulations.

What, then, are the fortunes of some of these multitudes of women gainfully employed? What do they give in their work? What do they get from it? Clearly ascertained information on those points has been meager.

About two years ago the National Consumers' League, through the initiative of its Secretary, Mrs. Florence Kelley, started an inquiry on the subject of the standard of living among self-supporting women workers in many fields, away from home in New York. Among these workers were saleswomen, waist-makers, hat-makers, cloak-finishers, textile workers in silk, hosiery, and carpets, tobacco workers, machine tenders, packers of candy, drugs, biscuits, and olives, laundry workers, hand embroiderers, milliners, and dressmakers.

The Consumers' League Collects Budgets of Working-Girls

The Consumers' League had printed for this purpose a series of questions arranged in two parts. The first part covered the character of each girl's work—the nature of her occupation, wages, hours, overtime work, overtime compensation, fines, and idleness. The second part of the questions dealt with the worker's expenses—her outlay for shelter, food, clothing, rest and recreation, and her effort to maintain her strength and energy. In this way the League's inquiry on income and outlay was so arranged as to ascertain, not only the worker's gain and expense in money, but, as far as possible, her gain and expense in health and vitality. The inquiry was conducted for a year and a half by Mrs. Sue Ainslie Clark.*

The account of the income and outlay of self-supporting women away from home in New York may be divided, for purposes of record, into the chronicles of saleswomen, shirtwaist-makers, women workers whose industry involves tension, such as machine operatives, and women workers whose industry involves a considerable outlay of muscular strength, such as laundry workers.

Among these the narrative of the trade fortunes of some New York saleswomen is

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* In the last six months further accounts from workingwomen in the trades mentioned in New York have been received by Miss Edith Wyatt, Vice-President of the Consumers' League of Illinois. Aside from the facts ascertained through the schedules filled by the workers, and through Mrs. Clark's and Miss Wyatt's visits to them, information has been obtained through Miss Helen Marot, Secretary of the New York Woman's Trade Union League, Miss Marion MacLean, Director of the Sociological Investigation Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States, Miss May Matthews, Head Worker of Hartley House, Miss Hall, Head Worker of the Riverside Association, Miss Rosenfeld, Head Worker of the Clara de Hirsch Home, the Clinton Street Headquarters of the Union, the St. George Working-Girls' Clubs, the Consumers' League of the City of New York, and the offices or files of the *Survey*, the *Independent*, the *Call*, and the *International Socialist Review*.

ON THEIR WAY TO WORK IN THE MORNING

placed first. Mrs. Clark's inquiry concerning the income and outlay of saleswomen has been supplemented by portions of the records of another investigator for the League, Miss Marjorie Johnson, who worked in one of the department-stores during the Christmas rush of 1909–1910.

Further informal reports made by the shop-girls in the early summer of 1910 proved that the income and expenditures of women workers in the stores had remained practically unchanged since the winter of Mrs. Clark's report.

The Trade Fortunes of the Army of New York Shop-Girls

So that it would seem that the budgets, records of the investigator, and statements given by the young women interviewed last June may be reasonably regarded as the most truthful composite photograph obtainable of the trade fortunes of the army of the New York department-store girls to-day.*

The limitations of such an inquiry are clear. The thousands of women employed in the New York department-stores are of many kinds. From the point of view of describing personality and character, one might as intelligently make an inquiry among wives, with the intent of ascertaining typical wives. But trade and living conditions for the greater number of the women away from home, working in the New York stores, have undoubtedly certain common features, accurately stated in these industrial records.

Among the fifty saleswomen's histories collected at random in stores of various grades, those that follow, with the statements modifying them, seem to express most clearly and fairly, in the order followed, these common features — low wages, casual employment, heavy required expense in laundry and dress, semi-dependence, uneven promotion, lack of training, absence of normal pleasure, long hours of standing, and an excess of seasonal work.

One of the first saleswomen who told the League her experience in her work was Lucy Cleaver, a young American woman of twenty-five, who had entered one of the New York department-stores at the age of twenty, at a salary of $4.50 a week.

The Story of Lucy Cleaver, a Department-Store Stock Clerk

In the course of the five years of her employment her salary had been raised one dollar. She stood for nine hours every day. If, in dull moments of trade, when no customers were near, she made use of the seats lawfully provided for employees, she was at once ordered by a floor-walker to do something that required standing.

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* It remains to be said that there are, among women in business for the department-stores, buyers, assistant buyers, receivers of special orders, advertisers, and heads of departments, earning salaries of from twenty dollars to two hundred dollars a week.

During the week before Christmas, she worked standing over fourteen hours every day, from eight to twelve-fifteen in the morning, one to six in the afternoon, and half past six in the evening till half past eleven at night. So painful to the feet becomes the act of standing for these long periods that some of the girls forgo eating at noon in order to give themselves the temporary relief of a foot bath. For this overtime the store gave her $20, presented to her, not as payment, but as a Christmas gift.

The management also allowed a week's vacation with pay in the summer-time and presented a gift of $10.

After five years in this position she had a disagreement with the floor-walker and was summarily dismissed.

She then spent over a month in futile searching for employment, and finally obtained a position as a stock girl in a Sixth Avenue suit store at $4 a week, a sum less than the wage for which she had begun work five years before. Within a few weeks, dullness of trade had caused her dismissal. She was again facing indefinite unemployment.

Her income for the year had been $281. She lived in a large, pleasant home for girls, where she paid only $2.50 a week for board and a room shared with her sister. Without the philanthropy of the home, she could not have made both ends meet. It was fifteen minutes' walk from the store, and by taking this walk twice a day she saved carfare and the price of luncheon. She did her own washing, and as she could not spend any further energy in sewing, she bought cheap ready-made clothes. This she found a great expense. Cheap waists wear out very rapidly. In the year she had bought 24 at 98 cents each. Here is her account, as nearly as she had kept it and recalled it for a year: a coat, $10.00; 4 hats, $17.00; 2 pairs of shoes, $5.00; 24 waists at 98 cents, $23.52; 2 skirts, $4.98; underwear, $2; board, $130; doctor, $2: total, $194.50. This leaves a balance of $86.50. This money had paid for necessaries

MILLINERY
SUPPLIES
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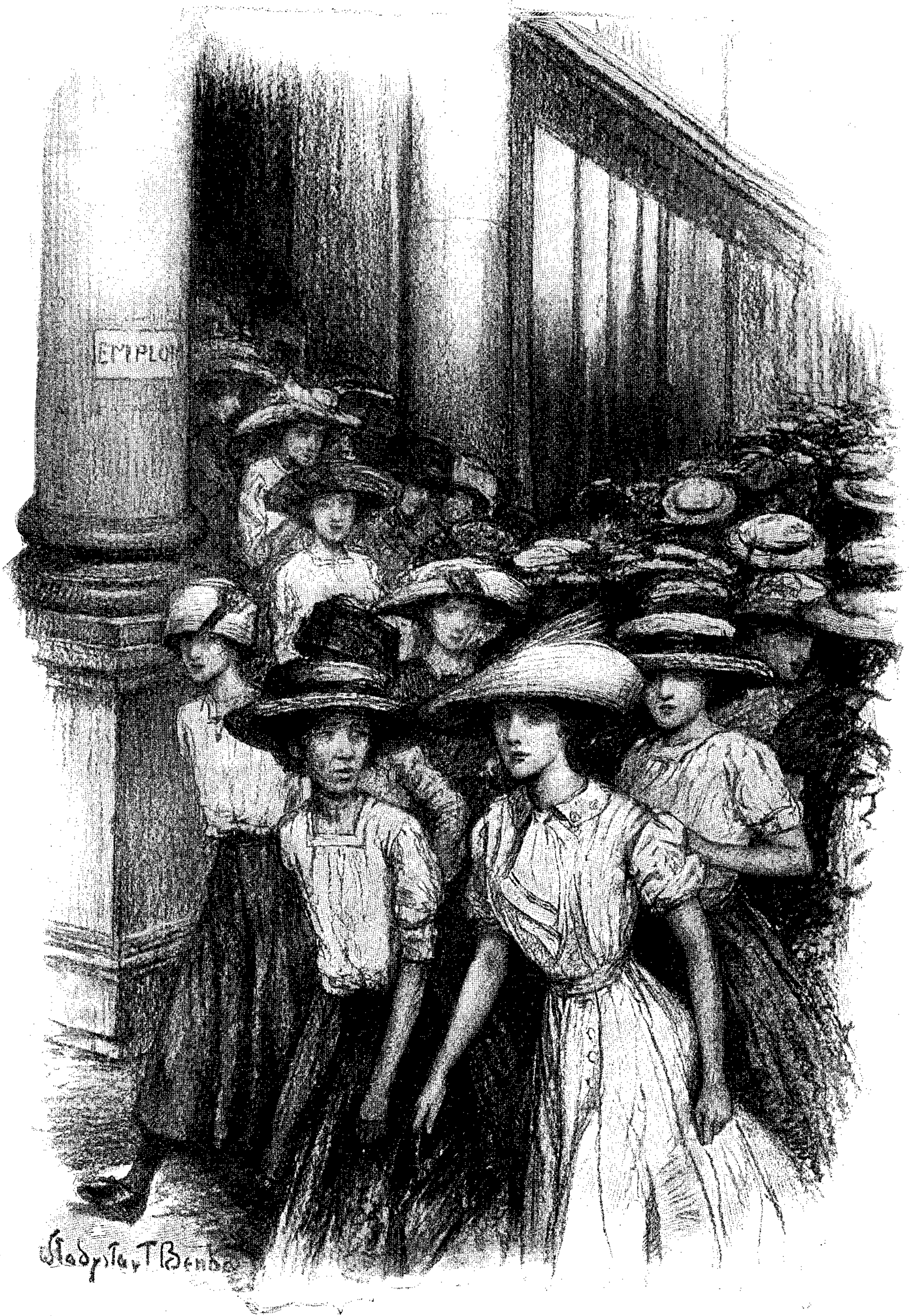
Photograph by Hine

LOOKING FOR WORK

IRREGULARITY OF EMPLOYMENT IS ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEMS THAT THE WORKING-GIRL AWAY FROM HOME HAS TO FACE. HER WORK IS FREQUENTLY SEASONAL, AND HER WAGES, AS A RULE, ALLOW NO MARGIN FOR SAVING



Drawn from life by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CLOSING HOUR IN FRONT OF A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT-STORE not itemized — stockings, heavy winter underwear, petticoats, carfare, vacation expenses, every little gift she had made, and all recreation.

She belonged to no benefit societies, and she had not been able to save money in any way, even with the assistance given by the home. So much for her financial income and outlay.

After giving practically all her time and force to her work, she had not received a return sufficient to conserve her health in the future, or even to support her in the present without the help of philanthropy. She was ill, anemic, nervous and broken in health.

The Costly Cheap Clothing of the Working-Girl

Before adding the next budget, two points in Lucy Cleaver's outlay should perhaps be emphasized in the interest of common sense. The first is the remarkable folly of purchasing 24 waists at 98 cents each. In an estimate of the cost of clothing, made by one of the working-girls' clubs of St. George's last year,* the girls

Photograph by Hine

FITTING SHOES IN A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT-STORE

SIX DOLLARS A WEEK WAS THE WAGE OF ONE YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN EMPLOYED FOR SIX YEARS AT THIS WORK. SHE PAID $1 A WEEK ROOM RENT, COOKED HER OWN BREAKFAST AND SUPPER AT AN EXPENSE OF $1.95 A WEEK, AND PAID 15 CENTS A DAY FOR HER DINNER agreed that comfort and a presentable appearance could be maintained, so far as expenditure for waists was concerned, on $8.50 a year. This amount allowed for five shirtwaists at $1.20 apiece, and one net waist at $2.50.

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* Here are the estimates made by the St. George's Working-Girls' Club of the smallest practicable expenditure for self-supporting girls in New York: General expense per week: room, $2; meals, $3; clothes, $1.25; washing, 75 cents; carfare, 60 cents; pleasures, 25 cents; church, 10 cents; club, 5 cents: total, $8. Itemized account of clothing for the year at $1.25 a week, or $65 a year: 2 pair of shoes at $2, and mending at $1.50, $5.50; 2 hats at $2.50, $5; 8 pair of stockings at 12½ cents, $1; 2 combination suits at 50 cents, $1; 4 shirts at 12½ cents, 50 cents; 4 pairs of drawers at 25 cents, $1; 4 corset-covers at 25 cents, $1; 1 flannel petticoat, 25 cents; 2 white petticoats at 75 cents, $1.50; 5 shirtwaists at $1.20, $6; 1 net waist, $2.50; 2 corsets at $1, $2; gloves, $2; 2 pairs rubbers at 65 cents, $1.30; 1 dozen handkerchiefs at 5 cents, 60 cents; 3 night-gowns at 50 cents, $1.50; 1 sweater, $2; 2 suits at $15, $30. total, $65.65.

In extenuation of Lucy Cleaver's weak judgment as a waist purchaser, and the poor child's one absurd excess, it must, however, be said that the habit of buying many articles of poor quality, instead of fewer articles of better quality, is frequently a matter not of choice but of necessity. The cheap, hand-to-mouth buying which proves paradoxically so expensive in the end is no doubt often caused by the simple fact that the purchaser has not, at the time the purchase is made, any more money to offer. Whatever your wisdom, you cannot buy a waist for $1.20 if you possess at the moment only 98 cents. The St. George's girls made their accounts on a basis of an income of $8 a week. Lucy Cleaver never had an income of more than $5.50 a week, and sometimes had less. The fact that she spent nearly three times as much as they did on this one item of expenditure, and yet never could have "one net waist at $2.50" for festal occasions, is worthy of notice.

Photograph by Hine

THE GLOVE COUNTER

ONE GRAVE ASPECT OF DEPARTMENT-STORE WORK IS THE LONG HOURS OF STANDING

Working-Girls Launder Their Own Clothes After Working-Hours

The other point that should be emphasized is the fact that she did her own washing. The more accurate statement would be that she did her own laundry, including the processes, not only of rubbing the clothes clean, but of boiling, starching, bluing, and ironing. This, after a day of standing in other employment, is a vital strain more severe than may perhaps be readily realized. Saleswomen and shop-girls have not the powerful wrists and muscular waists of accustomed washerwomen, and are in most instances no better fitted to perform laundry work than washerwomen would be to make sales and invoice stock. But custom requires exactly the same freshness in a saleswoman's shirtwaist, ties, and collars as in those of women of the largest income. The amount the girls of the St. George's Working Club found it absolutely necessary to spend in a year for laundering clothes was almost half as much as the amount spent for lodging and nearly two thirds as much as the amount originally spent for clothing.

Where this large expense of laundry cannot be met financially by saleswomen, it has to be met by sheer personal strength. One department-store girl, who needed to be especially neat because her position was in the shirtwaist department, told us that sometimes, after a day's standing in the store, she worked over tubs and ironing-boards at home till twelve at night.

It is worth noting, as one cause of the numerous helpless shifts of the younger sales-girls, that, living, as most of them do, in a semi-dependence, on either relatives or charitable homes, it is almost impossible for them to learn any domestic economy, or the value of money for living purposes. It seems significant that quite the most practical spender encountered among the saleswomen was a widow, Mrs. Green, whose accounts will be given below, who was for years the manager of her own household and resources, and not a wage-earner until fairly late in life.

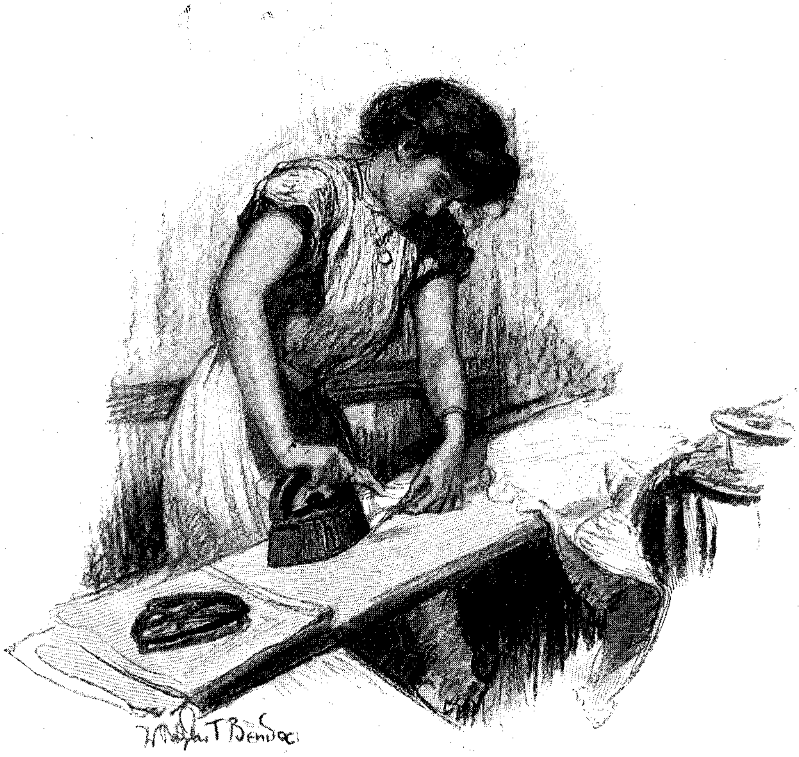
Story of Alice Anderson, a Check Girl

This helplessness of a semi-dependent and uneducated girl may be further illustrated by the chronicle of Alice Anderson, a girl of seventeen, who had been working in the department-stores for three years and a half.

She was at first employed as a check girl in a Fourteenth Street store, at a wage of \$2.62½ a week; that is to say, she was paid \$5.25 twice a month. Her working day was nine and a half hours long through most of the year. But during two weeks before Christmas it was lengthened to from twelve to thirteen and a half hours, without any extra payment in any form.

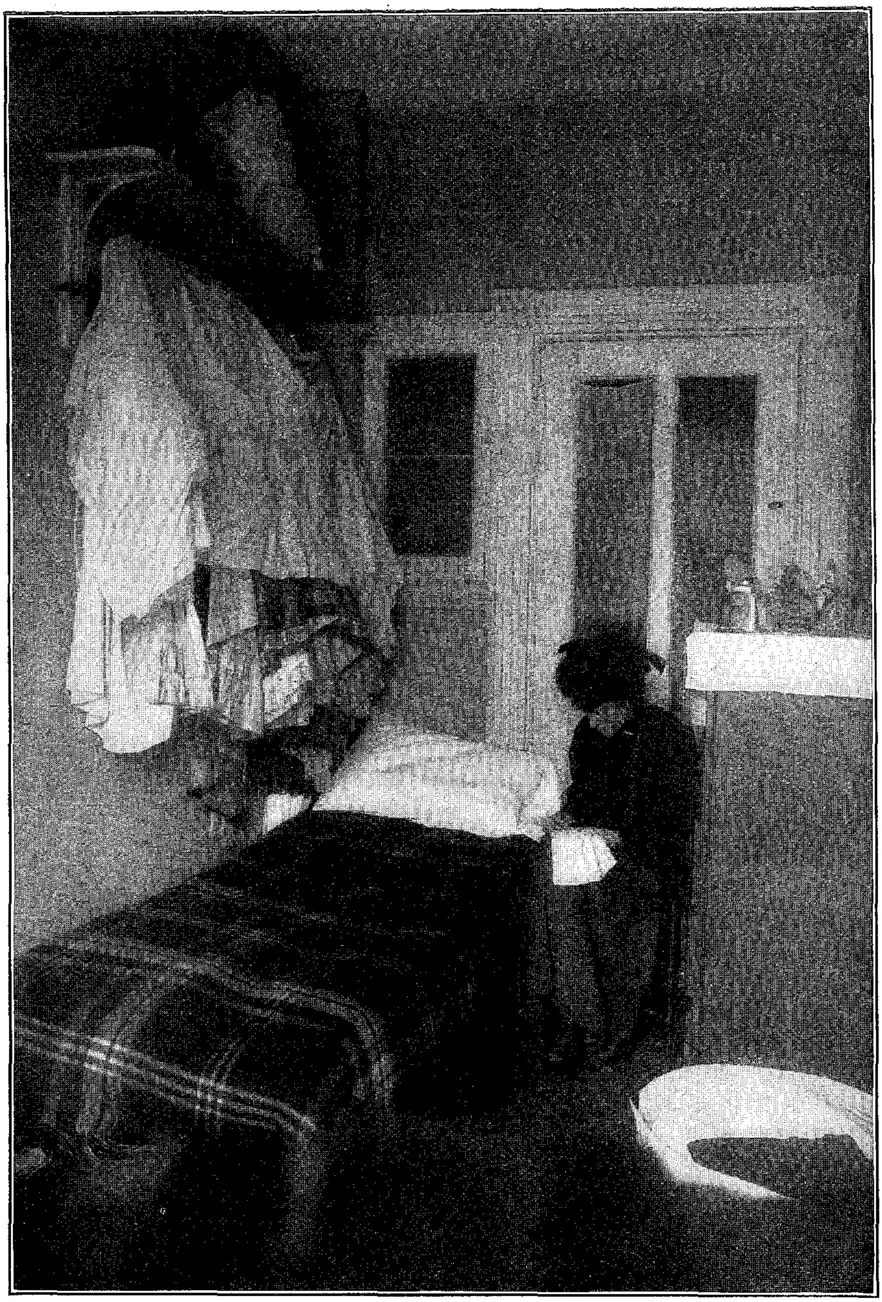
She was promoted to the position of saleswoman, but her wages still remained \$2.62½ a week. She lived with her grandmother of eighty, working occasionally as a seamstress, and to her Alice gave all her earnings for three years.

It was then considered better that she should go to live with an aunt, to whom she paid the



Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

THE AVERAGE SHOP-GIRL, AFTER WORKING ALL DAY AT THE STORE, WASHES AND IRONS HER OWN CLOTHES IN ORDER TO SAVE THE EXPENSE OF LAUNDRY AND YET MAINTAIN THE STANDARD OF NEATNESS THAT HER EMPLOYERS DEMAND



Photograph by Hine

AN EAST SIDE HALL BEDROOM

THE ROOM SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS THIRTEEN FEET LONG BY SIX FEET WIDE, AND IS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LIVING CONDITIONS OF MANY WORKING-GIRLS AWAY FROM HOME

nominal board of $1.15 a week. As her home was in West Hoboken, she spent two and a half hours every day on the journey in the cars and on the ferry. During the weeks of overtime Alice could not reach home until nearly half past eleven o'clock; and she would be obliged to rise while it was still dark, at six o'clock, after five hours and a half of sleep, in order to be at her counter punctually at eight. By walking from the store to the ferry she saved thirty cents a week. Still, fares cost her $1.26 a week. This $1.26 a week carfare (which was still not enough to convey her the whole distance from her aunt's to the store) and the $1.15

a week for board (which still did not really pay the aunt for her niece's food and lodging) consumed all her earnings except 20 cents a week.

Alice was eager to become more genuinely self-dependent. She left the establishment of her first employment and entered another store on Fourteenth Street, as cash girl, at $4 a week. The hours in the second store were very long, from eight to twelve in the morning and from a quarter to one till a quarter past six in the afternoon on all days except Saturday, when the closing hour was half past nine.

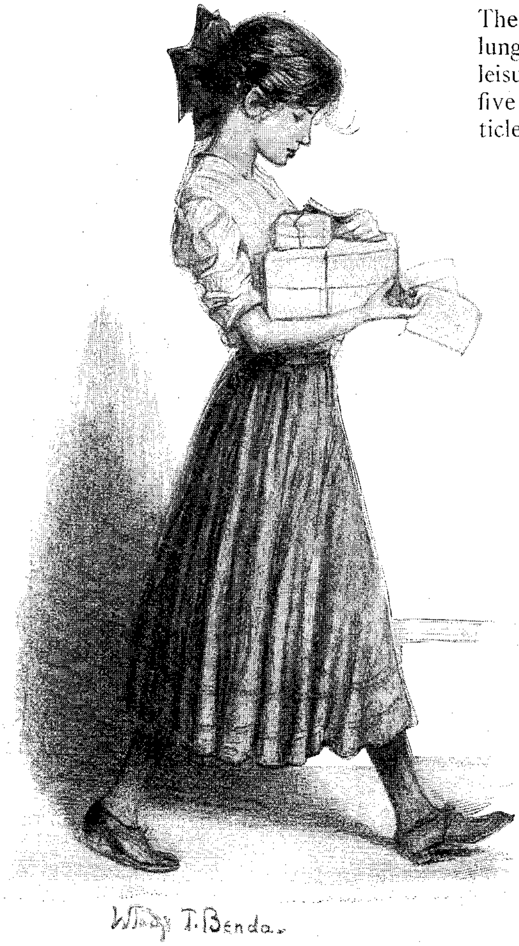
After she had $4 a week instead of $2.62½, Alice abandoned her daily trip to West Hoboken and came to live in New York.

Living on Coffee and Rolls at Twenty Cents a Day

Here she paid six cents a night in a dormitory of a charitably supported home for girls. She ate no breakfast. Her luncheon consisted of coffee and rolls for ten cents. Her dinner at night was a repetition of coffee and rolls for ten cents. As she had no convenient place for doing her own laundry, she paid 21 cents a week to have it done. Her regular weekly expenditure was as follows: lodging, 42 cents; board, $1.40; washing, 21 cents; clothing and all other expenses, $1.97: total, $4.

Of course, living in this manner was quite beyond her strength. She was pale, ill, and making the severest inroads upon her present and future health. Her experience illustrates the narrow prospect of promotion in some of the department-stores.

It is significant in this point to compare the annals of this growing girl with those of a saleswoman of thirty-five, Grace Carr, who had been at work for twelve years. In her first employment in a knitting-mill she had remained for five years, and had been promoted rapidly to a weekly wage of $12. The hours, however, were very long, from ten to thirteen hours a day. The lint in the air she breathed so filled her lungs that she was unable, in her short daily leisure, to counteract its effect. At the end of five years, as she was coughing and raising particles of lint, she was obliged to rest for a year.


Wl. T. Benda

Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

THE CASH GIRL

Story of Grace Carr, a Shoe Clerk

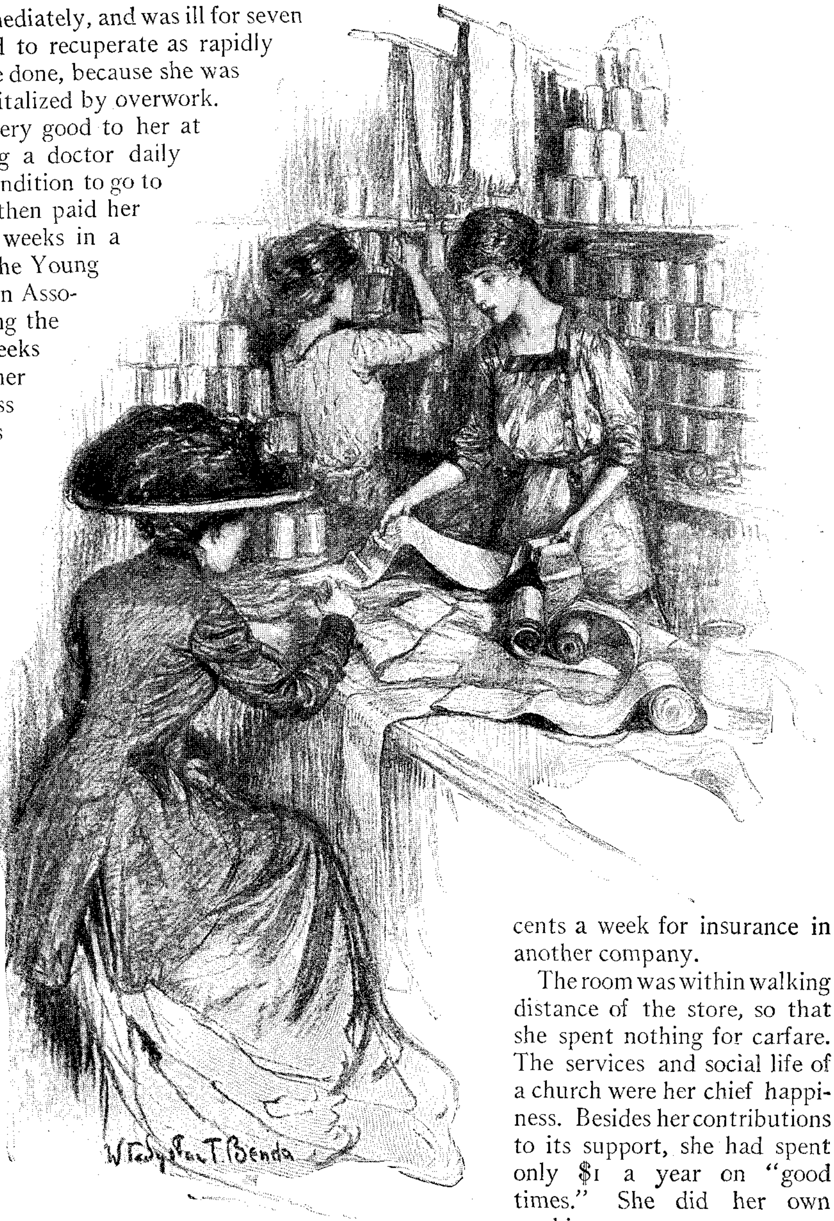
Not strong enough to undertake factory work again, she obtained a position in the shoe department in one of the large stores, where she was not "speeded up," and her daily working time of nine hours was less severe than that of the knitting-mill. In summer she had a Saturday half holiday. There was a system of fines for lateness; but on the rare occasions of her own tardiness it had not been enforced. The company was also generous in granting five-o'clock passes, which permitted a girl to leave at five in the afternoon, with no deduction from her wage for the free hour. She had been with this establishment for six years, earning $6 a week; and she had given up hope of advancing.

Miss Carr said that her work in the shoe department was exhausting, because of the stooping, the frequent sitting down and rising, and the effort of pulling shoes on and off. In the summer preceding the fall when she told of her experience in the store, she had, in reaching for a box of shoes, strained her heart in some way, so that she lost consciousness immediately, and was ill for seven weeks. She failed to recuperate as rapidly as she should have done, because she was so completely devitalized by overwork.

The firm was very good to her at this time, sending a doctor daily until she was in condition to go to the country. It then paid her expenses for two weeks in a country home of the Young Women's Christian Association, and during the three remaining weeks of her stay paid her full wage. Miss Carr praised this company's general care of the employees. A doctor and nurse were available without charge if a girl were ill in the store. A social secretary was employed.

Miss Carr lived in a furnished room with two other women, each paying a dollar a week rent. She cared nothing for her fellow lodgers; her only reason for spending her time with them in such close quarters was her need of living cheaply. She cooked her breakfast and supper in the crowded room, at an expense of $1.95 a week. She said that her "hearty" meal was a noon dinner, for which she paid in a restaurant 15 cents a day.

After her experience in the summer, she realized that she should assure herself of income in case of illness. She joined a benefit society, to which she paid 50 cents a month. This promised a weekly benefit of $4 a week for thirteen weeks, and $200 at death. She paid also ten cents a week for insurance in another company.



Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda

THE RIBBON COUNTER

The room was within walking distance of the store, so that she spent nothing for carfare. The services and social life of a church were her chief happiness. Besides her contributions to its support, she had spent only $1 a year on "good times." She did her own washing.

Her outlay in health in these years had been extreme. She was very worn, thin, and wrinkled with hard work, severe economies, and anxiety, although she was still in what should have been the prime of life.

Her weekly budget was: lodging, $1; board, $1.95; luncheons, $1.05; insurance, 21 cents; clothing, contributions to church, occasional carfare and other expenses, $1.79: total, $6.

Miss Carr said that her firm was generous in many of its policies, but she felt it profoundly discouraging not to advance to a wage that would permit decent living.

Photograph by Hine

SELLING CROCKERY IN THE BASEMENT OF A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT-STORE

ONE OF THE MOST EXHAUSTING BRANCHES OF DEPARTMENT-STORE WORK IS THE SELLING OF GOODS IN THE CROWDED GAS-LIGHTED BASEMENTS

In connection with Miss Carr's budget the benefit system of New York stores should be mentioned. In many of the large department-stores, monthly dues, varying with the wage of the employee, are deducted from the pay of each, although in many cases she does not know what the return for the dues is to be. These dues assure to her, while she remains in the store's employ, a weekly benefit in case of illness, and a death benefit. But if she leaves the store, or is discharged, the management retains the amount she has been forced to pay to it, and gives no return whatever in case of her subsequent sickness or death. While she is in the store's employ, the sick benefit varies from one half the girl's wage to a regular payment of $5 a week for from five to thirteen weeks, according to the particular rules in each store. The employee must be ill five days or a week in order to draw it. Otherwise she is docked for absence.

The Mutual Benefit Fund of the New York Association of Working-Girls' Societies has in this respect a better policy than the stores. Members of the clubs pay 55 cents a month for a benefit of $5 for six weeks in any one year,

Photograph by Hine

BARGAIN DAY IN A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT-STORE

DURING THE CHRISTMAS RUSH SEASON THE GIRLS OFTEN STAND FROM EIGHT IN THE MORNING UNTIL TEN, ELEVEN, AND TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. SUPPER FURNISHED BY THE STORE IS FREQUENTLY THE ONLY COMPENSATION RECEIVED FOR THIS OVERTIME WORK

and 20 cents a month for a benefit of $3. Cessation of membership in a club does not terminate connection with the benefit fund, unless the reason for leaving is unsatisfactory to the board. Women not members of clubs may, under certain conditions, join the benefit fund as associate members, and pay 50 cents a month for a benefit of $5 a week, 30 cents for a benefit of $3 a week, or 80 cents for a benefit of $8 a week. These amounts are severally payable for six weeks in any one year.

A number of the stores have trained nurses and doctors in their employ, to whom the girls may go if they are ill. Several of the stores have recreation rooms; several have summer homes; several have employees' restaurants, where a really nourishing meal can be obtained for fifteen cents.

Miss Carr, struggling against overwhelming odds, lived within $6 without charitable aid. With her experience may be compared those of two other older saleswomen who were wholly self-supporting.

Story of Mrs. Green, a Saleswoman

Mrs. Green, a shrewd-appearing woman of thirty-five, had been wage-earning only two years.

She began work in Philadelphia in a commission house as a saleswoman and corset-fitter. Here she was able to save from her salary. She also saved very carefully the wardrobe she had before she entered business. With these reserves, she came to New York to work in department-stores for the purpose of gaining experience in salesmanship and a more thorough knowledge of corsets. She expected to be able to command a high salary as soon as she had thus increased her competence. She went at first to a new and attractive Sixth Avenue store, where, working eight hours and a quarter a day, she earned $10 a week. Laid off at the end of five months, she was idle a month before finding employment at another Sixth Avenue store.

In applying here she told the employer that she would not work for less than $12 a week. He offered her $9, and a commission on all sales beyond $400 a week. She refused, and the firm finally gave her what she asked.

It proved that her choice was wise, for she found that in her very busiest week, when she was exhausted from the day's rush, her sales never reached $400 a week, so that she would have received no income at all from the proffered commission.

She had a small room alone in an attractive hotel for working-girls. For this and breakfasts and dinners she paid $5.10 a week. Luncheons cost, in addition, about $1.50 a week. She paid 50 cents a week for washing, besides doing some herself. Riding to and from work nearly every day increased her weekly expense 50 cents. This left her $4.40 a week for clothing and sundries.

Mrs. Green seemed extravagantly dressed; she said, however, that she contrived to have effective waists and hats by making and trimming them herself, and by purchasing materials with care at sales. In dressing economically without sacrificing effect she was aided palpably by skill and deftness.

She was in good health; and, though she did not save, she had not spent, even in her idle month, any of the reserve fund she had accumulated before she began to work.

Zetta Weyman's Long Struggle to Secure a Living Wage

Another self-supporting saleswoman aided by her experience in domestic economy was Zetta Weyman, a young woman of twenty-eight, who had begun to work for wages at the age of eleven; at this time she still attended school, but did housework out of school hours. When she was older she was employed as a maid in the house of a very kind and responsive couple, who gave her free access to their interesting library, where she read eagerly. A trip to Europe had been especially stimulating. Her employer was considerate, and tried to make it possible for her to benefit by the experience.

Throughout this period she had been observant of dress and manner among the cultured people she saw, and had applied what she learned to her own dress and conduct. At twenty-six, wishing for larger opportunities than those she could have in personal service, she obtained work in a department-store at $7 a week. Here she soon advanced to $10 in a department requiring more than average intelligence. At the end of two years she was very much interested in her work. It made demands upon her judgment, and offered opportunity for increasing knowledge and heightening her value to the company. She expected soon to receive a larger wage, as she considered her work worth at least $15 a week. Aside from underpay, she thought she was fairly treated. She greatly appreciated two weeks' vacation with full wages.

Zetta gave $2.50 a week for a furnished hall bedroom and the use of a bath-room. The warmth from the single gas-jet was the sole heat. She made coffee in her room for breakfast; a light luncheon sufficed; and dinner in a restaurant cost 25 to 35 cents a day. She was often entertained at dinner by friends.

She usually rode to work, and walked home, eight blocks, spending thus 30 cents a week carfare. All living expenses for the week came to about $6. She had for six years paid $24 a year on an insurance policy which promised her $15 a week in case of illness, and was cumulative, making a return during the life of the holder; $290 would be due from it in about a year.

Zetta said that she was extravagant in her expense for clothing, but she considered that her social position depended upon her appearance. She was very attractive-looking. Her manner had quiet and grace, and there was something touching, even moving, in the dignity of her pure, clear English, acquired in the teeth of a fortune that forced her to be a little scullion and cook at the age of eleven. She was dressed with taste and care at the time of the interview. Through watching sales and through information obtained from heads of departments, she contrived to buy clothing of excellent quality, silk stockings, and well-cut suits comparatively cheaply. By waiting until the end of the season, she had paid $35, the winter before, for a suit originally costing $70; $35 was more than she had intended to spend, but the suit was becoming and she could not resist the purchase. She managed to have pretty and well-designed hats for from $2 to $5, because a friend trimmed them.

She spent her vacation with relatives on a farm in the country. Railroad fares and the occasional purchase of a magazine were her only expenditures for pleasure. But she had many "good times" going to the beaches in the summer with friends who paid her way.

She considered that, with careful planning, a girl could live in fair comfort for $10 a week. But she saved nothing.

The Park Bench as a Social Meeting-Place

The drawback she mentioned in her own arrangements — the best she could obtain for her present wage — was not the cold of her hall bedroom, warmed only by the gas-jet, but that she had no suitable place for receiving men friends. She was obliged to turn to trolley rides and walks and various kinds of excursions, literally to the streets, for hospitality, when she received a man's visits. She spoke frequently of one man with whom she had many "good times." She could not take him to her room. Trolley rides, and walks in winter, would pall. She hated park benches as a resort for quiet conversation. Where, then, was she to see him? Although she disapproved of it, she and another girl who had a larger and more attractive room than her own had received men there.

Zetta's income for the year had been $520. She had spent $130 for rent; $105 for dinners; $55 for breakfasts, luncheons, and washing; $195 for clothing, summer railway fares, and incidentals; $15 for carfare; and $20 for insurance.

Zetta's interest in her daily occupation is somewhat unusual in the trade chronicles of the shop-girls. One frequently hears complaint of the inefficiency and inattention of New York saleswomen and their rudeness to plainly dressed customers. While this criticism contains a certain truth, it is, of course, unreasonable to expect excellence from service frequently ill paid, often unevenly and unfairly promoted, and, except with respect to dress, quite unstandardized.

Further, it must be remembered that the world in which the shop-girl follows her occupation is a world of externals. The fortunes, talents, tastes, eager human effort spent in shop-window displays on Fifth Avenue, the shimmer and sparkle of beautiful silks and jewels, the prestige of "carriage trade," the distinction of presence of some of the customers and their wealth and their freedom in buying — all the worldliness of the most moneyed city of the United States here perpetually passes before the eyes of Zettas in their $1.20 muslin waists so carefully scrubbed the midnight before, and of Alices who have had breakfasts for 10 cents. Is it surprising that they should adopt the New York shop-window-display ideal of life manifested everywhere around them?

The saleswomen themselves are the worst victims of their unstandardized employment; and the fact that they spend long years of youth in work involving a serious outlay of their strength, without training them in concentration or individual responsibility or resourcefulness, but apparently dissipating these powers, seems one of the gravest aspects of their occupation.

Experiences of an English Shop-Girl in New York

A proud and very pretty pink-cheeked little English shop-girl, with clear hazel eyes, laid special stress upon unevenness of promotion, in telling of her fortunes in this country.

She was sitting, as she spoke, in the parlor of a Christian "home," which, like that of many others where shop-girls live, was light and clean, but had that unmistakably excellent and chilling air so subtly imparted by the altruistic act of furnishing for others — the air that characterizes spare rooms, hotel parlors, and great numbers of settlement receiving-rooms.

"I had always wanted to come to America," she said in her quick English enunciation. "And I saved something and borrowed ten pounds of my brother, and came. Oh, it was hard the first part of the time I was here. I remember, when I first came in at the door of this house, and registered, one of the other shop-girls here was standing at the desk. I had on a heavy winter coat, just a plain, rough-looking coat, but it's warm. That girl gave me such a look, a sort of sneering look — oh, it made me hot! But that's the way American shop-girls are. I never have spoken to that girl.

"I got down to 50 cents before I had a job. There was one store I didn't want to go to. It was cheap, and had a mean name. One afternoon, when it was cold and dark, I walked up to it at last; and it looked so horrid I couldn't go in. There was another cheap store just beyond it, and another. All the shoppers were hurrying along. Oh, it was a terrible time that afternoon, terrible, standing there, looking at those big, cheap New York stores all around me.

"But at last I went in, and they took me on. It wasn't so bad, after all. In about two months I had a chance to go to a better store. I like it pretty well. But I can't save anything. I had $8 a week. Now I have $9. I pay $4.50 a week here for board and lodging, but I always live up to my salary, spending it for clothes and washing. Oh, I worry and worry about money. But I've paid back my $50. I have a nice silk dress now, and a new hat. And now I've got them," she added, with a laugh, "I haven't got anywhere to wear them to. I look forward to Sunday through the week days; but when Sunday comes, I like Monday best.

"Though I think it doesn't make much difference how you do in the store about being promoted. A girl next me who doesn't sell half as much as I do gets $12 where I have $9; and the commission we have on sales in Christmas week wasn't given to me fairly. The store is kind in many ways, and lets the girls sit down every minute when customers aren't there, and has evening classes and club-rooms. But yet the girls are discouraged about not having promotions fairly and not having commissions straight. Right is right."

The Maverick Deep-Sea Hotel for Working-Girls

The charmlessness of existence noticeable in most of the working-girls' homes was emphasized by a saleswoman in the china department of a Broadway department-store, Kate McCray, a pretty young Irishwoman of about twenty-three, who was visited in a hotel she said she didn't like to mention to people, for fear they would think it was queer. "You see, it's a boat, a liner that a gentleman that has a large plantation gave for a hotel for working-girls. It seems peculiar to some people for a girl to be living on the river."

Miss McCray paid $3.50 a week board at the Maverick Deep-Sea Hotel. Her salary was $8 a week. She had been in the same department for four years, and considered it wrong that she received no promotion. She could save nothing, as she did none of her own washing on account of its inroads of fatigue, and she was obliged to dress well. She was, however, in excellent health, and especially praised the store's policy of advising the girls to sit down and to rest whenever no customers were present.

It was misty and raining on the occasion of my visit to the Maverick Deep-Sea Hotel, a liner anchored in the East River; and Miss McCray conducted me into the cabin to a large party of boys, elderly women, and children, most of them visitors like myself, and all listening to a powerful-wristed youth happily playing "You'll Come Back and Hang Around," with heavily accented rag-time, on an upright piano.

"About seventy girls board on this boat. That young lady going into the pantry now is a stenographer — such a bright girl."

Absorbed in the spectacle of a hotel freedom which permitted a guest to go to a pantry at will, whatever the force of her brightness, I followed Miss McCray about the boat. It was as if the hotel belonged to the girls, while in the Christian homes it had been as if everything belonged, not to the girls, but to benevolent though carefully possessive Christians. Miss McCray praised highly the manager and his wife.

"About twenty men and boys stay on a yacht anchored right out here. They board on this boat, and go to their own boat when the whistle blows at ten o'clock," she continued, leading me to the smoking-room, where she introduced a number of very young gentlemen reading magazines and knocking about gutturally together. They, too, seemed proud of their position as boarders, proud of the Maverick Deep-Sea Hotel. They were nice, boyish young fellows who might have been young mechanicians.

She showed me the top deck with especial satisfaction as we came out into the fresh, rainy air. The East River shipping and an empty recreation pier rose black on one side, with the water sparkling in jetted reflection between; and on the other quivered all the violet and silver lights of the city. There were perhaps half a dozen tents pitched on deck.

"Some of the girls sleep outdoors up here," said Miss McCray in her gentle voice. They like it so, they do it all winter long. Have plenty of cover, and just sleep here in the tents. Oh, we all like it! Some of the men that were here first have married; and they like it so well, they keep coming back here with their wives to see us. It's so friendly," said the girl quietly; "and no matter how tired I am when I come here in the evening, I sit out on the deck, and I look at the water and the lights, and it seems as if all my cares float away."

The Shop-Girls' Starvation in Pleasure

The good humor of the Maverick Deep-Sea Hotel, its rag-time, its boarders from the yacht, the charm of the row of tents with the girls in them sleeping their healthful sleep out in the midst of the river wind, the masts, the chimneys, stars, and city lights, all served to deepen the impression of the lack of normal pleasure in most of the shop-girls' lives.

This starvation in pleasure, as well as low wages and overwork, subject the women in the stores to a temptation that is described with justice, by an art as well as a power beyond the scope of this plain factual record, in a tale in another part of this magazine.

The conditions of the temptation are here so fairly rendered as to make any other account of them superfluous. It must be added, however, that the girls in the stores are importuned not only by men from without these establishments, as in "The Unfinished Story," but also, to the shame of the managements, by men employed within the stores.

The constant close presence of this gulf has more than one painful aspect. On account of it, not only the poor girls who fall suffer, but also the girls who have the constant sense of being "on guard," and find it wise for fear of the worst suspicion, to forgo all sorts of normal delights and gaieties and youthful pleasures. Many girls said, "I keep myself to myself"; "I don't make friends in the stores very fast, because you can't be sure what any one is like." This fear of friendship among contemporaries sharing the same fortune, fear, indeed, of the whole world, seemed the most cruel comment possible on the atmosphere of the girls' lives in their occupation.

Another kind of meanness in human relations was abundantly witnessed by Miss Johnson, the League's inquirer, who worked in one of the stores during the week of Christmas good will.

The "rush" had begun when Miss Johnson was transferred in this Christmas week from the neckwear to the muffler department on the first floor of one of the cheaper stores. All the girls stood all day long — from eight to twelve and from one to eight at night on the first days; from one at noon to ten and eleven at night, as the season progressed; and, on the last dreadful nights, from noon to the following midnight. The girls had thirty-five cents supper money. Except for that, all this extra labor was unpaid for.

The work was incessant. The girls were nervous, hateful, spiteful with one another. The manager, a beautiful and extremely rough girl of nineteen, swore constantly at all of them. The customers were grabbing, insistent, unreasonable from morning to evening, from evening to midnight. Behind the counter, with the advance of the day, the place became an inferno of nervous exhaustion and exasperation. In the two weeks of Miss Johnson's service one customer once thanked her; and one tipped her five cents for the rapid return of a parcel. Both these acts of consideration took place in the morning. Miss Johnson said that this was fortunate for her, as, at one word of ordinary consideration toward the end of her long day's work, she thought she must have burst into tears.

There was a little bundler in the department, Catriona Malatesta, a white, hungry-looking little North Italian of fourteen with a thin chin and a dark-shadowed, worried face. She had an adored sick sister of four, besides six other younger brothers and sisters, and a worshiped mother, to whom she gave every cent of her wages of three dollars and a half a week. An older brother, a day laborer, paid the rent and provided food for all of them. Every other family expense was met by Catriona's three dollars and a half, so that she was in the habit of spending only five cents for her own lunch, and, on the nights of overtime, five cents for her own dinner, in order to take home the extra thirty cents; and every day she looked whiter and older.

Two Episodes of the Holiday Shopping Season

At the beginning of the week before Christmas, the store raised Catriona's wage to four dollars. Her mother told her she might have the extra half dollar for herself for Christmas. Though Catriona had worked for some months, this was the first money of her own she had ever had. With pride she told the department how it was to be spent. She was going to surprise her mother with a new waist for Christmas, a waist Catriona had seen in the store marked down to forty-nine cents. A ten per cent discount was allowed to employees, so that the waist would cost forty-five cents. With the remaining five cents Catriona would buy her sick Rosa a doll. All her life Rosa had wanted a doll. Now, at last, she could have one.

On the day when she received the money, Catriona kept it close at hand, in a little worn black leather purse, in a shabby bag hanging from her arm, and not out of sight for an instant.

Her purchases were to be made in the three quarters of an hour allowed for supper. The time Catriona consumed in eating her five-cent meal was never long, so that, even allowing for prolonged purchasing, her absence of an hour was strange.

"D—— your soul, where in hell have you been all this time, Catie?" the manager screamed at her angrily, without glancing at her, when she came back at last.

Catriona looked more anxious and white than ever before. Her face was stained with weeping. "I lost my purse," she said in a dazed, unsteady voice. "It was gone when I opened my bag in the lunch-room. I've looked for it everywhere."

There was a sudden breathless change in the air of the department. You could have heard a pin drop.

"Better go down to the basement and wash your face," said the manager awkwardly, with unbelievable gentleness.

"Well," she continued suddenly, the minute

Catriona was out of ear-shot, "I'm not so poor but I can help to make *that* up." She took a dollar bill from her pocket-book. Every one contributed something, though several girls went without their supper for this purpose, and one girl walked home four miles after midnight. Altogether they could give nearly ten dollars.

The manager sidled awkwardly toward Catriona, when she came back from washing her face. "Here, kid," she muttered sheepishly, pushing the money into the little girl's hand. Catriona, pale and dazed, looked up at her — looked at the money, with a shy excitement and happiness dawning in her eyes. Then she cried again with excitement and joy, and every one laughed, and sent her off again to wash her face.

That night everything was different in the department. There had been a real miracle of transfiguration. The whole air of intercourse was changed. All the girls were gentle and dignified with each other. Catriona's eyes sparkled with pleasure. Her care-worn air was gone. She was a child again. She had never had any physical loveliness before; but on that night hundreds of passing shoppers looked with attention at the delight and beauty of her face.

On the next day everything went on as before. The girls snapped at each other and jostled each other. The beautiful manager swore. One girl came, looking so ill that Miss Johnson was terrified.

"Can't you stop, Kitty? You look so sick. For heaven's sake, go home and rest."

"I can't afford to go home."

Cross and snappish as the girls were, they managed to spare Kitty, and to stand in front of her to conceal her idleness from the floor-walker, and give her a few minutes' occasional rest sitting down. She went through the first hours of the morning as best she might, though clearly under pressure of sharp suffering. But at about ten the floor-walker, for whom it must be said that he was responsible for the sales and general presentability of the department, saw her sitting down. "Why aren't you busy?" he called. "Get up."

At midnight on Christmas eve, as the still crowd of girls walked wanly out of the great store into the brilliant New York Street, some one said, "How are you, Kitty?"

She made no reply for a minute. Then she said wretchedly: "Oh — I hope I'll be dead before the next Christmas."

Compulsory Standing in Department-Stores

The sheer and causeless misery this girl endured was, of course, attributable not only to the long hours and to the standing demanded by her occupation, but to the fact that this occupation was continued at a period when the normal health of great numbers of women demands reasonable quiet and rest.

One large firm in New York employing great numbers of women, the Mutual Insurance Company, gives all its women employees monthly one day of rest, with payment. If any of the women are able to work all the days of the month, they receive extra payment.

But in the New York department-stores, in so far as is known, and indeed in all other department-stores the present writer has ever seen, it has been the immemorial custom to treat women employees, in so far as ability to stand and to stand at all seasons goes, exactly as if they were men.

The expert testimony collected by the publication secretary of the National Consumers' League, Miss Josephine Goldmark, for the brief which obtained the Illinois Ten-Hour Law, gives the clearest possible record of the outlay of communal strength involved in these long hours of standing for women.

Report of "Lancet" Sanitary Commission on Sanitation in the Shop. 1892

Without entering upon the vexed question of women's rights, we may nevertheless urge it as an indisputable physiological fact that, when compelled to stand for long hours, women, especially young women, are exposed to greater injury and greater suffering than men.

British Sessional Papers. Vol. XII. 1886. *Report from Select Committee on Shop Hours Regulation Bill*

Witness, W. Abbott, M.D.

"Does their employment injuriously affect them as child-bearing women in after years?"

"According to all scientific facts, it would do so."

"And you, as a medical man of a considerable number of years' experience, would not look to girls who have been worked so many hours in one position as the bearers of healthy, strong children?"

"I should not."

"Then it naturally follows, does it not, that this is a very serious matter in the interest of the nation as a whole, apart from the immediate injury to the person concerned?"

"Yes. As regards the physical condition of the future race."

British Sessional Papers. Vol. XII. 1895. *Report from the Select Committee on Shops. Early Closing Bill*

Witness, Dr. Percy Kidd, M.D., of the University of Oxford, Fellow of the College of Physicians and Member of the College of Surgeons, attached to London Hospital and Brompton Hospital.

"Would this be a fair way of putting it: It is not the actual work of people in shops, but having to be there and standing about in bad air; it is the long hours which is the injurious part of it?"

"Quite so; the prolonged tension."

Official Information from the Reports of the [*German*] *Factory Inspectors. Berlin, Bruer,* 1898

The inspector in Hesse regards a reduction of working hours to ten for women in textile mills as "absolutely imperative," as the continuous standing is very injurious to the female organism.

Fourteenth International Congress of Hygiene and Demography. Berlin, September, 1907. *Vol. II. Sec. IV. Fatigue Resulting from Occupation. Berlin, Hirschwald,* 1908

Doctor Emil Roth:

"My experience and observations do not permit me to feel any uncertainty in believing that the injury to health inflicted upon even fully capable workers by the special demands of a periodically heightened rush of work is never compensated for. Under this head we may consider the demands of all seasonal work, . . . as also the special rush season in shops before Christmas."

Night Work of Women in Industry. Reports on Its Importance and Legal Regulation. Preface by Etienne Bauer. Night Work of Women in Industry in Austria. Ilse Von Arlt. Jena, Fischer, 1903

The suitable limits of working time vary with individuals, but it is acknowledged that not only is a regularly long day of work injurious, but also that a single isolated instance of overstrain may be harmful to a woman all the rest of her life.

Proceedings of the French Senate, July 7, 1891 *Report on the Industrial Employment of Children, Young Girls, and Women*

When I ask, when we ask, for a lessening of the daily toil of women, it is not only of the women that we think, it is not principally of the women, it is of the whole human race. It is of the father, it is of the child, it is of society, which we wish to reëstablish on its foundation, from which we believe it has perhaps swerved a little.

In New York State, the hours of labor of adult women (women over twenty-one) in mercantile establishments are not limited in any way by law.

The law concerning seats in stores is as follows:

Seats for Women in Mercantile Establishments

Chairs, stools, or other suitable seats shall be maintained in mercantile establishments for the use of female employees therein, to the number of at least one seat for every three females employed, and the use thereof by such employees shall be allowed at such times and to such extent as may be necessary for the preservation of their health.

The enforcement of this law is very difficult. The mercantile inspectors can compel the requisite number of seats. They have successfully issued one hundred and fourteen orders on this point* to the stores within the year 1909. But the use of these seats to such extent as may be necessary for the preservation of the health of the women employees is another matter. For fear of being blacklisted by the merchants, the saleswomen will not testify in court in those cases where employers practically forbid the use of seats, by requesting the employees to do something requiring a standing position whenever they sit down. So that in these cases the inspectors cannot bring prosecution successfully, on account of lack of sufficient evidence.

Further, in one store the management especially advises the saleswomen to be seated at every moment when the presence of a customer does not require her to stand. But the saleswoman's inability to attract possible customers while she is seated still keeps her standing, in order not to diminish her sales.

Curiously enough, it would seem that the shopping public of a nation professedly democratic will not buy so much as a spool of thread from a seated woman. There is, of course, much work for women — such as ironing, for instance — in which standing is absolutely necessary. Salesmanship is not work of this character. It is primarily custom that demands the constant standing seen in the stores; and, until shoppers establish a habit of buying of shop-girls who are seated, and the stores provide enough seats for all saleswomen and permit them to sell when seated, the present system of undermining the normal health of women clerks will continue unchecked.

The Long Day in New York Department-Stores

The New York State law in regard to the work of the younger women (minors) — in mercantile establishments is as follows:

*Hours of Labor of Minors**

No female employee between sixteen and twenty-one years of age shall be required, permitted, or suffered to work in or in connection with any mercantile establishment more than sixty hours in any one week; or more than ten hours in any one day, unless for the purpose of making a shorter work day of some one day of the week; or before seven o'clock in the morning or after ten o'clock in the evening of any day. *This Section does not apply to the employment of persons sixteen years of age or upward, between the eighteenth day of December and the following twenty-fourth day of December, both inclusive.*†

That is to say that, for the holiday season, the time of all others when it might seem wise and natural to protect the health of the younger women working in the great metropolitan markets, for that season, of all others, the

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* Ninth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, page 127.

* This statement does not include the excellent New York Child-Labor Law for children under sixteen, which allows of no exception at Christmas-time.

† Italics ours.

State specifically provides that the strength of its youth is to have no legal safeguard and may be subjected to labor without limit.

Substantially, all the present legal protection for workers in the stores was obtained in 1896, after the investigation of mercantile establishments conducted in 1895 by the Rinehart Commission.* Ever since, an annual attempt has been made to perfect the present law and to secure its enforcement, which had been left in the hands of the local Boards of Health, and was practically inoperative until 1908. Enforcement was then transferred to the Labor Commissioner, and has since that time been actively maintained.

The hearings on the law relative to mercantile establishments are held in Albany in a small room in the Capitol, before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and the Assembly Commission on Labor. These hearings are very fiery. The Support is represented by Attorney Mornay Williams, and Mrs. Nathan, Mrs. Kelley, Miss Stokes, Miss Sanford, and Miss Goldmark of the New York and National Consumers' Leagues, and delegates from the Child-Labor Committee, the Working-Girls' Clubs, and the Woman's Trade Union League. Both men and women speak for the amendment.† The Support's effort for legislation limiting hours has regularly been openly opposed by the Retail Dry-Goods Merchants' Association, which yearly sends an influential delegation to Albany.

"These ladies have been coming here for sixteen years," said one of the merchants resentfully, last spring. Looking around, and observing changes in the faces watching him among adherents of the Support, he added: "Well, perhaps not the *same* ladies. But they have come."

"These ladies are professional agitators," said another merchant at another hearing. "Why, they even misled Mr. Roosevelt, when he was Governor, into recommending the passage of their bill."

Such are some of the reasons offered by the opposition for not limiting women's hours of labor in mercantile establishments.

Among the several common features of the average New York saleswoman's experience, low wages, casual employment, heavy required expense in laundry and dress, semi-dependence, uneven promotion, lack of training, absence of normal pleasure, long hours of standing, and an excess of seasonal work, the consideration of this last common condition is placed last because its consequences seem the most far-reaching.

Looking back at these common features in the lives of these countless average American working-girls, one has a sudden sense that the phenomenon of the New York department-stores represents a painful failure in democracy. What will the aspect of the New York department-stores be in the future? For New York doubtless will long remain a port of merchandise, one of the most picturesque and most frequented harbors of the Seven Seas. Doubtless many women still will work in its markets. What will their chances in life be?

First, it may be trusted that the State law will not forever refuse to protect these women and their future, which is also the future of the community, from the danger of unlimited hours of labor. Then, the fact that in a store in Cincinnati the efficiency of the saleswomen has been standardized and their wages raised, the fact that in a store in Boston the employees have become responsible factors in the business, and the fact that a school of salesmanship has been opened in New York seem to indicate the possibility of a day when salesmanship will become standardized and professional, as nursing has within the last century. Further, it may be believed that saleswomen will not forever acquiesce in pursuing their trade in utterly machinal activity, without any common expression of their common position.

The glance of a photograph, in "The Unfinished Story," gives its brave little heroine the only spiritual support she knows. But it cannot be that the women of the stores will forever move through their existences without standing shoulder to shoulder. Very arresting is the fact that, year after year, the Union women go to Albany to struggle for better chances in life for the shopwomen who cannot at present wisely make this struggle for themselves. The fact that the Union women fail is of less moment than that they continue to go.

But what have the organized women workers, the factory girls who so steadfastly make this stand for justice for the shop-girls, attained for themselves in their fortunes by their Union? It was for an answer to this question that we turned to the New York Shirtwaist-Makers, whose income and outlay will be next considered in this little chronicle of women's wages.

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* A New York State Commission, appointed for this purpose in the year 1895, through the efforts of the Consumers' League of the City of New York.

† For fear of a permanent loss of position, the saleswomen themselves have never been urged to appear in support of this legislation, nor, except in a few instances where this difficulty has been nullified, have they been present at these hearings.

THE MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY JOHN MOODY, PROPRIETOR OF "MOODY'S MAGAZINE" AND FOUNDER OF "MOODY'S MANUAL," AUTHOR OF "ANALYSES OF RAILROAD INVESTMENTS" AND "THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS"; AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER, AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," "OUR NAVY ON THE LAND," "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR," ETC.

UPON the conclusion of Miss Tarbell's great study of the Standard Oil, which appeared in McClure's Magazine in 1902–4, it was the plan of the editor of this magazine to make an investigation of the development of the great businesses and corporations in the United States, which would explain the ownership, alliances, and connections between the great banks, railroads, and industries, and trace the drift of events that has brought the control of the primary activities and resources of the country into the hands of a small and constantly narrowing group of men.

The magazine has now realized its project, and with the next number will begin the publication of a series of articles upon this subject. The central idea of the series will be the growth of the power of massed capital in this country; its title, "Masters of Capital in America."

The magazine has been singularly fortunate in the authorship of these articles. John Moody's name has been associated in the public mind for ten years with the most conservative and masterly study and knowledge of finance and industrial development. *Moody's Manual*, of which he was the founder, is recognized, in both this country and Europe, as the most complete and valuable book of reference upon American securities. His later annual publication, "Moody's Analyses of Railroad Investments," is as well recognized in its own field. And his "Truth About the Trusts" has gained a wider recognition than any other volume upon this much-discussed question in the past decade. For twenty years he has been in active business in Wall Street, familiar with its figures and its history.

Mr. Turner's work is well known to readers of the magazine. No articles that the magazine has ever published have had such immediate and practical effect as his contributions. "Galveston: A Business Corporation" was one of the principal factors in the development of the commission form of city government in the United States. It was published in many cities in pamphlet form, and has been produced in the newspapers of almost every city that proposed to adopt a new type of government in the past few years. As a result of his article, this office became a center of information and influence in the development of commission city government in the United States.

When the magazine received a contribution on the defects of our battleship construction, by Henry Reuterdahl, it was placed in Mr. Turner's hands. He spent weeks in investigating the subject, examining original documents and data, and, in collaboration with Mr. Reuterdahl, produced an article which, together with the subsequent article by Mr. Turner on the navy-yards, is recognized by naval officers generally as having been the prime cause of the recent radical changes in the method of operating our Navy Department and constructing our battleships.

Mr. Turner's article "The Daughters of the Poor," a study of the so-called "white slave trade," was one of the most notable things that the magazine ever published. It represented a work aggregating more than ten months and extending over a period of three years; and, while it did not produce as sensational material as was produced by the Lexow investigation and by trials in court, it was nevertheless largely instrumental, together with the reports to the national Government of the Immigration Commission, in causing legislation dealing with the "white slave" traffic to be passed in many States. So influential, indeed, was this article that in the public mind it has gained a large share of the credit which is due to the two years' investigation of the national Government, and the splendid work of such men as Professor J. W. Jenks, the head of the Government's Special Immigration Commission, United States District Attorney E. W. Sims and Clifford G. Roe of Chicago, District Attorney C. S. Whitman, James B. Reynolds, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York, and United States District Attorney Elmer E. Todd of Seattle.

The new series will go to the heart of every great economic and political problem that now challenges the attention of the American people. It will begin with a study of that period in our history when large amounts of European capital were introduced into this country, during and just after the Civil War, and from that time it will show the rapid and inevitable development of monopoly power over the fundamental machinery and resources of the United States.

Civilization has been revolutionized in the last eighty years. In 1830 a Prime Minister, returning from Rome to London, occupied as many days as Caesar did in making the same trip. The great mechanical inventions since 1830 have absolutely changed the quality and nature of industry and of human intercourse. Nowhere have the results of these changes been so great as in the United States.

The articles will describe the extraordinary chance which brought this about. An unoccupied continent, with a territory as large as that of all Europe, and resources equal to those of all the European nations combined, was opened to settlement just at the beginning of this period of mechanical development, just at the moment when the railroad, telegraph, and electric dynamo had arrived to change all these resources of this unexploited continent from latent to actual wealth. The people to whose lot this fell was a highly intelligent and forceful one; and the new nation brought an unparalleled mechanical skill to the development of its inheritance. In the last fifty years the United States has built as many railroads as all the rest of the world. Its people have contributed more fundamental and revolutionary inventions than all the other peoples of the world together. The telegraph, the telephone, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, the electric light, and more recently the aëroplane, are all American.

The machinery that brought about this revolution was furnished by capital; the history of the control of the great masses of capital which furnished the machinery of its railroads and industries is the history of the material development of the United States in the past fifty years. As it has been aggregated under the form of the corporation, and related to a new and purposely decentralized form of government, it has made a great part of the social and political history of our time. It is the story of the development of the control of capital in America which Mr. Moody and Mr. Turner will tell. This control has come into the hands of a few men. From Europe, from the insurance companies and savings banks of America, from the corporations, which have developed with their activities enormous areas of hitherto unoccupied and tremendously rich territory, have arisen the streams of capital which they direct and which give them a power unparalleled in human history. No government has had a power so great.

These men are a remarkable group — financial and industrial minds which have no prototypes; the product of a gigantic development. The activities and inventions and huge wealth of their time have acted like the food of the gods upon these intellects. It is customary to study these characters in a wholly hostile spirit. The articles in McCLURE'S will approach the subject in a purely scientific manner. These men were the creatures of extraordinary conditions. Their greed for power or money may have been no greater proportionately than those of small merchants and financiers. It is the enormous forces and material they were dealing with that make them important and dangerous.

This power of capital in the control of a few men is the matter which lies behind practically all of the economic and political questions of the past ten years. Any group of men who could have an absolute control over any one of the fundamental tools or resources of the nation — such as banks, railroads, iron ore, coal, or the manufacture of steel — could exercise an almost limitless control over the destinies of the country. This small group of men, controlling the sources of capital, dominate all our industry, directly or indirectly, in both its greater and lesser forms.

In commercial life the most intelligent manufacturers and business men are watching with anxiety, and often with fear, the rapidity of the centralization of the money power, as it affects their enterprises.

In politics the popular unrest concerning the change expresses itself more or less blindly in the agitation for anti-monopoly and anti-railroad legislation, and in such abnormal and sensational campaigns as were made by Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900.

The revulsion against this drift is shown by the great awakening of the American people for the conservation of the resources of their continent. All this is an entirely modern idea in the United States. Until recently our timber and mineral resources seemed absolutely inexhaustible. Every person or interest was as free to draw upon them as to put a pipe-line into the sea and pump out sea water. One half of the timber has been cut and sold, a great part of the mineral lands taken over — very largely by great corporations. And now the nation has come to a sudden realization that it must hasten to save the fragments of its natural resources which are still left.

In the meanwhile, the concentration of wealth and power over the country has proceeded inevitably. Legislation will not stop it; the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law have influenced but have not checked the movement. It is more real to-day than it ever has been.

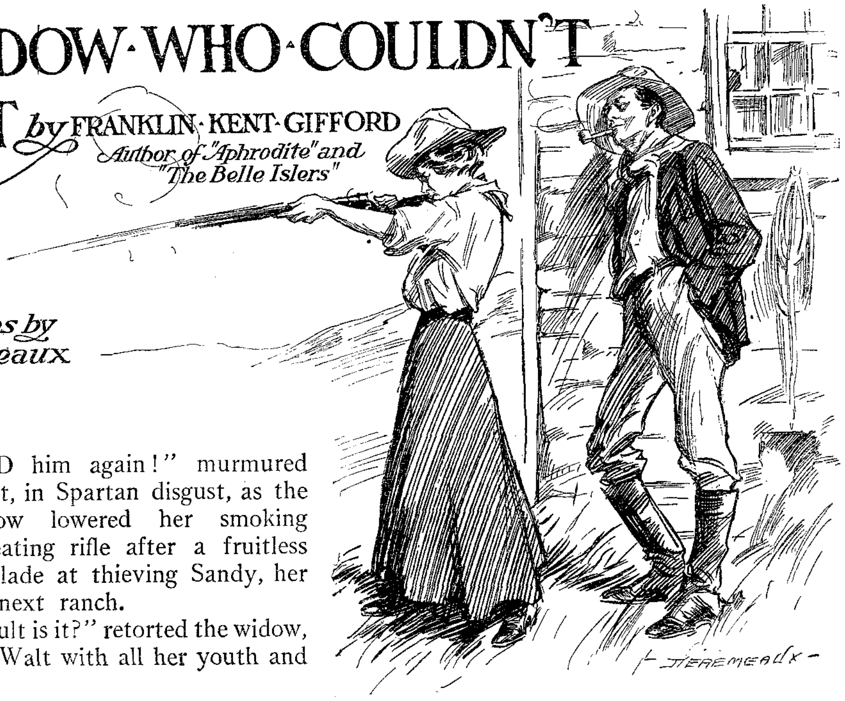
The articles of Mr. Moody and Mr. Turner will describe the progress of this chief movement of our present civilization. They will show the important personalities who developed it — such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, J. J. Hill, and James Stillman. They will throw light upon the question of conservation; they will present dispassionately the facts for one of the greatest of national debates, which is to be waged in the near future — the question of government ownership of railroads and mineral resources; they will throw light on the advantages and disadvantages which will arise under either course — the ownership by government or the control of an oligarchy of capitalists. Taken altogether, we believe that the magazine has never carried out a study so important as this, so central to all contemporary economic and political questions, so thoroughly alive in the minds of the American people.

S. S. McClure.

THE·WIDOW·WHO·COULDN'T SHOOT

by FRANKLIN·KENT·GIFFORD

Author of "Aphrodite" and "The Belle Islers"



Illustrations by Irma·Dérèmeaux

"MISSED him again!" murmured Walt, in Spartan disgust, as the widow lowered her smoking repeating rifle after a fruitless fusillade at thieving Sandy, her neighbor on the next ranch.

"Well, whose fault is it?" retorted the widow, flashing round at Walt with all her youth and beauty.

Terrible as an army with banners was the widow to Walt, and to every male human being in Poudre Valley except thieving Sandy. No wonder Walt averted his glance and filled his pipe in silence with loose tobacco out of his coat pocket.

"Whose fault is it?" repeated the widow, tipping up her cow-boy hat at the correct Western angle from a Boston point of view. "Why don't you teach me to shoot, then?"

Walt slowly shook his head and applied a match to his pipe. "Are all them Easterners as good shots as you be?" he courteously inquired.

"That depends," said the widow. "Do you mean at grammar, or what?"

Walt blushed like a girl for his grammar, and replied meekly: "Oh, I meant at the piano in there."

The widow's frown relaxed a trifle. "Walt," she said kindly, "suppose I were to criticize your performance at the piano? Suppose I should inquire whether all them Westerners can play the piano like you can?"

"It would be bad grammar, I s'pose," returned Walt, with diffidence.

"Yes, Walt; and bad manners, too, wouldn't it?"

Walt's countenance fell, and his eye wandered away to thieving Sandy, openly turning the water off the widow's land and on to his own two hours ahead of time.

"Well, I dunno," said Walt. "People are different. Bad grammar bothers some, and bad shootin' bothers others. It's all in the bringin' up."

"You mean that my bad shooting bothers you?"

"Hum!" said Walt, measuring the five-hundred-yard shot at thieving Sandy with a keen, professional eye. "It don't seem to bother Sandy much. Nothin' seems to bother Sandy much," he added reflectively.

The widow's indignant glance rested on thieving Sandy, and her wrath boiled over for the fortieth time. "And *that*," she taunted, "is a specimen of your Colorado chivalry that we hear so much about back East!"

"That feller?" retorted Walt, with honest contempt. "He ain't no Westerner. He's from Missouri, I'll bet ye, now."

"Now, now, now," interrupted the widow, "don't tell me that poor old Missouri is responsible for all the rascals in this region."

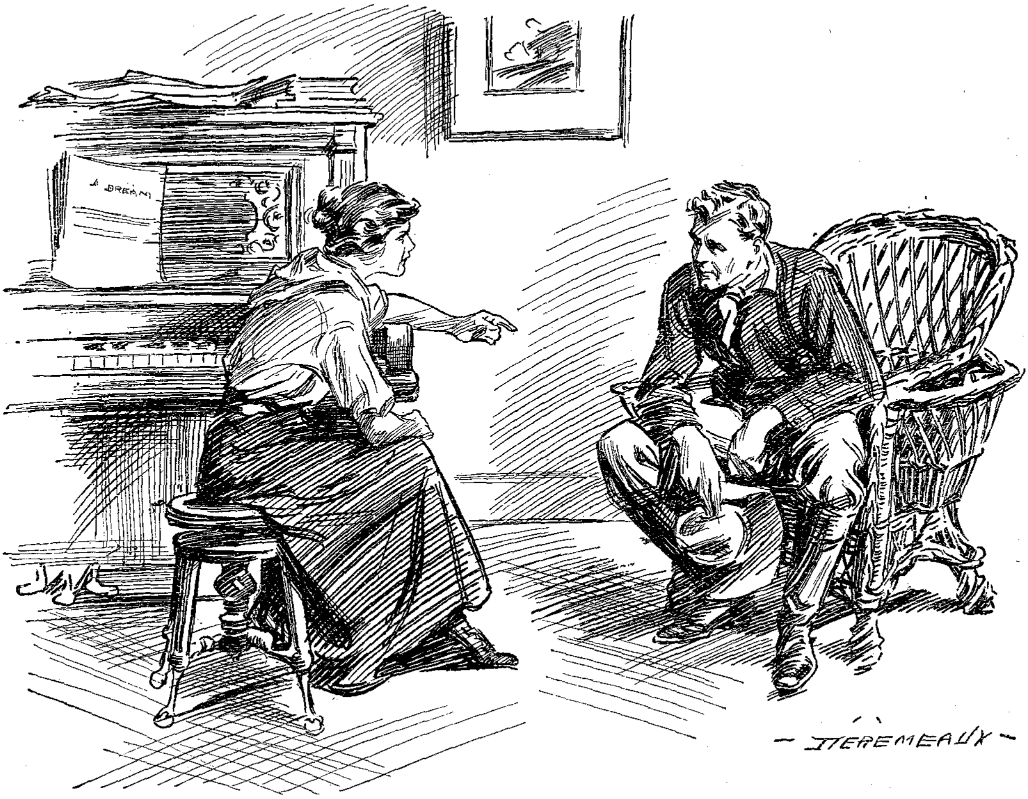
"No, it ain't," said Walt candidly. "Me, for instance, I ain't from Missouri."

"Indeed! You surprise me, Walt! Let's see: what's that question they ask us out here? What did you do back there where you came from?"

"Me?" said Walt composedly. "Killed a man."

The widow stared in consternation. "Walt Mason!" she gasped. "How *did* it happen?"

"Well," began Walt slowly, "I'm an old-timer, you see——"



"'I'LL HIT HIM YET, IF YOU LAWYERS DON'T GET BUSY AND STOP HIM STEALING THAT WATER'"

"You!" scoffed the widow. "Yes, you must be nearly my age — nearly thirty!"

"Nearly forty," corrected Walt. "That is, *I* am; but you — why, you ain't much over sixteen — that is, judgin' by your shootin'."

"Never mind my age," said the widow sternly. "The truth is, Walt, I shall never see — but never mind; I shall never see sixteen again. And as for shooting, how came you to shoot that man?"

"Well, I didn't fire off a wagon-load of ammunition at him. Just one shot at about as far as from here to Sandy."

"Walt, you barbarian, you are actually proud of that shot!"

"No," said Walt ruefully; "I wisht I'd missed 'im; because I had to up and leave the country, although he was a mean cuss — every bit as mean as Sandy, over there — and I was tryin' to settle down and be civilized on a little claim of mine; only he kept a-botherin' me with surveyors and back titles and God knows what, skinnin' a little piece off of me here and a little piece there, till at last, one day, I see him up on the boundary-line, settin' one o' my stakes over, and the temptation was too much: I up and removed him."

"And they drove you out of the country for *that!*" cried the widow indignantly.

"Sure. They was civilized, you see; and that means, stealin' everything a man's got, and runnin' him out if he objects," said Walt, with infinite contempt for civilization.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the widow laughed merrily. "Walt, you are a barbarian; that is, an old-timer, I mean."

"S'pect I am," sighed Walt. "Things used to be better in the old days when everybody expected to git shot if he meddled with your rights, and nobody said anything if you removed a feller for doing wrong. I never had to remove many myself."

"Many! How many, in heaven's name, Walt, have you *removed?*"

"Oh, nobody to speak of," said Walt modestly. "Of course, there was always more or less fightin' in them days; and one time we had to run a lot o' bad men across the river down Arizona way; and of course things is more civilized now than they was and — Say, look at that feller up there, will you? — turnin' the water off of the other half of your land!"

The widow turned, with an exclamation, grabbed up her repeater again, and pumped the remaining six shots in the direction of neighbor Sandy.

"No use," said Walt stoically. "Just amuses him, that's all. Look at 'im there, twiddlin' his fingers at us from the end of his nose! Ain't he a shagnasty, though!"

It was true. The redoubtable and shagnasty Sandy was performing wireless telegraphy with his fingers by a tandem arrangement employed by small boys to convey defiance, contempt, and all uncharity. The widow whirled short about and glared speechlessly at the imperturbable Walt. "And I've got to have that creature sticking to me like a fly on a hot day?" she demanded, with tears in her eyes.

"Looks like it. That is, unless your shootin' improves." And Walt stared hopelessly at the widow's rifle. "It's no use," he ended, with a heavy sigh; "I got to keep away."

"Who from? Me?" said the widow, regardless of grammar. "Walt, you talk like a child. What for?"

"'Cause," said Walt, "*that* thing,"— pointing to the repeater. "Some are tempted by some things and others are tempted by others. Me, now, I'm tempted by guns and ——"

"What?" said the widow, waiting slyly.

No reply from Walt but a dark flush under his new eight-dollar Stetson, purchased as a concession to the effete East.

"Whisky, I suppose?" prompted the widow.

"Whisky nothin'! You never smelt no whisky on me?"

"No," said the widow thoughtfully; "you never came near enough."

Walt darted a suspicious glance. What in the — nation to make of such a remark? Did she mean that if he came near enough she would have sure smelt the whisky (which he had expressly abandoned for her sake) or what *did* she mean? Walt shook his head.

"These Eastern remarks are sure too much for *me,*" he mused aloud. "Suthin' like the shootin': don't seem to be aimed at anything in partic'lar."

"I was *going* to invite you to go riding," said the widow vindictively; "but *now!*"

"It's all right. There's your lawyer friend a-comin'. Ask *him.*"

"Why, so he is! Well, good-by, Mr. Mason," said the cruel widow. "That is, unless you'd like to go along with me and Mr. Simpson?"

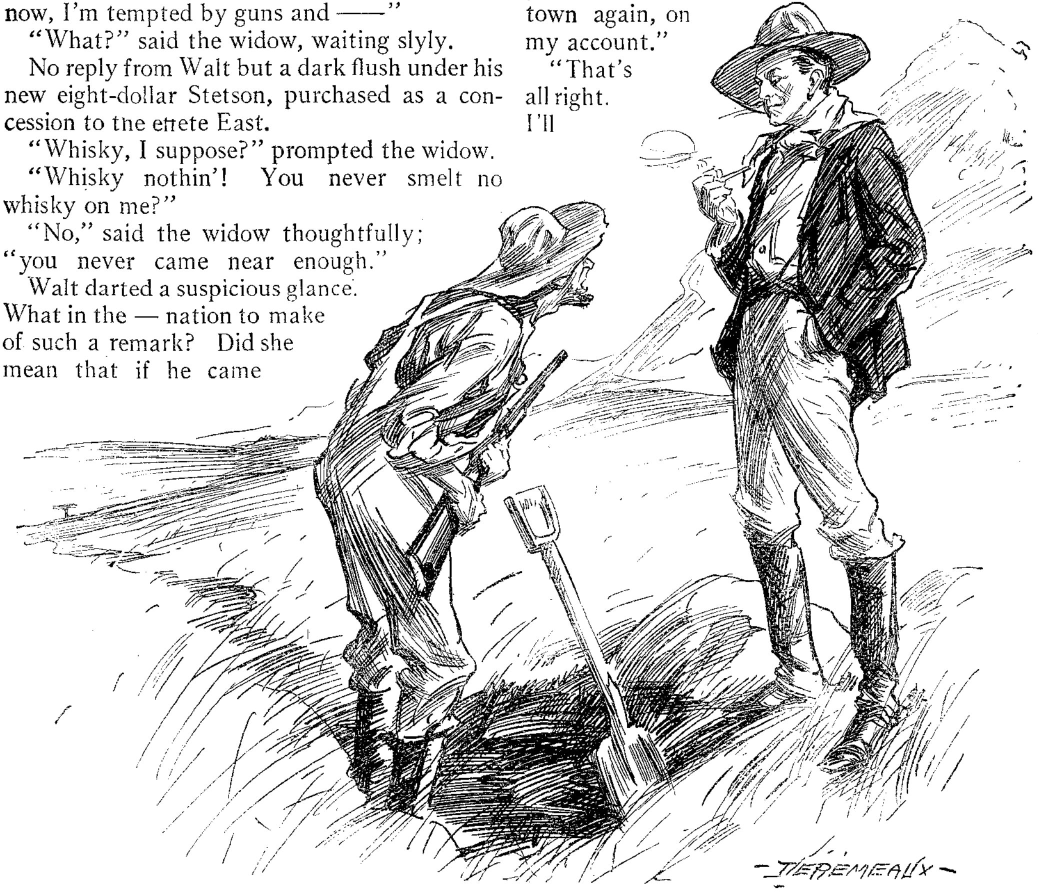
"Some other time, I guess. Three is a crowd," said Walt, stalking away.

"Sulky!" muttered the widow under her breath. "Here!" she cried, in sudden alarm. "What are you going off up there for?"

"Thought I could have a little friendly talk with Sandy," said Walt, moving along.

"Don't you touch him, now. Do you hear me? I won't have you run out of town again, on my account."

"That's all right. I'll



"'NEXT TIME SHE FIRES THIS WAY WITH THAT GATLIN' GUN, I'LL DO SOME SHOOTIN' MYSELF'" just give 'im a little Sunday-school talk on lovin' his neighbor like himself."

"*As* himself," corrected the widow.

"Yes'm. Wisht I'd been brought up in Boston," said Walt meekly, as he lounged away.

The widow pursued him with warnings, commands, and entreaties to forgo the Sunday-school talk; but Walt kept sturdily on, and the widow turned perforce to young Mr. Simpson, her lawyer friend in need. For had he not saved her ranch from thieving Sandy over yonder, with his faked-up title? Still, it was not business that kept Mr. Simpson coming, and the widow was getting worried. So, for that matter, was Mr. Simpson; and so was Walt.

Walt was a boarder, "looking for land," as he had explained when he knocked at the widow's door. Looking for the widow was Mr. Simpson's way of putting it; and therefore Mr. Simpson was worried. Moreover, had he not recently heard the true story of why Walt had come to this country? And what more natural and friendly than to warn the widow what sort of man she had in the house?

"Glad to see you, Mr. Simpson. Come in," said the widow cheerfully, leading the way to her elegant front parlor. The southeast window of the front parlor commanded a good view of Walt and his Sunday-school proceedings with Sandy; so the widow commanded the situation with one eye on Mr. Simpson and the other on Walt.

Mr. Simpson, for his part, was pleased with himself and the widow and the situation — pleased, and yet sorry that he was in duty bound to tell the sad story of how Mr. Walt Mason had happened to come to this country. He told the story, with a little preliminary hemming and hawing, and paused for the effect on the widow.

"That?" said the widow, lifting her eyebrows carelessly. "Oh, yes; Mr. Mason was just telling me about that. You see, he had to kill the man because — well, he *had* to."

Mr. Simpson stared in surprise that was almost alarm. Never was such sudden conversion from effete Eastern standards to standards of the most ultra-Western type!

"Oh, well, of course, if it was self-defense," he answered regretfully. "Still, in that case, why did he have to leave the country?"

"Why, don't you see? It was this miserable fraud they call civilization," explained the widow innocently. "There was a man next door who was robbing him, with the help of the lawyers, and ——"

Mr. Simpson winced, and the widow remembered. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Simpson, but *some* lawyers, you know, are ——"

"Precisely," said Mr. Simpson, smiling heroically. "Still, if the law was against him ——"

"Yes, that was just it; the law was against him because — you know what the law is, Mr. Simpson, and how near it came to giving my farm — no, ranch — to that odious Sandy up there. And they'd have done it, too, if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Simpson." (This was balm, and Mr. Simpson smiled.) "And there was one of those same rotten old titles raked up against Mr. Mason; and he had no lawyer like you to defend him, and so he ——"

"Took the law into his own hands. Yes, I see."

"Well, *I* can't say much," defended the widow. "Haven't I been making a target of that Sandy for the last six weeks and wasting a cart-load of cartridges on him? And he keeps right on stealing the water, and laughing in my face!"

Mr. Simpson smiled indulgently. "Oh, well, he knows you don't want to hit him."

"But I *do;* I *want* to hit him."

"Oh, well, that makes him feel all the safer," Mr. Simpson laughed pleasantly.

"You wait!" threatened the widow. "I'll hit him yet, if you lawyers don't get busy and stop him stealing that water. That is, I will unless ——"

She glanced apprehensively out of the window. Walt and Sandy were in close conversation on the border. The widow was glad that Walt, at her request, had left off carrying a gun, she alone being fit to be trusted with a gun, apparently. Meanwhile, the following was the drift of Walt's conversation with Sandy.

"See here, Mr.— er — Sandy," said Walt, with a mild and healing civility, "ain't never been to Sunday-school, have you?"

Mr. Sandy straightened up from an irrigation ditch and contemptuously surveyed Walt from head to foot. A long, lank, leathery son of obliquity was Sandy, with one eyelid permanently lowered from a habit of squinting at ethical propositions. A battered cow-boy hat, a week's stubble of beard, and a pair of dirty khaki overalls completed his equipment.

"Who the hell are you?" queried Mr. Sandy.

"No," said Walt, regretfully; "you didn't never attend Sunday-school, that's evident. Didn't never hear of the ten commandments, I s'pose?"

"Well, now, seems to me I rec'lec' one of 'em sayin' 'thou shalt not kill,'" drawled Sandy, with a triumphant leer at Walt and his past.

"Pre-cisely; and that's why I ain't got no gun with me; because, if I had, I might be tempted to break that commandment again. And there's another of 'em that says 'thou shalt not steal,' ain't there?"

"Who's stealin'?" demanded Sandy contemptuously.

"Oh, nobody. Just turnin' your neighbor's water off two hours ahead of time — that ain't stealin', only a few hundred dollars or so."

"You go to hell," said Sandy coolly. "Guess *I* know when it's time to turn this water off."

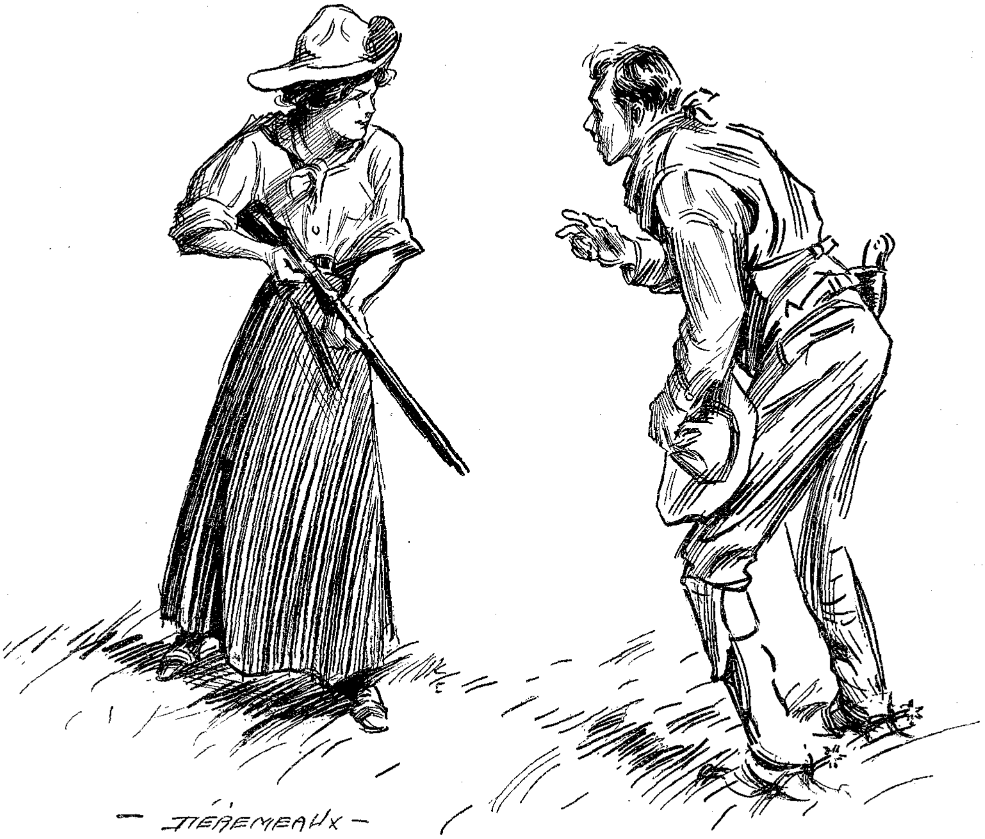
"Ain't goin' to let up, hey?" mused Walt. "Ain't never heard what it says in the Bible about stealin' from widders?"

"Widder be — look here, you tell that widder o' yourn I'll have the law on her if she don't let up shootin' this way and breakin' all my winders!" vociferated Sandy.

"All right, I'll tell her, if you'll spare me, Sandy. Only she ain't mine. Wisht she was. And she didn't have nothin' against your winders; she was just aimin' at you, seein' there don't seem to be no law to protect her."

For answer Sandy bent and picked up a rifle out of the alfalfa. "See that?" he admonished darkly. "Next time she fires this way with that Gatlin' gun o' hers, I'll do some shootin' myself. Shootin' at *me*, was she? Tell her to look out, that's all. When *I* shoot, I don't want no ammunition-wagon along. I don't shoot but once, and that generally ends it."

"Sho!" said Walt in admiration. "That so! I'd hate to have you shoot at me — or her," he added meditatively. "Because, if you did, I might have to leave town again. It's a' nawful temptation to me, that bad shootin' of the widder's; and I dunno as I could resist much longer if you was to open fire on a woman."



"'BOB, WHO SAYS I COULDN'T HIT HIM IF I TRIED?'"

"You git out!" barked Sandy, motioning him away with his gun. "Git out o' this; do you hear me?"

"Sure; a dead man could hear you, Sandy. Don't shoot, please, because I'm awful timid, specially when such a bad man as you be is arguin' with a gun in his hands, and I ain't got nothin' to argue back with but my jaw."

So speaking, Walt walked deliberately up to the muzzle of the rifle, struck the barrel aside, and wrenched it out of Sandy's hand with a single motion of the wrist. The next moment he had fired the weapon into the air and politely handed it back to Sandy.

"There," said Walt; "now mebbe you won't be tempted to break that commandment before I git home. So long, Sandy; and don't forgit what the Bible says about stealin' from widders."

The "widder" in question had heard the shot, and came running out of the house, her face as white as death.

"Walt, you reckless creature, what *have* you been up to?" she demanded from afar.

"Oh, nothing," said Walt correctly. "Only Sandy hadn't never — I mean, hadn't *ever* — been to Sunday-school; and all my arguments was in vain — or had I ought to say *were?*"

"But, surely, Walt, you didn't ——"

"No; I just took his gun away and fired it off, because he was flourishin' it round and tellin' what a bad man he was. Somebody ought to start a Sunday-school and invite Sandy."

The widow scolded joyously and commanded Walt in to dinner, and placed him vis-à-vis with Mr. Simpson, and made the two behave themselves and say civil things to each other. And after dinner she took them into the parlor and entertained them with piano music; and oh, how the widow could play! Chopin, Beethoven, Wagner, and any old thing, as Walt expressed it to himself, with a sigh at the great gulf of Eastern refinement between himself and the widow. What was shooting, compared with such heartbreaking skill as hers at the piano? "Paddyroosky" himself was not her equal, if Walt was a judge. Alas! Walt had wasted his time in learning nothing but shooting and drinking and bronco-busting and other such fool cow-boy tricks that were all going out of fashion at once; and now here he was, confronted with a widow who could play that kind of music, and a man like Simpson who could understand it and say the right thing when it stopped.

With a heavy sigh of despair, Walt rose and said he was off for Fort Rollins to see about that Jackson ranch; and the widow let him go without comment or protest, thus proving that she wished to be rid of him. Yet, after Walt had gone, the widow would talk nothing but business with Mr. Simpson, and successfully staved off the least approach to sentiment till Mr. Simpson at last took his leave.

It could hardly be that a born and bred Easterner like the widow could revert to savagery so far as to prefer a man-killer like Walt to one of her own kind; and yet, Mr. Simpson was puzzled and hurt. He had done her a service, and she had paid him in cash — yes, and in friendship; and apparently that was to be all. Mr. Simpson shut his lips firmly and put spurs to his bronco, half resolved — but only half — to waste no more time on the widow. And, without vanity, a clean-cut, fine-looking young fellow like Mr. Simpson had a right to expect better treatment from the widow, unless she was behaving like a woman. So Mr. Simpson departed well-nigh as discouraged as Walt.

Then, by the next mail, came a curt note from Walt to the widow, stating that, owing to business and a likely-looking ranch over west of Fort Rollins, he would have to board at the New Plaza Hotel awhile, and would send up for his things later on. That was all. No thanks, no regrets, nothing but just an abrupt severing of diplomatic relations!

"The ungrateful wretch!" cried the widow, tossing the note into her open lignite fire (for it was a Colorado summer night that might have been imported from the desert of Sahara). Moreover, the widow had an idea, or an intuition, that Mr. Simpson was not coming back, either.

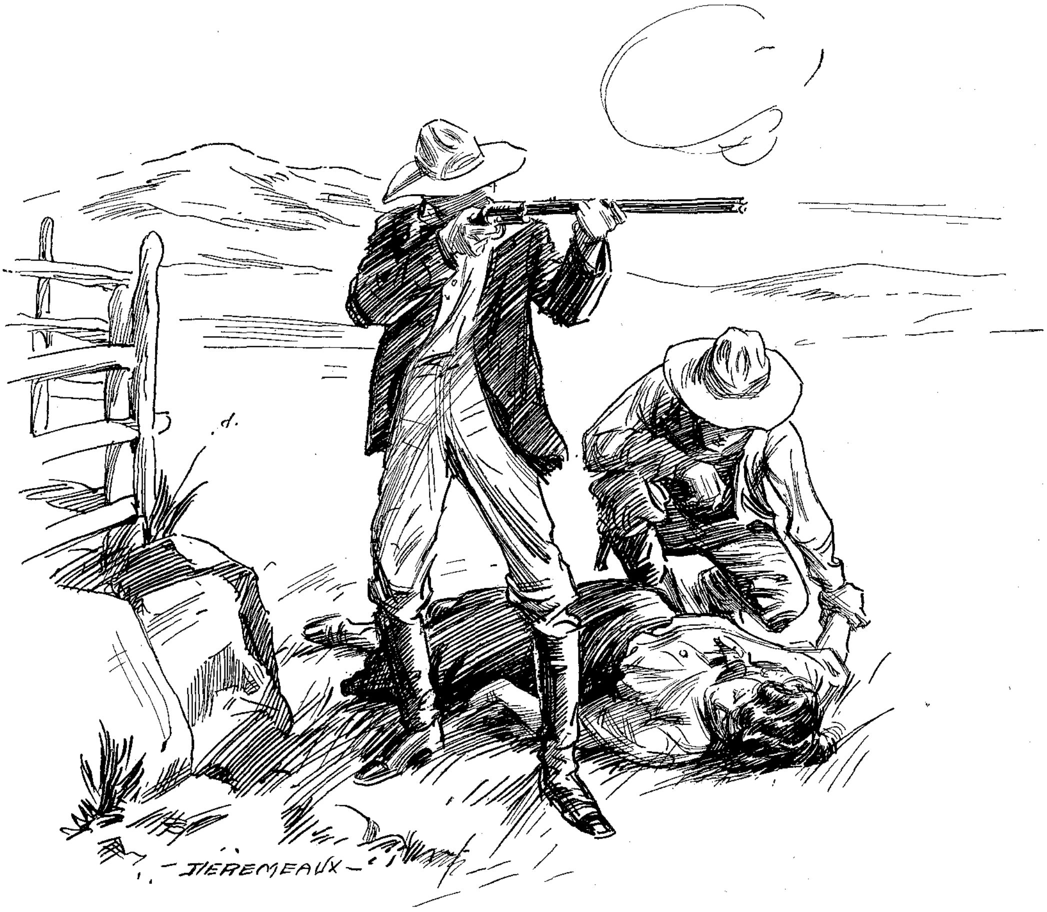
"The trouble with flirting is," mused the widow, "it's just as liable to lose a man as it is to land him. I always knew that; now, why didn't I remember it?"

But whether the remark referred to Walt or to Mr. Simpson, or a combination of the two for the reduction of either, nobody could have told.

A doleful day followed for the widow; and then another and another and another. No Walt, no Mr. Simpson. Alas! men were so selfish and vain and jealous and timid — yes, *timid!* Afraid to risk a little bit of a no! Eastern or Western, they were all alike in that, and expected you to all but propose to them. In her bitterness, the widow cleaned, oiled, and loaded up the repeater, resolved to make it warm for that Sandy, at least, if the rascal dared to turn any more water off her land.

But Sandy was the man who dared. Propose? Not at all. Sandy was a confirmed bachelor. But when it came to *dis*posing, especially of water rights and such little items of property as he found lying around loose, Sandy was one of the unterrified. And why not? Successful cattle-rustler, claim-jumper, and so forth, he was the envy and admiration of all who smite the table and call for "results." Judged by "results,' Sandy was one of the up-to-date angels with wings; and where the feathers came from was nobody's business. "They ain't many of 'em round here that can say much to *me*," soliloquized Sandy, with a shrewd shake of his wise old head, as he surveyed his widening domain; "and I'll hev that widder out o' there before long, spite o' that dam' popgun o' hers."

It was at this psychological moment that



"THE WIDOW FAINTED DEAD AWAY"

young Bob Sellick came running down to the widow with the news that Sandy was at the water-gate again, two hours ahead of time, as usual. "And he's got a rotten old turnip of a watch," raved Bob, "and the old thing is always two hours ahead when he turns the water on to his land, and two hours behind when he turns it off; and he swears by that turnip, and says what are we going to do about it? And he's got a gun there in the alfalfa, and he swears if you open fire on him again, he'll give you a lesson in good shootin'."

"Oh, he will, will he? We'll see," said the widow, grimly catching up her long-suffering rifle and making for the firing-line hot-foot.

"Oh, now, I wouldn't if I was you," protested Bob, turning white. "Sandy's a mean cuss, and he just as lieve shoot a woman as not, even if he *has* been stealin' the water for two years. Go after 'im with the law," pleaded Bob, in his terror.

"The law!" scoffed the daughter of the Puritans. "I'm sick of the law. Haven't I been after him with it for six months? And the result is, he's got eight hundred dollars' worth of water that belongs to me. I say, an open, unblushing thief like that ought to be shot."

"So do I; only, if you can't hit 'im ——"

"Bob!" cried the widow severely, "who says I couldn't hit him if I tried?"

But Bob was plainly skeptical, and the widow was thereby stung to make proof of her marksmanship. Of course she knew in her secret heart that she could never come within a mile of Sandy; but to confess it to these Westerners — never! With a correct imitation of sang-froid, she unlimbered the rifle; and now, if she could only remember not to shut her eyes when she fired, maybe she could come near enough to Sandy to jar him loose — yes, that was the expression — loose from that insufferable, leering complacency and contempt of woman.

Bark! went the repeater, and then, *bark! bark! bark!* — the usual fusillade, with the usual results. Or, rather, this time Sandy stooped at the third bark, picked up his rifle, fired with the instantaneous nonchalance of the old-timer, and dropped the butt of his gun in grim silence.

Zip! — whack! The bullet grazed the widow's hair and struck the corral fence just behind her. The widow jumped and uttered a little cry like a wounded thing, while from afar floated Sandy's gruff "haw-haw" of derision.

An oath exploded behind the widow, and a voice of utter disgust exclaimed: "Here, gimme that gun!"

Suddenly the rifle was snatched from the widow's grasp.

"Walt!" she screamed. "Oh, please, Walt, don't again!" and flung herself madly at the weapon.

Too late! Quicker than thought, Walt had thrown the gun to his shoulder, fired, and thrown it down.

"There," said he grimly; "I'm sick o' this poor shootin'."

"Walt," gasped the widow in horror, "what have you done!"

She turned just in time to see Sandy throw up his arms, fall prone, and lie still. The widow saw, realized, and fainted dead away.

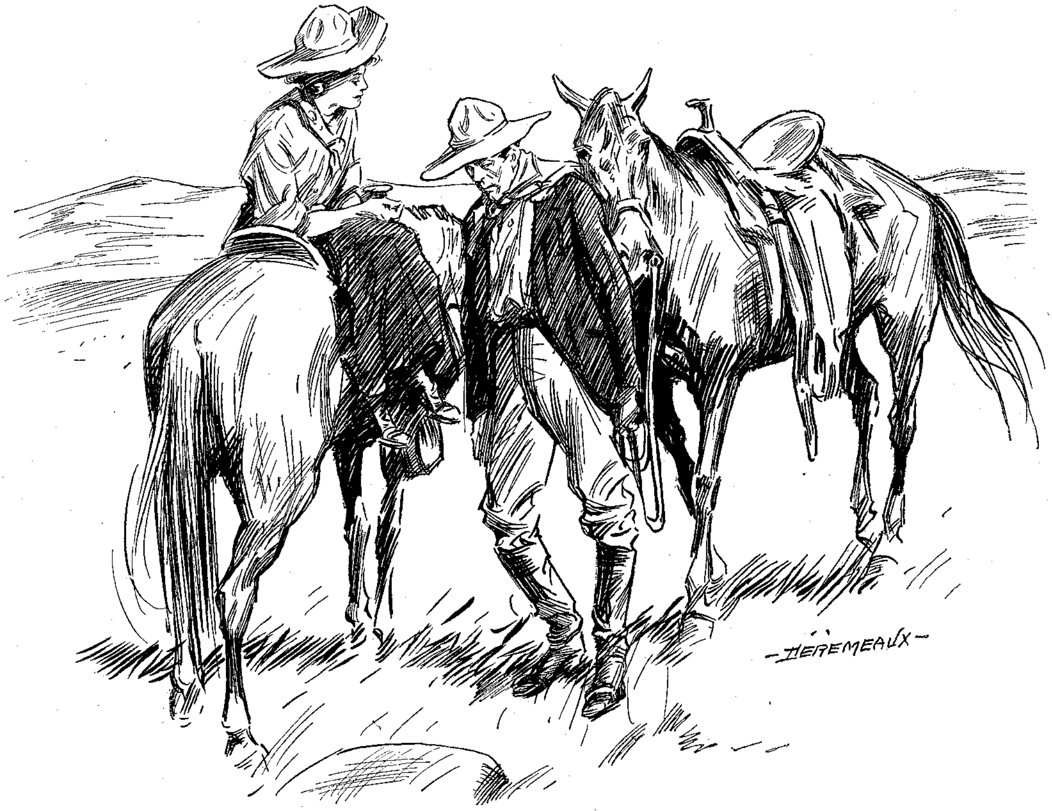
"Well!" said Mr. Simpson, who had followed hard on the heels of Walt, "I guess this is a case for the Grand Jury."

"That's all right," said Walt coolly. "No, you needn't help carry her in; I can do it myself. Only, maybe if you lawyers had got busy, there wouldn't have been any case for the Grand Jury." And, lifting the widow from the ground, he bore her into the house.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Simpson that, when the case was argued at Fort Rollins, he happened to be District Attorney and was therefore compelled to do his best for the State, harping away on Walt's bad record as a gunman till the very jury rebelled in their seats. It was too much like trying to hang your rival, the jury argued. Moreover, they argued that Sandy had fired once, which was more for him than a million shots would have been for the widow, whose testimony showed Walt to have merely defended a woman. Furthermore, it was shown that Walt had been tempted beyond human endurance by the widow's bad shooting, the widow herself confessing as much.

"It's all my fault, Judge," sobbed the widow, "because I'm such an awful bad shot that Walt simply couldn't endure it."

"Madam," said the Judge suavely, "the



"'OF COURSE YOU'LL NEVER MARRY ME NOW'"

court would like to inquire, how many times did you shoot?"

"Three hundred and fifty-seven times, your Honor."

"Three hundred and fifty-seven!" ejaculated the court.

"Yes, your Honor. I counted them by the box."

"And missed him every time!"

"Yes, your Honor."

The court shook its head. Such shooting had never been heard of west of the Mississippi. The court could hardly explain it. A sudden thought struck the court. "Madam," it remarked, "where did you say you came from?"

"From Boston," said the widow modestly.

"Ah!" said his Honor. "That explains it."

And order had to be restored in the court-room.

The verdict was "Not guilty," and the jury were barely restrained from appending a vote of thanks to the defendant for ridding the State of a cuss who had earned killing forty times over. However, the court-room supplied this omission, and there was the greatest crowd ever seen in Fort Rollins to watch Walt and the widow mount their broncos and start for the ranch.

So the widow and Walt rode home together — Walt sad and stern, and the widow wiping an occasional tear. When, after the long, silent, twelve-mile ride, they arrived at the ranch-house, Walt looked pale and resolved. Solemnly, as at the funeral of his dearest friend, he dismounted and held up his arms to the widow. Ostensibly it was to help her alight, but actually it was another sort of invitation.

"Well?" said the widow tensely, not stirring to come down.

"Of course you'll *never* marry me now," said Walt huskily. "You'll marry that Simpson."

"Why?" said the widow, strangely. "Why should I marry him and not you?"

"Because I killed Sandy when you said 'please don't again.' If I had heard it a minute sooner — but I had just fired." And Walt hid his face in his hands.

"Oh, Walt," sobbed the widow, "it was I that killed Sandy, not you; and if you are willing to marry such a woman ——"

And Bob Sellick, with a good view from the corner of the corral, judged that Walt was willing.

A BOX AT THE OPERA

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

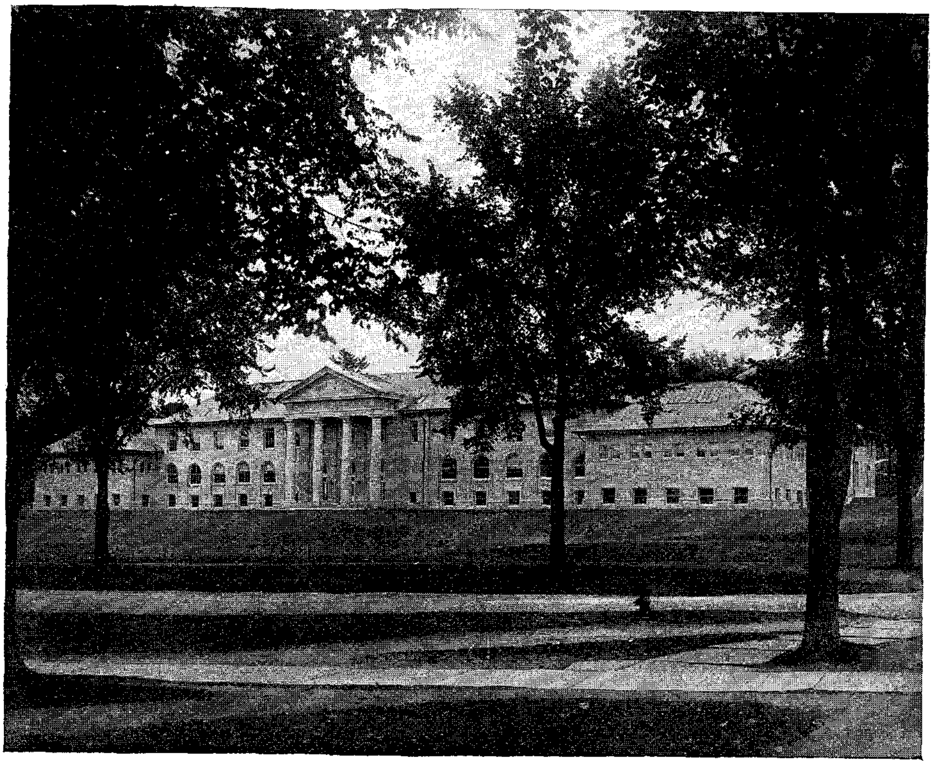
A TWINKLING feminine creature, twilight-eyed,
The glinting curve of jewels to zone her hair,
A mist-gray gown, a tremulous, eager air;

A dissolute boy, with braggadocio calm,
An eye-glass, crafty hands, the smile that sneers,
Who, as the music sobbed, stared at the tiers.

The play was "Siegfried." When the bird-song broke
Like sunlight rippling through the leafy place,
The braggadocio boy laughed low into her face.

The twilight creature started like one hurt,
And, her young twinkling face grown old and gray,
She shut her little hands and leaned away.

The music ran and leaped like nimble fire.
Brynhilde's mystic boundaries burned, wind-blown;
I only saw that soft face turned to stone.



Goldwin Smith Hall at Cornell University

GOLDWIN SMITH'S REMINISCENCES

II. THE FOUNDING OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND HIS INTRODUCTION TO WASHINGTON SOCIETY

I

IN 1866 I had to resign my Oxford professorship and take up my abode in my father's house at Mortimer. In 1868, after a long and most painful illness, my father came to a tragical end, in consequence of a malady which had its source in an injury received in a railway accident. I was greatly broken by this, and was some time recovering mental health and tone. Having then no very definite object in life, and having an independent income, I thought of returning to America and further studying American history and institutions. Just then I had the good luck to come across Andrew White, who was looking out for professors for the new Cornell University, of which he had accepted the presidency. Ezra Cornell, the founder of the University, had been a labourer and had laid telegraph poles with his own hands. Having by a fortunate investment become a millionaire, he at once asked what he could do with his wealth for the public good. The Federal Government was giving each State an allotment of land-scrip to be employed in founding a place of education with special reference to the improvement of agriculture, and at the same time of military training. Cornell, advised by Andrew White, offered, if the grant for the State of New York were put into his hands, to meet it with half a million of his own. Other States sold their scrip; Cornell located that of New York in pine lands, which afterwards became very valuable and formed the chief endowment of the University. This investment was the great service which in the pecuniary way he rendered to the enterprise.

Equal to Ezra Cornell in merit and in his claim on the gratitude of Cornellians is Andrew White, a wealthy citizen of Syracuse, a man of the highest attainments and culture, who devoted to the foundation not only much of his wealth, but labour, which was of higher value and bestowed at a greater sacrifice. American wealth has a bad side. It has also a good and noble side, which showed itself here. Andrew White has since been transferred to another sphere and has shone as a diplomatist at St. Petersburg and Berlin. He has also shone as a writer.

Cornell's special object was to put within the reach of poor youths the university training which in his own case poverty had denied. He thought that a young man might maintain himself by the labour of his hands while he was undergoing a university education. This part of his scheme, after fair trial, failed and was abandoned. Mental and intellectual labour draw on the same fund of nervous energy, which in ordinary cases cannot supply both. Ezra Cornell himself was a man of extraordinary vigour and power of work. In the early days of the University notices were put up for students, of employment in tending masons. But this soon came to an end. I am afraid I rather offended the good man by cautioning young English mechanics against a too hasty acceptance of a general invitation which he had sent them. I thought I knew better than he could what effect his invitation would have upon the imagination of my young fellow countrymen, who would fancy that in being admitted to a university they were going to be raised at once socially to the level of Oxford and Cambridge. The rush might have been overwhelming.

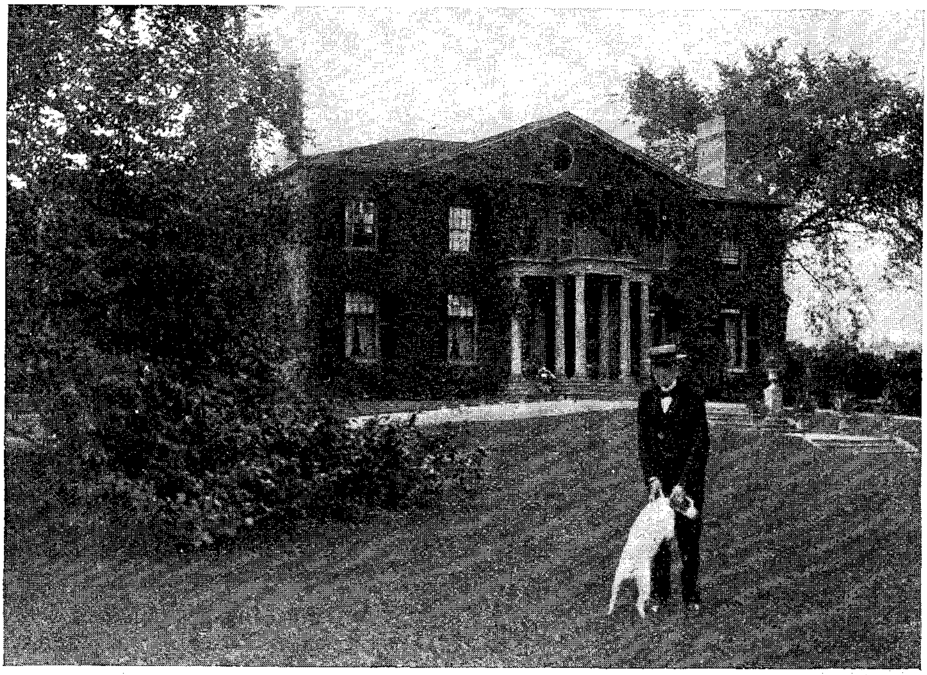
Goldwin Smith's Impressions of American Students

Cornell, however, retained so much of its original character as to become a school of practical science more than of literary culture; though the student of practical science probably takes away that which raises him intellectually above the mechanic, and enables him if he rises in life, as so many of them do, to fill his place well.

The goodly chapter-houses of some of the Greek-letter societies and the general habits of a large class of the students are proofs that Cornell is not limited to the poorer class. Still, I imagine that there is nothing like the luxury of the sons of millionaires at Harvard and Yale. The extravagant and costly passion for athletics, which had its source in the universities of the English gentry, has invaded in full force the American universities, and Cornell among the number. University authorities ought to have the courage and integrity to control it. University education is already challenged by commercial men as interfering with a youth's start in business life. To this challenge, if the student is to spend his time and his father's money in training his muscles, there will be no reply. After all, no excellence that he can gain in that way will put him on a level with many a negro porter. I have, in fact, seen a negro porter who was physically a finer man than any college athlete. The model of perfect human form in the London Museum of the College of Surgeons is, or was, a negro, who, we may be sure, was as nature had made him. A lower level still is reached when the student becomes a professional performer and gate-money is the object of the game. A university which permits this suffers absolute degradation.

My intercourse with American students was very interesting and pleasant. They are, of course, more independent than the English students, and would hardly submit to the same discipline, though it did not seem to me that the faculty feared to use its authority at need. The political tendencies of the Americans show themselves in the contests for the election of officers of classes and editors of the college journal, as well as in a pervading addiction to rhetoric. Their weakest point is their strange and worse than strange addiction to hazing, and to the bullying of freshmen, which was sometimes carried to a disgraceful extent. It will be curious to see how the large body of American students to be imported into Oxford under the Rhodesian bequest will adapt themselves to the spirit and the habits of the place. I cannot say that I saw with pleasure my old University made a pedestal for the statue of such a man as Rhodes. Nor can I think that, unless the object is some special branch of knowledge, it can be a good thing for a youth to be brought up in a social element different from that in which his life is to be passed.

The Greek-letter societies seemed to me in some measure to fill the place filled in English



GOLDWIN SMITH AT HIS HOME, "THE GRANGE," TORONTO, CANADA

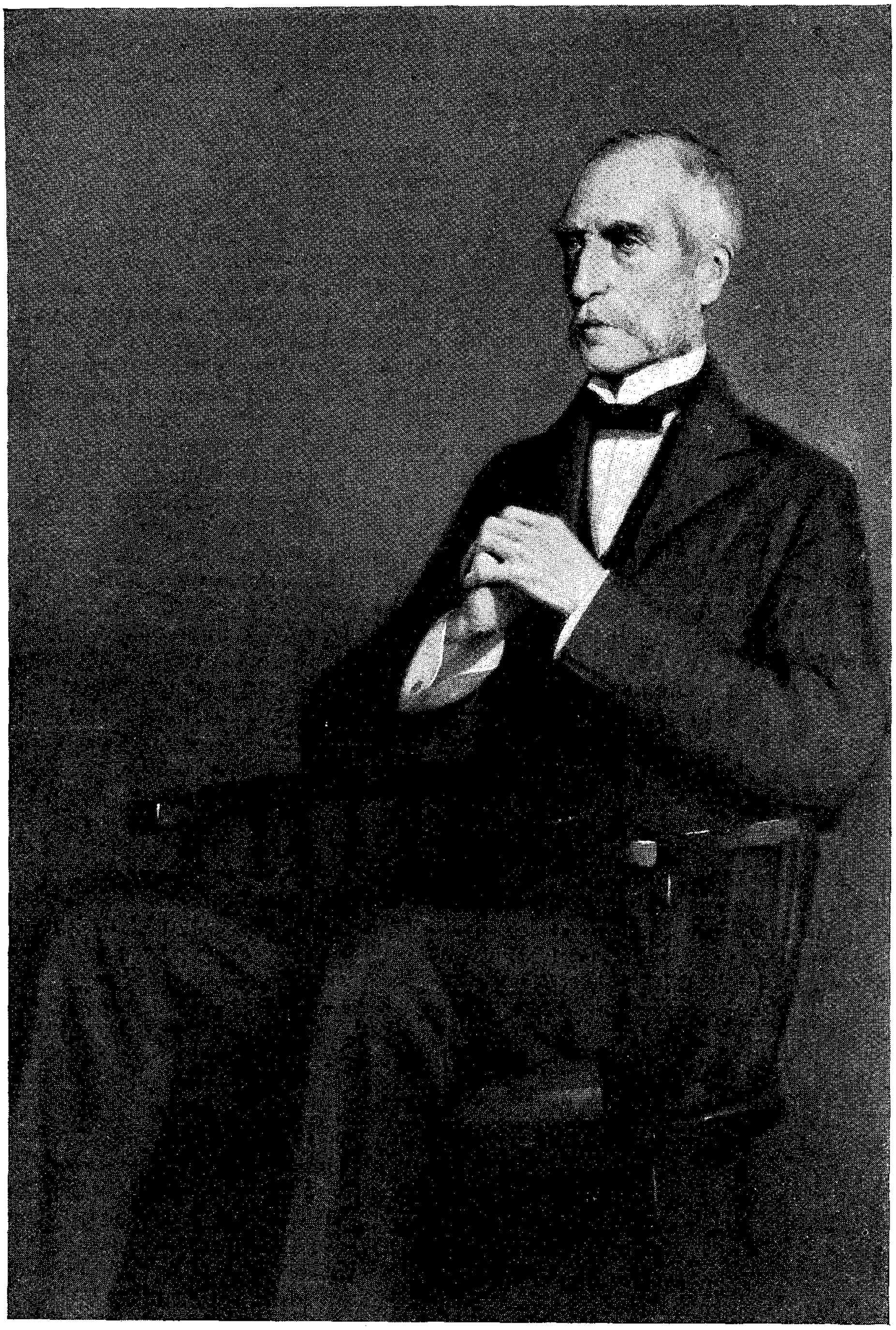
universities by the college, as social bonds in a university too large for anything like general association. Probably they vary in character, some being more expensive and exclusive than others, but I cannot think that they are otherwise than wholesome in the main. The records which they keep of the lives of their members may help in sustaining fidelity to the path of honour. I was myself a member of the Psi Upsilon, and among my brethren were Professor Willard Fiske and Andrew White.

Andrew White and Ezra Cornell

Ezra Cornell could know nothing about universities. His ideas were derived from the establishment of factories and sawmills. Without the guidance of Andrew White he might have failed. As it was, he imperilled the success of his enterprise by placing his university at Ithaca, then a village with no advantage for the purpose. Ithaca had been his home in his early days; he was attached to it, and perhaps was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing his university rise on the hill above the spot on which his lowly abode had once stood. "There is no enjoyment," says an Italian writer, "keener than that of being great where once you were little." That in attracting professors intellectual exile would be a drawback, Ezra could not understand. He had been conjured by White to place the university at Syracuse. But to Syracuse he had a special antipathy. He had once stood on the bridge there for a whole day to be hired. At evening he was hired, but by a man who cheated him of his wages. He had an extremely strong will, and hardly anybody but White could have influenced him on any sub-

From the collection of Robert Coster

A PHOTOGRAPH OF GOLDWIN SMITH MADE IN 1869



FROM A PORTRAIT OF GOLDWIN SMITH PAINTED BY E. WYLY GRIER IN 1899 ject. Here even White failed. However, thanks to a most happy choice of president's staff, all has ended well and the shade of Ezra Cornell may rejoice. The University is now a large society in itself; Ithaca has grown into a little city, and is a healthier place than a great city for young men taken from their homes.

Arrival at Cornell

It was on a dark November morning, amid pouring rain, that, having come by the night train from New York, I descended upon Ithaca. I was met at the Clinton House by Andrew White. After breakfast, Ezra Cornell took me out in his buggy on the hill, the site of the University that was to be. Nothing could be less cheering or promising than was then the aspect of things upon that hill. The University was represented by a single block of building, much the reverse of beautiful, and looking particularly grim on that dreary morning. But I knew that there was sun behind the cloud. That sun has since shone out with full lustre. On that hill now cluster, on and round the fair campus, the various academical buildings and the numerous professional residences of the great Cornell University. So rapid is the growth of American institutions. The site, a plateau looking over Lake Cayuga, is one of the finest I ever saw. Unluckily, among Ezra Cornell's gifts was not architectural taste, or perhaps in arranging the group of buildings more advantage might have been taken of the excellence of the site.

The opening of the University had taken place a few days before my arrival. I have always been sorry that by those few days I missed being a pioneer. In my chequered passage there is no happier incident than my connection with Cornell.

Agassiz, Lowell, and Curtis

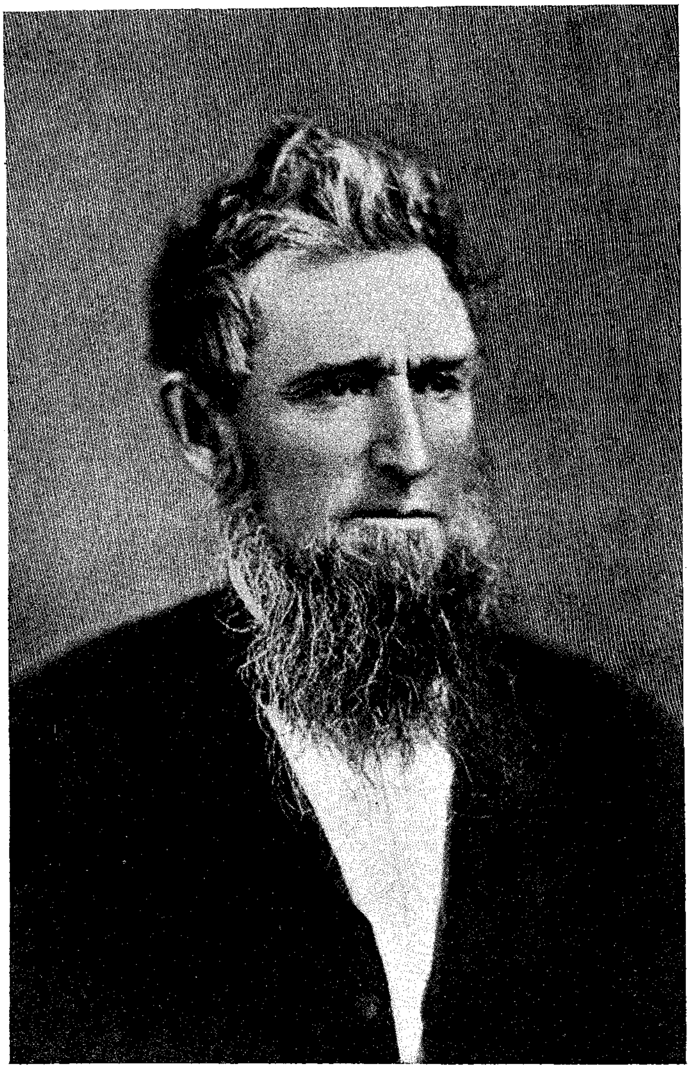
I was one of a set of non-resident lecturers or professors which included Agassiz, Lowell, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. Agassiz was lecturing when I arrived; we boarded together in the Clinton House, and for some weeks I enjoyed his society. Eminent as a man of science, in character and habits he was simple as a child. He never used a bank, but, as he told me, carried his money in his pocket, and when it was spent went lecturing to get more. I was amused by his attempt in one of his lectures, in deference to what he no doubt deemed a religious audience, to reconcile with geological fact the account in Genesis of a universal flood. "If there is an overflow of the Mississippi," said he, "what do we hear? We hear that the whole country is under water." He had refused to receive the Darwinian gospel of evolution. In this he was unhappy; though perhaps the account between him and Darwin may not yet be quite settled. We are living too much under the immediate influence of Darwin's mighty discovery to think of its possible limits and qualifications.

Another of the set of non-resident lecturers was George William Curtis, an admirable lecturer and speaker as well as writer on public subjects, and one of the best of American citizens. On the platform and as a journalist he was always a staunch defender of the right and a terror to the evil-doer. Largely to his efforts was due the reform of the Civil Service. Unfortunately, he lived in an electoral district where the opposite party had the majority, and thus by the fatuous localism which the Americans have imposed upon themselves he was debarred from doing his best for the country. Democracy, we must sorrowfully confess, is not yet large-minded.

Lowell was also one of the ten. His anti-British prejudice was at that time still rather strong. I found him more sociable when I afterwards met him as American Ambassador in England. He was not only cured of his anti-British prejudice, but largely Anglicized, as American ambassadors to England are apt to be. It is hardly wise to make them afterward American Secretaries of State. Mr. Adams, of course, escaped the influence, his great natural strength of character being aided by the circumstances of a mission which he discharged with incomparable skill.

Roughing It in the Early Days at Cornell

Accommodation at Ithaca at first was scanty. The mass of us, professors and students, were quartered in Cascadilla, a huge building which had been intended for a water-cure, but was so ill-ventilated that as many patients probably would have been killed by the air as would have been cured by the water. I had rooms on the ground floor at the Southwest Angle, from which I could step out upon the platform to see the sunsets and, now and then, an eagle hovering over Lake Cayuga. We had some material discomforts to endure. But our life was social and merry. The people in the village — city, as Ithaca is now — were kind. I look back upon those days with pleasure. No years of my life have been better spent. My only regret, at least, is that, having not then fully recovered strength and tone, I was below my proper mark as a teacher. None of us had anything to endure like the load of anxiety and trouble



EZRA CORNELL, FOUNDER OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1868 OR 1869, SOON AFTER THE UNIVERSITY OPENED

which was nobly borne in those early days by Andrew White. There was serious financial difficulty for a time, the fund having been invested in the pine lands, which it would have been ruinous at that time to sell.

The country round the head of the two lakes, Cayuga and Seneca, is very beautiful. I indulged in excursions on foot. This British habit the people could not understand. A farmer, if he overtook me on the road in his buggy, would kindly offer me a ride, thinking that it was only for want of a horse that anybody could be going on foot. A farmer with whom I had fallen into conversation said something that led me to think he took me for an American. I told him I was an Englishman. "Yes," he said, with a strong nasal twang; "I knew you to be an Englishman by your brogue."

A summer vacation of the University which I spent in Cascadilla was not an unpleasant time, for I had every evening the society of the kindest of friends, Professor and Mrs. Sprague. The Professor, who fought for the Union in the war, was an American indeed, true to the principles of righteousness on which the Republic was founded.

The Oneida Community

From Ithaca I visited the Oneida Community, and, through the courtesy of Mr. Noyes, its founder and dictator, spent two interesting days there. A glance was enough to show that the social problem had not been solved for the world at large. The Community had grown rich; was the owner of three factories, which were run on the ordinary footing with hired labour; and was sitting at its ease, with a very comfortable residence with every convenience and luxury that opulence could afford. For those who were learning the piano there was a little kiosk in the grounds, that their practising might not annoy. Celibacy had been the rule; but, when the Community grew wealthy, Noyes introduced, not marriage, but temporary unions of couples, paired by him on biological principles — an institution that excited the marked displeasure of a moral neighbourhood. There was a set of nurseries in which the offspring of these unions were reared as children of the Community.

With the acquisition of wealth there had been an end of proselytism, and the Community was, in fact, a Utopian club, with the prospect, supposing the last survivor was to inherit the estate, of becoming a tontine. Celibacy, it seemed to me, had been the secret of success, if success other than material this could be called. It enabled the Community to save, and it removed the separatist influence of the family, which was the rock upon which the socialist enterprise of Owen and other Utopias had split. The same thing accounts for the temporary prosperity of the Shakers. Another necessity seems to be a religious dictatorship such as was that of Dr. Noyes. You are lucky if your dictator is not an impostor.

I attended a great camp-meeting. It seemed to me quite as much a social gathering as a religious communion. Preaching of a vehement kind was going on all the time, and people were coming up to the preacher's stand and declaring themselves converted. But there were ice-cream establishments, and there was a good deal, evidently, of social enjoyment at the same time. The effect of "Rock of Ages," however, sung by the multitude among the pines and under the stars, was very fine.

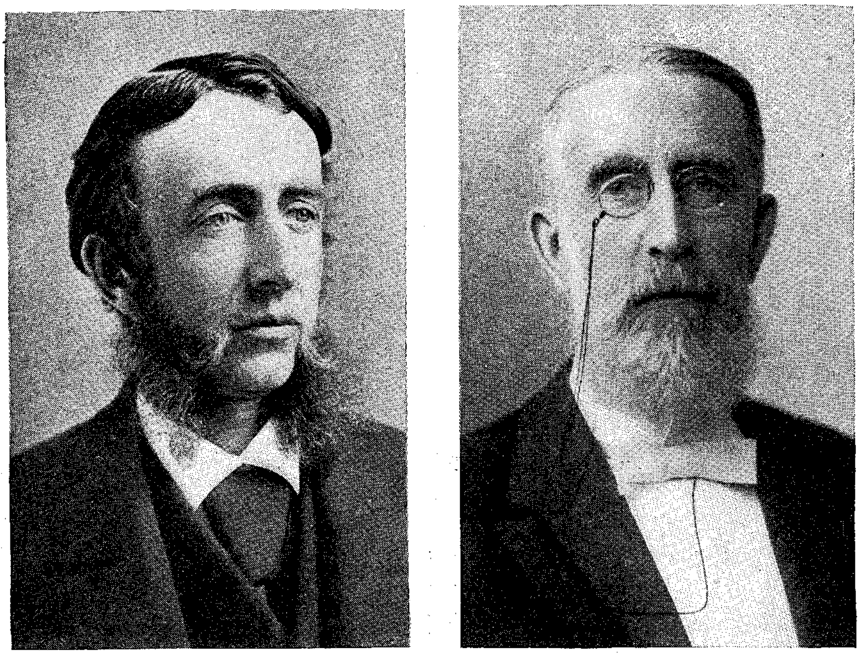
Most Englishmen who visit the United States see only the cities, and all that is worst in American society and institutions meets the eye. At Ithaca I associated with the inhabitants of a country town, and the inference to which my experience led me was entirely hopeful and reassuring.

I have ever since felt, when things looked worst, that there was a reserve of sound and intelligent patriotism, though it might be somewhat slow in coming to the front. Of respect for law the little community was a model. For police a single constable sufficed. When people went away from home they merely locked the doors of their houses. If in those days there were occasionally lynchings in Northern or Western States, they were, paradoxical as it may seem, proofs rather of respect for law than of lawlessness. There was usually no need of a rural police, and when the district was raided by train-robbers or horse-stealers, probably a gang of foreigners from New York, the people were compelled to take up arms in their own defence. The fear now is that the American blood may be fatally diluted, and the American character, with its love of law and spontaneous attachment to order, may be impaired by a vast and miscellaneous immigration. The public schools may do much in the way of assimilation. They cannot do all. They cannot at once assimilate character, political or moral.

Goldwin Smith Bequeaths His Brain to Cornell

It has been always a great pleasure to me to revisit Cornell, and meet again my old friends in the professorial staff, such as Professors Wilder and Corson. Professor Wilder has made me promise to bequeath my brain to his physiological collection. Whatever he desires I do with pleasure. This will be my only contribution to science. When I am cremated, as I hope to be, I shall be obliged to the wind if it will waft a grain or two of the ashes to the campus of Cornell.

Since my parting from Cornell my name has been given to a new Hall. A generation hence perhaps will ask what the owner of that name was and what he had done to merit the honour. The professor who is showing him over the Hall will have some difficulty in finding the answer. Canada, or rather be it said Ontario, cooped up as it is, and severed from the great literary and publishing centres, is not a field in which literary distinction is to be earned. But if hearty attachment to the University and sincere gratitude for the relief that its service gave him in a dark hour be considered, the name of Goldwin Smith is not ill placed there.



TWO PORTRAITS OF ANDREW D. WHITE, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF CORNELL, WITH WHOM GOLDWIN SMITH WAS CLOSELY ASSOCIATED

II

Two years were spent happily at Cornell in lecturing to my class in history, watching the vigorous growth and happy promise of the young University, and enjoying the society of its good founder, Ezra Cornell. Then my strong domestic tastes carried me to Canada, where three branches of my family were settled, and where I should still be near Cornell. But I should probably have accepted invitations to England but for the most fortunate event of my life. In 1875 I won the best and dearest of wives, Harriet, widow of William H. Boulton, an old friend. Would that I could have done for her happiness half as much as she has done for mine! She was an American by birth, from Boston. The Grange, the mansion in which I joined her, and in which we have lived to old age together, was one of few, perhaps the last, of those left on this side of the water, in the old English style, standing, though in the heart of the city of Toronto, in spacious grounds with stately trees. What is perhaps more remarkable here even than an English mansion is an old-fashioned English household, attached and faithful, which, thanks to my wife's management, we have enjoyed. A domestic who left us more than thirty years ago the other day sent us from England Christmas holly.

From the collection of Robert Coster

BAYARD TAYLOR, WHO WAS A PROFESSOR AT CORNELL IN SMITH'S TIME

Washington in the Seventies

From time to time, when settled in Canada, I, with my wife, visited Washington, which was always growing in brilliancy, architectural and social. It is the only great city on this continent that is permanently and securely well governed. Instead of being under an elective council of ward politicians, it is under three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States. Here the problem of municipal government, supposed to be unsoluble, is solved, if other cities would accept the solution. They will never get out of the slough of maladministration and corruption in which they are all wallowing while they hug the elective system and government by ward politicians.

A thing that strikes one in the new city is the predominance of the military element in the statuary of the squares. Why is it that the Americans, an industrial people, are such worshipers of military glory? Why was the figure chosen to stand in front of the White House the victor — if it could be called a victory — of New Orleans, ramping on a war-horse when he ought to be crouching behind a cotton-bale? Why have there been so many military Presidents and nominees for the Presidency, while England, an old war power, has had only one military Prime Minister, and that one chosen, not on military grounds, but because he was one of the leading statesmen of Europe?

Goldwin Smith on Bridge Whist

I was elected a member of the Cosmos Club, and there had pleasant and instructive talks. My old friend Mr. Bancroft had taken up his winter abode in the city, and I often dropped in to make up a rubber for him in the evening. Why cannot Progress let whist, the solace of old age, alone? Why turn it into bridge whist, or destroy by the intrusion of mechanical science the interest of planning your own game? My private conviction is that whist, as it was played in my youth and as Sarah Battle played it, with ten points and honours, was really the best of all. It was a happy mixture of skill and luck, and gave room for interesting vicissitudes of fortune in the course of a game.

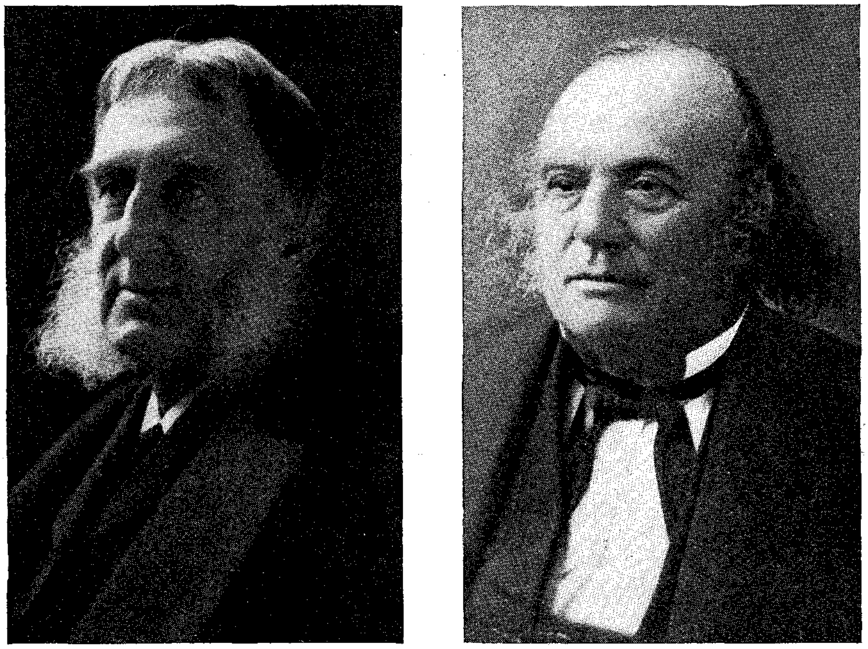
Bancroft had preserved his health and his powers of work into old age by a careful regimen. Like Bethell, he worked early in the morning. He took regular horse-exercise till very late in life. When he could no longer ride, he took to driving, which, as he was apt to let the reins drop, was rather perilous to himself and to his companion. When he took my wife out for a drive, I was glad to get her back safe.

One of my great friends at Washington was Mr. Bayard, a thoroughly high-bred and honourable politician. He was not the less admirable in my eyes for having at the outbreak of Secession bravely spoken against war; though his voice had been drowned in the roar of onset and he had long suffered in popularity as having been unpatriotic, when, in truth, he had behaved like the best of patriots. One of his claims to my esteem was that he was a sound free-trader. He was afterward Ambassador to England, and there distinguished himself as an envoy of peace and friendship. It might be ungracious to say that, with the highest of motives, he somewhat overdid the part. An American Ambassador to England should be cautious how he allows himself to be brought under the spell of London society. He should remember that he is an ambassador, the representative of a separate and occasionally conflicting interest. I have touched on this point already in the case of Lowell.

Lincoln Hunted by Office-Seekers

I think it was Bayard that invited me, just after the inauguration of the President, to accompany him in a call at the White House. I demurred, saying that I had no business or right to intrude. My friend assured me that the President would be glad to see me. I really believe he was. The White House absolutely swarmed with office-seekers, some of whom had come not alone, but bringing with them a local tail to press their claims, and the distracted victim of their importunities may very likely have found relief in turning aside for a few minutes to talk to a visitor about Canadian weather. A terribly seamy side of American democracy is the place-hunting. We all know how Lincoln, at the supreme moment of national peril, was distracted by the ravenous importunities of the place-hunters. "Ah! It's not the Civil War, it's that postmastership at Pedlington!" he cried in his anguish.

For ever blessed is the memory of George William Curtis, the principal begetter of civil service reform! It is, however, not wonderful that civil service reform should have a hard life, as it evidently has, under the party system of government. Party must have workers, and the workers must be paid. British Ministers were willing enough to give up their petty patronage, which was always a great plague and nuisance to them, while they retained the great patronage and that which wins the support of powerful men, the appointments to peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, bishoprics, deaneries, colonial governorships, Indian Viceroyalty, and Irish Lord Lieutenancy, besides the social grade which, hitherto at least, it has been in their power to impart, and the much-coveted admission to royal balls.

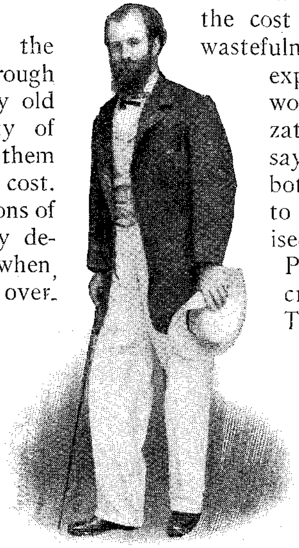


From the collection of F. H. Meserve

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND LOUIS AGASSIZ, CORNELL PROFESSORS WHO BOARDED IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH GOLDWIN SMITH

The Appalling Wastefulness of the Pension System

I was at Washington when the Pension Arrears Bill was going through Congress. I was lunching with my old acquaintance Butler and a party of Congressmen. I ventured to ask them what they thought would be the cost. I think they said twenty-five millions of dollars, with a prospect of a speedy decrease. Admiration filled the world when, after the war, the army, instead of overturning the Constitution and making its General a dictator, as it had turned its ploughshares into swords turned back the swords into ploughshares and returned generally to the employments of peaceful life. Nobody could foresee that thirty-five years after the end of the war the country would be paying one hundred and forty millions in pensions, of the claims for which a large proportion were notorious frauds. Compared with this, what are the worst cases of monarchical wastefulness? What was the cost of that paragon of monarchical wastefulness, Versailles? Nor was the expense the worst of the evil. The worst of the evil was the demoralization. Yet not a politician dared say a word, while the platforms of both parties paid a cowardly homage to the Grand Army vote and promised a liberal construction of the Pension Law, that is to say, increased license of public pillage. There are few things more shameful in the annals of any nation. The total cost of the war of Secession, when to the enormous outlay on the war itself, including bonuses and payments to substitutes, is added the pension, beggars experience and almost defies calculation. Perhaps, as I said before, for a democracy inclined to Jingoism the cost of war may be a wholesome corrective. Still, the waste is appalling.



From the collection of F. H. Meserve

THE LATE CHARLES A. DANA, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SUN"

"He had the Feelings of a Gentleman in Regard to the Social Honour of the Press"

Of course, I frequented the galleries of the Capitol. In the Senate you can hear the debate, which is sometimes worth hearing. In the House, so bad are the acoustics, so incessant is the noise of talking, moving about, slamming of desks, and calling of pages, that hardly any speaker can be heard. It is a Babel with a gavel accompaniment. Order there is none. I have seen a number of Members leave their places and group themselves, standing, round a speaker whom they particularly wished to hear. Mr. Reid's stentorian voice prevailed over the din. So did that of Mr. Bryan. It may almost be said that a voice of thunder is a condition of political eminence. No ordinary organ will fill the House of Representatives or the Hall of a Convention. Political influence thus comes to be measured by power of lungs. An American to whom I made this remark answered that it was the shrill, not the loud, voice that was best heard. That may be; still, the power of sound, whether the sound is that of the drum or of the fife, predominates over that of sense.

Everett's Scenic Effects in Oratory

The average of speaking, however, in America, both in Congress and elsewhere, is far higher than it is in England. Rhetoric and elocution are parts of American education. Nor is American oratory in general any longer vitiated by spread-eagle. In this, as in others, Americans have found out their weak points. You must now go very far west, or perhaps south, to meet with an Elijah Pogram. The training, however, has one bad result: the orator seldom gets rid of the air of speaking for effect. The great English orators, nature's elect and pupils, such as Gladstone and Bright, speak in the accents of nature and to the heart, though practice in debating societies had marred the freshness of Gladstone's style. I once heard Everett, whose platform oratory was the acme of American art. His language was unimpeachable. But his every word, and not only his every word but his every gesture, was unmistakably prepared. He seemed to gesticulate not only with his hands but with his legs. He even planned scenic effects beforehand. Having to deliver a Fourth-of-July oration, he introduced a veteran of 1812, put him in a conspicuous place, and told the old man to rise to him at his entrance into the hall. The old man did as he had been bidden. Everett apostrophised him with "Venerable old man, sit down! It is not for you to rise to us, but for us to rise to you." The veteran said afterwards: "Mr. Everett is a strange man. He told me to rise when he came into the hall, and when I did rise, he told me to sit down."

I have always had a poor opinion of American statesmanship. In the United States the grocers are statesmen; the statesmen are grocers. The level of political intelligence among the people is probably higher than it is in any other country. The aims of the statesmen are, for the most part, miserably low and narrow. Their treatment of the Canadian question, among other things, is a proof of this. Their attention and energies have been greatly absorbed by a struggle among a set of corrupt interests for the bedevilment of the tariff. The interests being largely local, politics become parochial as well as low. The term of the member of the House of Representatives is too short for political training, and that House is a chaos, led, if at all, most incongruously by the Speaker, who acts as the head of a party when he ought to be perfectly impartial. The exclusion of the Ministers of State from the Legislature deprives legislation of guidance and divests the Ministers of responsibility. The Ministers are creatures of a day, going out of office with the President, and seldom afterwards remaining in public life, so that there can be no continuity of policy in the Department of Foreign Affairs or elsewhere. The Senate being comparatively permanent, as well as composed of a rather more powerful class of men than the House, power gravitates to it, and it seems likely to become paramount, while it is itself becoming a representation of log-rolling monopolies. Men whose private business is important are giving up their places in the House of Representatives, feeling that their time spent there is wasted. The weak points of the American Constitution are beginning to appear. Deference to the false diagnosis of Montesquieu entered into its construction, and is now interfering with its working as a republican counterpart of the Constitution of Great Britain.

Such faith as I have in the political future of the American people was formed by those two years' residence in a little American town. Ithaca, if a fair appeal could be made to its good sense, would settle aright questions in the treatment of which Washington, under the influence of sinister intents and slavery to party, fails.

A Lincoln Reception Day

The tendency of society at Washington, of official and Congressional society particularly, to dress itself after European courts and to mimic their etiquette is manifest and amusing. Still, when I was there, democracy continued to assert itself, especially in the familiarity of the people with the head of the Republic. I attended one of the Presidential receptions at the White House. It was in the evening. There was an immense attendance of people, all in their common dress. From the time when I fell into the line, it took three quarters of an hour to reach the White House. It took the same time to get from the entrance to the White House to the reception-room, where the name of each visitor was called by the marshal, and the President took each in turn by the hand. Sad the plight of his hand at last must have been. Nothing, however, could be better than the behaviour of the people. They moved on quietly in line, showing not the slightest sign of impatience. It is doubtful whether a crowd of the aristocratic society at London would have behaved quite as well. We used to hear of scuffles and of torn dresses in the "Crush Room" at St. James's.

I was at Washington in 1885, when, in consequence of the Pendjdeh incident, Great Britain was on the brink of a war with Russia. Authentic information came to me concerning a new military invention which had been tried in presence of the Russian Ambassador with success and seemed to be important. I at once wrote to the Governor-General of Canada, offering, if it was deemed worth while to inquire, to bear any necessary expense. I communicated also with a member of the Government in England, who certainly gave serious attention to the matter. I may mention this, as this page will meet no eye but my own while I live. I have not been regardless of my British citizenship, though, living long away from my own country in a country not my own, I have naturally become more or less a citizen of the world. In Canada I was the president of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, formed at the time of Mr. William O'Brien's incursion, to uphold the integrity of the United Kingdom, while the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature, with all their loyalty, had been courting the Irish vote by resolutions in favour of Home Rule, as the Dominion Parliament has again done. When Sumner traduced England, I, being then in the United States, answered him, and I hope I have never failed, in dealing with history, to plead the cause of my country where I believed she was in the right. I could never have said with Decatur, "My country, right or wrong."

The Deterioration of the Republican Party

A curious structure is the party system of the United States. There are two great organisations always on foot and now recognised by constitutional law, which, for example, provides that the two parties shall be equally recognised in the appointments of the Civil Service Commission. But the principles of each organisation are ambulatory, and a fresh platform is constructed before each Presidential election, the planks being selected with a view to the attraction of votes. It is possible to trace a connection, though of a very tortuous kind, in the principles of the Democratic party, which, having in the time of Jefferson been, though under a different name, ultra-Democratic, became that of the slave-owning Oligarchy of the South, the medium of transformation being the ultra-Democratic theory of State-right, which sheltered slavery. The changes, nevertheless, are vital. Nobody would recognise the identity of the plutocratic Republican of the present day with the patriotic Republican of the struggle for the Union. A journal which was formerly the Democratic organ of the slave-owning interest is now the Republican organ of the plutocracy without feeling the change.

An Encounter with an American Reporter

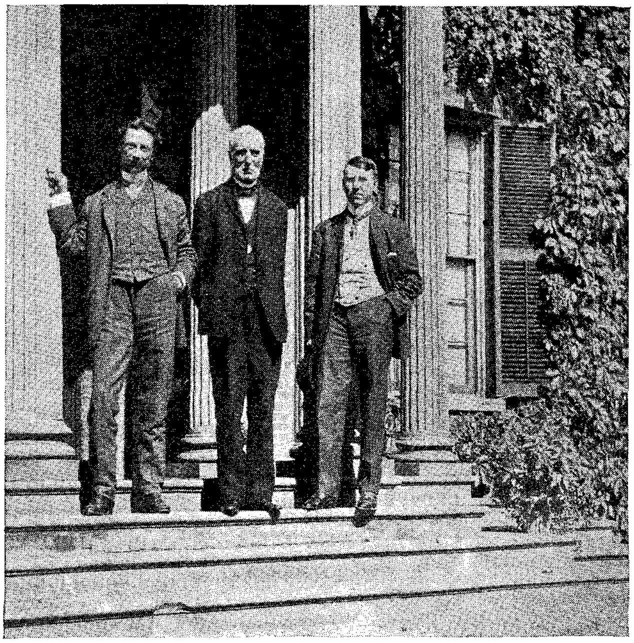
I was at Washington at the time of the Half-Breed rising in the Canadian Northwest [1884-5]. There was afloat in the United States a belief that not only the Half-Breeds but the Indians in Canada had been oppressed and goaded to rebellion. I was accosted by a reporter, a young man of gentlemanly manner who introduced himself as a graduate of a first-class university, and desired that I would allow him to interview me on the Northwest question. I thought there would be no harm or danger in telling him that the case of the Half-Breeds was under investigation, but that to the Indians the conduct of the Canadian Government had certainly been just and kind. Next morning, taking up his paper, I found that I was made not only to say the opposite of what I had said about the Half-Breeds and Indians, but to bring forward a fresh charge of maltreatment of settlers against the Canadian Government, and to quote a letter in support of it — I never having heard either of the charge or of the letter. After a Presidential election it was wired from New York to Canada that I had declared my intention of calling upon the President-elect and urging the immediate annexation of Canada to the United States. I had not been in New York for weeks, and it is needless to say that I never thought of being guilty of such an impropriety as approaching a President of the United States on any subject whatever. The British Association, when it first visited Canada, brought with it a number of trippers whose behaviour was not entirely worthy of science. Some of these men went to Philadelphia, where there was an exposition going on, and there also got into an altercation with the natives. The consequence was that, taking up an American journal, I read that

I had written a letter to a Toronto paper denouncing these people for their behaviour and branding them as bagmen. I at once sent in a correction, saying that I had not written or thought of writing any letter of the kind, and that when the British Association was in Canada I was attending a convention in Chicago. After a long delay the correction appeared. I sent a disclaimer to Tyndall, who in his reply said that a thing of the same kind had happened to him in New York. He had been made to pass a severe stricture on the fire service, when he had never said a word upon the subject. I heard of a case in which, complaint having been made of a totally fictitious account of an affair of which a reporter had written in absolute ignorance, the editor's answer was that the reporter had done his best under trying circumstances.

Two Great Journalists—Charles Dana and E. L. Godkin

Let me say for my old friend Mr. Charles Dana, of the New York *Sun*, that, whatever might be his faults, prone as he certainly was to extreme prejudices and a violent expression of them, he had the feelings of a gentleman with regard to the social honour of the press. I had occasion once to appeal to him on this score, and he responded most promptly and heartily. If anybody had brought Charles Dana a report of what had been said at a private dinner-table, I think Dana would have kicked him downstairs. The press surely ought to have, and to enforce by common action, its professional rules of honour.

It is needless for me to add to the flowers of praise deservedly strewn on the tomb of my friend E. L. Godkin. In days in which the question, What is behind the press? was of all questions not the least dark or the least formidable, we always knew that strict integrity and perfect independence were behind the *Nation*. Master of a most telling style, and using it fearlessly in the cause of what he deemed, and was very seldom mistaken in deeming, right, he was one of the very best antiseptic elements in American public life. He, of course, received from all wrong-doers an abundant tribute of hatred and abuse. There never was a more genuine patriot. Party, popular passion, and advertisers, all of these he could defy in the interest of the country. He has left few behind him who can do the same.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT "THE GRANGE"—ARNOLD HAULTAIN, GOLDWIN SMITH, AND NEWTON MacTAVISH

[THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF GOLDWIN SMITH'S REMINISCENCES WILL CONTAIN HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF IMPORTANT PUBLIC MEN IN ENGLAND]

KING EDWARD AND HIS PHYSICIAN, SIR JAMES REID, ON THE BEACH AT BIARRITZ

KING EDWARD VII

BY

XAVIER PAOLI

AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE," ETC.

I CANNOT open this chapter without a feeling of the saddest emotion. Little did I think, when I was preparing to write it, that I should have to speak in the past tense of the sovereign of whom it treats! King Edward was still at Biarritz. He had made a short stay of only twenty-four hours in Paris, on his way to the Basque coast, and I did not have time to call and pay my respects to his Majesty in accordance with my habit. I therefore ventured to write and tell him that it was my intention to devote a few pages of my Memoirs to him, if he authorized me to do so. With his usual kindness, he at once sent a reply to say that he would be pleased to read what I had written, when he returned through Paris before long, and to point out any inaccuracies that might have slipped in unawares, even as he had read my book on Queen Victoria and corrected it with his own hand. Alas! He was never to visit Paris again: toward the end of April politics summoned him hastily back to London, where death awaited him. His death came upon France almost in the light of a family loss; and it was felt as such especially by me, for I had transferred to the son the respectful attachment that I had always had for the mother.

When I begin to consult my reminiscences of the regretted sovereign, one memory crops up at the sound of Edward VII.'s name as if it dated back to yesterday instead of to 1877. I had just been appointed special commissary at

Translated from the French by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

THE KING AT THE ST. CLOUD RACES

ON HIS WAY TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN PARIS

Nice, and had entered upon my functions, one morning in April, on the station platform, by watching the arrival of the express from Paris. Suddenly my attention was attracted to a traveler, followed by a great, tall footman, who was trying to reach the exit in the midst of a noisy, hurrying, cosmopolitan crowd.

The traveler was a powerfully built, broad-shouldered man with a broad face tapering into a short, fair beard. His expression was frank and pleasant and his bearing easy. He wore a faultlessly cut suit of blue serge, and every detail of his attire pointed to a love of sober elegance and subtle refinement in dress—his skilfully tied cravat, the rich silk handkerchief protruding slightly from the pocket of his coat, the gold-knobbed malacca under his arm and the fragrant Havana between his lips, the pale-gray felt hat, which he wore a little to the left side of his head, and his yellow suède gloves stitched with black. But what struck me most of all was the clearness of the blue-gray eyes, which were very prominent under their heavy lids.

"You know who that is, of course?" asked the station-master.

"I do not," I answered, gazing after him.

"Take a good look at him, then. You will see him very often. It is the Prince of Wales."

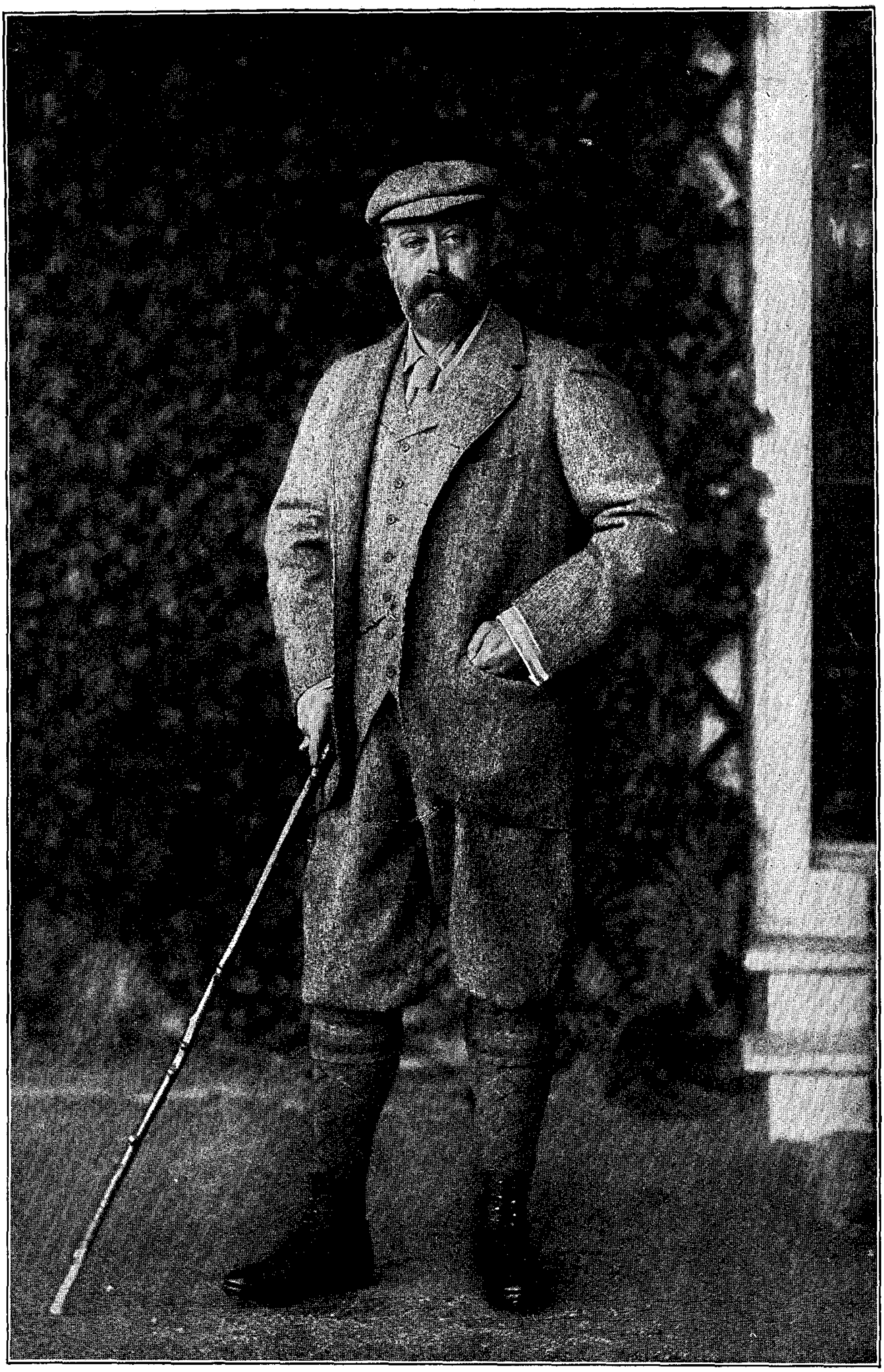
And, as I was going to step forward to clear a road to the carriage for his Royal Highness,

"Don't do that," said the station-master; "don't do that. Your display of zeal would only annoy him. Besides, he knows everybody at Nice, and everybody adores him."

I was presented to the Prince the next day. The first remark he made to me was:

"We have the tomb of General Paoli, the cele-

A SNAP SHOT OF THE KING AT A WINDOW OF HIS APARTMENTS IN THE HOTEL DU PALAIS



KING EDWARD VII. IN GOLFING COSTUME

brated outlaw, in Westminster Abbey, among our famous dead. He fought against England long before Corsica belonged to France. Are you a relation?"

"He was one of my ancestors, sir."

"As you see, we have honored his great memory. I am very glad to meet one of his descendants."

I did not suspect, at that time, that I should one day become "the official guardian of the kings," to use the expression of the King of Greece. Until then, my detective duties were limited to keeping anarchists and other more or less suspicious persons under observation. Since the advent of the Republic, the sovereigns of Europe had forgotten their way to France; the grand dukes had not yet taken to visiting us; princes in general were distrustful. So we were all the more indebted to the heir to the British crown for the frequency of his visits. He had been our friend in need, and we were duly grateful to him. And we also appreciated his wonderful tact, thanks to which he was the only prince who could lunch at the Jockey Club and dine at the Élysée, pay calls in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and receive the visits of Gambetta, without wounding susceptibilities ever ready to take offense.

EDWARD VII. AND THE SON WHO SUCCEEDED HIM

II

The fact is that no one possessed to the same degree the art of discrimination and the true sense of proportion. It was a keyboard on which he played with incomparable skill. His way of taking off his hat, of shaking hands, his smile, the intonation of his voice, his acts, his words — all these were accommodated with infinite delicacy to the person whom he was addressing, to the surroundings in which he found himself, and to the exact meaning that he wished an act or a word to bear. He was more than the right man in the right place: he was the right man in every place. A fine gentleman in the strictest sense of the word, he knew how to remain a prince while he stooped to intimacy and even familiarity, and to make people who might have been tempted to forget his rank remember it.

I have in mind an evening when he was chatting in the green-room of the Comédie Française with Sarah Bernhardt and Frédéric Febvre, the famous comedian. A stranger walked up to the group and, without being presented to the Prince, asked him what he thought of the play. The Prince of Wales turned round quietly and, with his most pleasant smile,

"I don't think I spoke to you," he replied.

The stranger turned red and then pale, and hastened to apologize.

The Prince of Wales hated affectation, was always natural, and was glad to come into touch with any one who could teach him something new, who could give him a fresh view of life. Respecting established institutions as he did, he never allowed himself to comment on the government or policy of a country, and none knew better than he how to turn the conversation the moment it was entering dangerous ground. He only once, in my presence, departed from this extreme reserve, and then it was to make a witty sally. Speaking to a well-known actress, who made no secret of her royalist leanings, the Prince told her that, when he first came to France, with his parents, he was little more than a child, and he enjoyed his visit to Paris so much that he artlessly entreated the Empress

Eugénie to let him stay with her a little longer.

"But now is the time when your Royal Highness ought to stay with us," said the charming actress. "You would make royalty popular again!"

The Prince smiled, and, as if to excuse himself, replied:

"Alas, you wear out your kings too quickly in France!"

I have already implied that it was difficult to know his political preferences. He had retained a lively affection for the imperial family, and always spoke with great emotion of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial. He also showed the most respectful attachment for the Empress Eugénie. Whenever he went to the Mediterranean when she was staying there, or if he knew her to be in Paris while he was there, he never failed to pay her one or more long visits. The majesty of her inconsolable and silent grief filled him with the deepest sympathy.

If he had a more marked predilection for the Bonapartes, this did not prevent him from keeping up a regular intercourse with the Orléans family, and notably with the Duc d'Aumale.

"You see, Paoli," he said one day, "the Duc d'Aumale is a grandee of the past who has lingered on into our own age: he represents the flower of exquisite French politeness; and his learning is so extensive and his recollection of things so accurate that every time I talk to him I feel as if I were having a lesson in French history."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AS THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND HER CHILDREN. ON THE LEFT IS ALBERT VICTOR, DUKE OF CLARENCE, WHO DIED; AND ON THE RIGHT IS PRINCE GEORGE, THE YOUNGEST SON

But, although King Edward sometimes liked to revive the charms of the past, he was very able to appreciate the interest of the present. He neglected no opportunity to become acquainted with the statesmen and orators of the Third Republic. He held Gambetta in high esteem.

"The first time I saw him," he told me once, "he struck me as so vulgar in his manner and so careless of his appearance that I asked myself if this were really the man who had discovered the means of exercising an irresistible fascination over the minds of crowds. Then we talked; Gambetta expounded his ideas and his plans; and the captivating charm of his eloquence made me forget the physical repulsion with which he inspired me: I was 'carried away' in my turn, like the others. I wanted to see him again; I invited him to come to England for Ascot. Events prevented him from doing so, and he died the next year. I was sorry. He was a great politician, and a wonderful master of words."

Our public men, whatever their shade of opinion, found the greatest pleasure in talking to the Prince. He was not of a communicative temperament, but he was fond of discussion and he argued ably and shrewdly. His curiosity was always on the alert; he was eager to gather

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF KING EDWARD VII., WHO, AS

men's views, to observe their attitudes. He spoke little, but he was very clever at making others speak; his gracious simplicity put you at your ease; his loud, jovial laugh inspired you with confidence, even as his clear eyes, when he fixed them on you with a cold stare, were enough to call you to order if you ventured to divert the conversation to a too slippery ground.

III

I was never attached to his service, properly speaking, until after his accession. He hated to have people bothering about him; he used to arrive in Paris or at Cannes unannounced, and the police supervision exercised about his person was so discreet that he did not perceive it. I can remember only one attempt made against his life: this was in Brussels, when the famous anarchist Spirido fired a revolver through the window of his railway carriage, while the Prince was passing through the station with the Princess of Wales.

In the following year I was with the Prince in the same carriage,—one of the *berlines* that he was in the habit of using for his journeys on the Continent,—and he showed me the mark left by the bullet in a corner of the ceiling.

"Look here, Paoli," he explained. "The bullet entered just here, on the right, smashing the window-pane, and, before burying itself in the wood, passed across the compartment and nearly grazed my hat. I was in serious danger that day." And, tapping me on the shoulder, he added graciously:

"Now, that would never have happened if you had been with me!"

His very noticeable partiality for the south of France was due not only to the country and the climate, though he appreciated their charm, but also to the life of society and sport, which offered him more satisfaction and more amusement in that exquisite setting than anywhere else. He was, in a sense, King of the Côte d'Azur, and nothing was decided there in the matter of festivities without his approval and consent. He made Cannes his headquarters, and the Cercle Nautique at Cannes his favorite residence; but his kingdom of fashion and pleasure extended beyond Nice as far as Mentone; and all those winter resorts competed for the honor of his visits. As a matter of fact, he contributed largely to their prosperity by attracting an enormous British colony to them.

He even attracted Queen Victoria to the Riviera. In the course of the stays which that august sovereign made at Nice, Cannes, and Mentone, I often saw the Prince of Wales. Although he did not live in the same town as the Queen, he came pretty regularly to call upon her and the other members of the royal family.

PRINCE OF WALES, WAS THE SOCIAL LEADER OF EUROPE

It has been stated that the relations between mother and son were marked by great coolness. But I have many a time been in a position to observe the attentions that he lavished upon her, the very respectful deference that he showed her on all occasions, and the scrupulous care with which, even on his holiday trips abroad, he fulfilled his duties as heir apparent. It became incumbent upon him, for instance, to return the visits that foreign sovereigns and princes staying on the Riviera never failed to pay the venerable Queen; and, as these royal visitors were very numerous, the Prince of Wales' official drudgery often took up a great deal of his time. I know that the Prince felt a profound respect for his mother and an intense admiration for the Queen. "My mother," he said to me once, "is one of the most remarkable politicians of the day."

He absolutely worshiped her memory. For instance, he always had opposite him, on his writing-desk, a large photograph of the Queen, seated at her table, reading a document. This photograph accompanied him wherever he went, up to the day of his death. When he stayed at a hotel, even for four-and-twenty hours, it was the first object that he took out of his dressing-case and placed on his writing-table. On the day after Queen Victoria's funeral, to which I had the honor of being invited, the Prince, who had just been proclaimed King, took both my hands and said to me, with true emotion:

"My dear Paoli, I know all the affection that my beloved mother felt for you, and the faithful attachment that you have always shown her, and I shall never forget it. This memory will be a new reason why you may always be sure of my sympathy and that of my family."

I had imagined that, from the day of his ascending the throne, I should

THE KING AND QUEEN AT CARDIFF
THEIR CARRIAGE HAS BEEN HALTED SO THAT THEY MAY LISTEN TO THE SINGING OF THE WELSH CHOIR

have no further opportunity of seeing him. While apparently wholly taken up with the activity of a life of sport and fashion, under his frivolous exterior the Prince had for thirty years been preparing to be King; and would not the Prince's familiar personality be eclipsed by the sterner majesty of the King?

Certainly the Prince's life and habits underwent great changes when he came to the throne. He was no longer able to jump into the train for Dover whenever he wished, and land at Calais without letting any one know; he had to give up mixing with the Paris crowd, visiting the boulevard restaurants, and dallying on the balcony of the Jockey Club. Increasing years, also, were beginning to make their mark on the sovereign's outward appearance, although not on his mental faculties. His eyes remained clear and keen, but his figure became stouter, his walk heavier, and his beard lost its yellow sheen. He did not, however, sacrifice to his new responsibilities either his old friends or his taste for traveling. It is true that, when staying on the Continent, he led a more sedentary, a more retired life than before; but he knew everything, saw everything, and kept in touch with everybody who interested him. He worked prodigiously, whether on the train, on board his yacht, or at the hotel; and he was remarkably skilful in combining serious matters with amusement.

EDWARD VII. AND WILBUR WRIGHT, THE AVIATOR. THE KING WAS KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AËRONAUTICS

I may say that it was during these last nine years that I most often had the occasion and the opportunity to live in the immediate circle of Edward VII. As a matter of fact, I accompanied him on all his journeys on French soil; and I will now try to recall these quite recent memories.

IV

The King was fond of traveling, but he liked to have everything arranged and settled beforehand. He had inherited his mother's methodical mind. He was very particular about the details of his journeys, and extraordinarily clever at insuring his own comfort. As soon as he had decided upon going to the Continent,— and he generally fixed the date two months in advance,— he began by sending for his courier, M. Fehr. M. Fehr was a Swiss by birth, and had begun by being a courier for a well-known tourist agency. In that capacity he had often been intrusted with the arrangements for the journeys of the Prince of Wales, and he had the good luck to secure the Prince's favor. This was the starting-point of his fortunes. The Prince took him into his own service; and when, at last, King Edward ascended the throne, M. Fehr found himself raised to the title of "the King's courier." He was a highly intelligent, very active, and wonderfully able man; and he knew how to arrange all the particulars of a journey, settle the whole program, assume the entire responsibility, and look after his royal master's interests. It came within his province to choose the royal residences, to make terms with railways, to engage the King's rooms at hotels, and to pay the bills. He was quite ready to fight the hotel-keepers when he thought that the charges had been "laid on too thick"; for the matter of that, he did not hesitate to insist on reductions that sometimes came to as much as fifty per cent. His rough appearance and loud way of talking made it difficult to oppose him.

This curious and, when all is said, rather likable man, had tasted so many different forms of cooking and such a variety of wines that, in the end, he acquired a stomach of brass and a palate of zinc, and cared for hardly anything but brandy; he drank it often and gladly, and it affected him only with an amiable gaiety. I remember, one evening at Biarritz, the King sent for M. Fehr to give him some instructions, and was struck by his unusual melancholy and by his loquacity.

"Are you ill, M. Fehr?" he asked.

"No, sir!" replied the courier.

"In that case, M. Fehr, I will wager that you have been drinking nothing but water for some days."

"That's quite true, sir; I have put myself on a diet — for twenty-four hours."

"It doesn't agree with you. I shall be pleased, M. Fehr, next time you take one of those fancies into your head, if you will wait until you are at home. I don't want to see such a sulky face as yours before me."

M. Fehr took the rebuke philosophically and went straight back to his brandy.

The King's suite, when traveling, was comparatively small. It usually consisted of two equerries and a physician. General Stanley Clarke for a long time formed part of this little peripatetic court in the capacity of chief equerry to the King; he was afterward appointed to the office of clerk-marshal. The equerries-in-ordinary, who took turns in accompanying his Majesty, were Colonel "Fritz" Ponsonby, the son of General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who always traveled with Queen Victoria, Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson, Captain the Hon. Seymour J. Fortescue, and the Hon. John H. Ward. And the doctor invariably chosen was that good Sir James Reid, a frank, loyal Scotchman whose inexhaustible gaiety delighted the whole court.

V

The staff of servants included two valets and two footmen. The first valet, M. Meidinger, was an Austrian by birth. He filled the offices of groom of the chambers and butler of the sovereign's household, whenever his Majesty was traveling incognito. The King, whom he had served for eighteen years, was very much attached to him and allowed him certain familiarities. It was he who woke his Majesty every morning; and, when he entered the room, the King, still half asleep, regularly asked him the same question:

"What's the weather doing to-day, Meidinger?"

Meidinger also put out the King's things, brought him the newspapers, and made sure that his royal master had everything that he wanted; for the King always dressed alone.

Hawkins, the second valet, was an Englishman. He looked after all the details to which the dignity of the first valet did not allow him to stoop. One of his chief duties was to make the royal bed.

The two footmen who accompanied the King when traveling also had settled duties. One of them, Hoepfner, was a German. He owed his brilliant career to his height and his fine carriage. After being enlisted in the Grenadiers of the Guard of the Emperor William II. because of his high stature, he soon passed into the service of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who was in want of a "show" footman, and did not hesitate to rob the Kaiser's army of Hoepfner. When King Edward noticed his gigantic height and the correctness of his bearing, he, in his turn, took him into service. Hoepfner waited on the sovereign at table, and opened the door of the royal apartments, whereas the other footman, a British subject called Wellard, was charged exclusively with the care of his Majesty's clothes, boots, and dog — an absorbing duty when we reflect that the King traveled with seventy pieces of luggage, including countless Gladstone bags, and that he took with him some forty suits of clothes and over twenty pairs of boots and shoes.

There was also the dog. Caesar was a person of importance. This long-haired, rough-coated, white fox-terrier with the black ears was not marked by the aristocratic elegance that distinguishes Queen Alexandra's dogs, whose acquaintance I have also had the opportunity of making. Caesar had rather what we Frenchmen call *la beauté du diable:* he had a strong personality and a quick intelligence. He was very independent in his ways, a little mischievous and playful, and deeply attached to his royal master, who pampered him as one would a child. When the King was traveling, Caesar went with him everywhere, and did not leave him day or night, for he slept in an easy-chair at the right of his bed. He was present at all the King's meals, and willingly accepted any bits of meat or sugar that the guests offered him. I succeeded in winning his good graces, and we became close friends. On the other hand, once he was out of doors, he cut all of his acquaintances. Whether on the beach at Biarritz or in the Rue de la Paix in Paris, he was always seen at the King's heels, proudly displaying a collar that bore the legend, "I am Caesar, the King's dog." And it seemed as if he understood it.

When Wellard, the second footman, had brushed the King's clothes and cleaned the King's boots, he proceeded to groom Caesar; for the high favor that the terrier enjoyed compelled him to be always kept scrupulously clean. Every morning he was washed and combed with care.

The staff of the royal journeys, furthermore, included the motor mechanic, Stamper, and three chauffeurs in charge of the three motor-cars which the King took with him on the Continent. And I must not forget to mention the postmaster, whose functions consisted, first of all, in translating into cipher the telegrams written out by the King and in transcribing the cipher despatches received from London. He, moreover, received and prepared the government despatch-boxes which, every other day, brought papers for his Majesty to read or sign, and in which the official documents were carried back to London. He also delivered the letters addressed to the members of the royal suite and staff.

I have already said that the King was in the habit of using his own railway-carriages on all the European lines. There were three of these carriages, and they were built a few years ago. They were marked by sober elegance and refined comfort. There were no gildings or carvings or showy upholstery, as there are in most of the royal railway-carriages that I have seen; on the other hand, there were plenty of soft easy-chairs, thick carpets, and spacious cupboards. The King's smoking-carriage, fitted in Spanish leather, was a model of simple good taste. King Edward, when not traveling officially or with the Queen, generally used only one of these *berlines*, which was placed in front of the special train.

The cost of the railway journey from Calais to Biarritz came to about a thousand dollars. The crossing from Dover to Calais cost the privy purse five hundred dollars when the King ordered a special steamer from the railway company, and came to four thousand dollars when his Majesty used his yacht *Alexandra*. This great difference in price is due to the fact that the British Admiralty recovers its outlay on the annual upkeep of the ship each time that the royal yacht leaves her moorings for the sovereign's use. That is why the King, who did not wish this outlay to fall upon the budget, nearly always, of late years, employed the *Alexandra* when crossing the Channel. This detail, hitherto unknown to the public, affords a striking evidence of King Edward's delicacy in all matters.

VI

I used, of course, to go to Calais to meet him. As soon as he caught sight of me, he never failed to say:

"Still young and flourishing as ever, M. Paoli?"

The King was always indulgent of my gray hairs.

For all those whom he was accustomed to see on landing from the boat he had a pleasant word, a smile, a shake of the hand. He felt at home, and this sense obviously afforded him the liveliest satisfaction. During the run in the train from Calais to Paris, he nearly always sent for me to come to his carriage, and questioned me about a number of minute facts connected with Paris life which proved how well informed he was of all that went on in Paris. He even knew the "takings" of certain plays which were reputed successes or "frosts."

The moment he arrived at the Hotel Bristol, where he always occupied the same suite of rooms, he sent for the proprietor and asked him the names of the visitors staying at the hotel, so that he might see if there were any among them whom he knew. He also had the leading Paris newspapers brought to him, and at once ran his eye down the "Dramatic Notes" column before settling on the theater which he proposed to visit that same evening. He then informed the hotel management, which promptly telephoned for two boxes on the pit tier, nearest the stage, to be thrown into one and reserved for the King's use; and an arm-chair was generally sent down from the hotel for his Majesty to sit in; for the King found the chairs in our theaters uncomfortable, and he thought rightly that, in order to enjoy a performance properly, it is essential that one should be comfortably seated.

Edward VII. did not care much for tragedies or plays written in verse. He preferred musical comedy, and, above all, modern society pieces containing plenty of subtle and caustic analysis. One of his favorite playhouses was the Théâtre des Variétés, where, as Prince of Wales, he had so often applauded Mme. Jeanne Granier in Offenbach's operas. The last time that he went there was in 1909, to attend a performance of "Le Roi," that amusing satire by MM. Emmanuel Arène, Robert de Flers, and Gaston de Caillavet. There was a brief reference to himself in the play, and his photograph figured prominently on a table. Accordingly, when the King announced his visit, the manager and the authors were thrown into a state of great excitement. Would not the King be annoyed at seeing himself introduced on the stage, even though the allusion made to him was an entirely complimentary one? It was prudently resolved to replace his photograph with that of another monarch and his name with that of an imaginary sovereign. But the King, on hearing of this little subterfuge, opposed it energetically. They were obliged to yield to his wishes; and, when the famous scene came on, he was the first to laugh at it, and the audience applauded this thoroughly Parisian sense of humor displayed by the most Parisian of our royal visitors.

After his accession, Edward VII. was compelled to observe a certain reticence in his intercourse with Paris society. Nevertheless, he retained a small circle of friends whom he saw regularly on his visits to Paris. Among those whom he gathered round his table on these occasions were the Marquis du Lau, the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, the Marquis and Marquise de Ganay, Mr. and Mrs. Standish, General de Gallifet, and M. Édouard Detaille, the great painter, whose studio he never failed to visit. For General Gallifet, in particular, he cherished a most indulgent friendship. I say indulgent, because he allowed the General the liberty of language and frankness of opinion that constituted one of the most picturesque features in the personality of that gallant knight-errant. King Edward loved his sparkling wit, his racy anecdotes, his chivalrous character, his mad recklessness, and his amusing sallies. I remember that, when the King came to Paris a few months after General de Gallifet's death, he said to me sadly:

"You see, Paoli, Gallifet's disappearance means a great deal to me. It leaves a blank. I have lost a good friend whom I shall never replace."

And yet, in 1905, there were lively discussions between them in connection with Morocco. The General considered that our policy in Morocco was dangerous from the moment that our minds were not frankly made up to go to war with Germany. It is not my business to express an estimate of this opinion; I am content simply to record it. The King, I may say, never mentioned his views on the Morocco question in my presence; but his acts were infinitely plainer and more eloquent than any number of words. His official journey to France at the beginning of our difficulties with Germany, and his cruise in Moorish latitudes and along the Algerian coast immediately after the German Emperor's visit to Tangiers, were deliberate demonstrations the significance of which was at once grasped by public opinion in France and roused the gratitude of the whole nation.

For the rest, I have often remarked that the King was thoroughly acquainted with the French character, and sometimes knew even better than our own statesmen how to appreciate the real importance of things that happened in our country. I remember that in a certain year — it was in 1907, I think — Edward VII., who had just finished his annual cruise in the Mediterranean, announced that he would arrive in Paris on the 1st of May. Now, the socialist unions were preparing great demonstrations for that day. The police authorities feared that there might be disturbances in the capital, and the government therefore informed the King that it would perhaps be advisable for him to delay his coming by twenty-four hours. But the King would not hear of it.

When I went to meet him at the frontier station of Pontarlier, with instructions to make a last effort to induce him to "avoid" Paris, he gave me a quizzical glance and said:

"So it's true, Paoli? You don't want me in Paris?"

"The fact is, sir," I replied, "that we are afraid lest your Majesty should be troubled by the socialists."

"In that case, you can be quite easy. There will be nothing of the sort. Threatened manifestations never take place; at the most, the people will go and picnic in the Bois de Boulogne, with their wives and families. You see, Paoli, I know your fellow countrymen better than you do. This is not the time for revolutions and bloodshed. People shout, threaten, sing songs, and go home to bed. I shall, therefore, arrive quietly in Paris, and no one will pay the smallest attention to me, unless it be the journalists."

He was right and we were wrong. While the anarchists and socialists refrained from disturbing his tranquillity, the reporters, on the other hand, clung to his footsteps with the most provoking determination.

This habit of the newspaper men became so annoying, at the time of his first incognito stay in Paris after his accession, that he lost his patience one day and said to me:

"As it appears that I can't have my incognito respected, I shall be obliged, to my great regret, to deprive myself of the pleasure of coming to Paris in the future."

I was very much annoyed. Do what I could, it was impossible to throw those gentlemen of the press off the scent. I found them wherever the King went, trotting behind his carriage, waiting outside his door. So finally I called together the journalists whose daily task it was to report the King's movements, made an appeal to their sense of courtesy and patriotism, and besought them to be more discreet in the performance of their duties. Lastly, I offered to hand them, every evening, a written account of "the King's day." They accepted. From that moment the King was free, and everybody was contented.

VII

The King, profoundly alive as he was to his rights, was equally conscious of his duties. In this respect he forgot nothing and neglected nothing. No court, family, or historical anniversary was ever known to slip his memory. He inherited his mother's instinct of family. In his rooms at the hotel, even if he were making a stay of only twenty-four hours, he instructed his valet, Meidinger, to adorn his mantelpiece and his tables with photographs of the princes and princesses of England, and, in the center of these, the delicate features of Queen Alexandra looked out from a large silver frame. Lastly, he devoted a regular hour, every day, to his private correspondence.

But what struck me above all in the course of the many weeks in which I was near him was the immense amount of work that he succeeded in transacting in the midst of his brilliant life of sport and society, and this without showing or feeling the least fatigue. He took the same active part in affairs of State when traveling as when he was in London. He was admirably methodical, and exacted from his equerries a daily tribute of labor, considerable, but in no way disagreeable, thanks to the good humor and genial courtesy that he showed in his relations with them.

As soon as the Government messenger arrived from London, bringing the three large canvas bags, each sealed with a red seal and each bearing a badge inscribed with the simple words "Post Office," and after the postmaster had sorted the many envelops that they contained, the King examined all the despatches, studied them, annotated them, wrote to the Prime Minister with his own hand, treated all the important questions himself, directed how the others were to be dealt with, and divided the work between his equerries. These two gentlemen had separate files for each governmental department, which were kept with the greatest fastidiousness; and it was marvelous to see the speed and accuracy with which they were able to obtain information on any subject likely to interest the King. There was never any confusion, never any mistake.

Naturally, it was at Biarritz that I saw most of the King and those about him. His Majesty, as everybody knows, had given up his former habit of spending a part of the winter on the Riviera.

"I no longer go to Cannes and Nice," he said to me one day, "because you meet too many princes there. I should be obliged to spend all my time in paying and receiving visits, whereas I come to the Continent to rest."

As a matter of fact, I have noticed that kings and princes prefer to avoid one another when they are abroad, as witness the following incident, of which I was a bewildered and amused spectator.

It was in the spring of 1908. The King of England had just arrived in Paris, and had taken a box for the same evening at the Théâtre des Capucines, where Mme. Jeanne Granier was playing. I went with his Majesty. Leaving the box to take a glance at the tiny house, I was surprised to see, seated in the stalls, the King of the Belgians, who had also come to applaud the celebrated actress.

I went back and told King Edward.

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied.

And, from that moment, he carefully avoided looking in the direction where his brother sovereign was sitting.

When the King of England had left the theater, I waited for the King of the Belgians at the entrance. After paying him my respects,

"We had a houseful of kings to-night, sir," I said. "Do you know that the King of England was at the play, too?"

"You don't mean to say so!" he said, with an air of the greatest astonishment. "I am sorry not to have seen him; I should have been pleased to shake hands with him."

"He knew all about it!" said M. Michel Mortier, the manager of the theater, after King Leopold had gone. "I told him myself!"

And yet there was no "coolness" of any kind between them, a fact of which I was able to convince myself when the two kings met at the Salon the next morning and chatted pleasantly for a quarter of an hour.

VIII

At Biarritz, so strictly mapped out were his days that what King Edward called "rest" admitted of a singularly active life. Rising regularly at seven o'clock in the morning, he began by taking a warm bath and drinking a glass of milk, after which he proceeded to dress. At ten o'clock breakfast was served, consisting of a large cup of coffee and milk, boiled eggs, grilled bacon, and fried fish, with a marked preference for smelts and small trout. He next sat down at his writing-table, which he did not leave until a quarter past twelve for his daily walk, which lasted until lunch-time, one o'clock. Lunch invariably included plovers' eggs, hard boiled, with a touch of *paprika*, followed by trout, salmon, or grilled soles, a meat dish, and stewed fruit. Plovers' eggs, asparagus, and strawberries were his favorite fare; he hated butcher's meat, and could endure nothing heavier than chicken, except an occasional slice of lamb.

The evening meal, which was fixed at a quarter past eight, was generally pretty copious; and the King enjoyed having people whom he honored with his friendship to dinner; but covers were never laid for more than ten. The King, at his meals, drank Chablis and a mineral water, dry champagne, and occasionally claret, with a glass of brandy at dessert. His favorite drink between meals was whisky and soda.

I noticed that he was a quick eater and did not allow lunch to last more than thirty minutes nor dinner to stretch over more than from forty to forty-five. Also, he would not let any servants but his own appear in the dining-room. The waiters of the hotel brought the dishes to the door of the royal suite, where the King's footman, Hoepfner, took them, and then handed them back as each course was finished.

The King was a great smoker. His valet filled his case every morning with several brands of cigars and cigarettes. He wore on his watch-chain a tiny gold match-box engraved with the royal crown. I ventured one day to admire it, whereupon he at once took it from his chain.

"Accept it, my dear Paoli," he said, "as a souvenir; I should like you to have it."

And he very graciously obliged me to fasten it to my own chain, where I have worn it ever since.

The King also possessed a remarkable collection of walking-sticks, all of which were adorned with his monogram in brilliants — an "E" surmounted by a crown. There was one, in particular, to which he was greatly attached. It had belonged to Queen Victoria, and was said to have come from a branch of the oak in which King Charles II. took shelter when fleeing from Cromwell's troopers after the battle of Worcester. It was handed down by the descendants of the Stuarts, and bore their monogram until the Queen had this replaced by an exquisite little figure of a Hindu goddess discovered in the course of some excavations on the banks of the Ganges. The King, of course, never used this precious stick, at least not when traveling.

There was another peculiarity which I had occasion to observe: all the King's overcoats had a little white silk cross stitched on the lining, just beneath the collar. It appears that this was the compulsory badge worn by the Knights of Malta, whose traditions were respected by the King in his capacity of Grand Cross of the order.

IX

During his stay at Biarritz, the King went for a drive, every afternoon, in his motor-car. The superintendent of the English police and I used to follow in a second car. He liked stopping at the Basque villages, visiting the churches, watching a game of *pelote;* and he never went away without leaving a token of his generosity behind him for the poor.

When they heard of his presence at Biarritz, a regular swarm of beggars came down upon the town. Fearing lest the sovereign should be importuned, I had them all sent away, with the exception of two old blind beggars, whose character was known to me and who were worthy of all pity. Regularly, whatever the weather, they posted themselves every day, at the time of the King's walk, on the road that led down to the beach. As soon as they heard Caesar barking (the dog could never bring himself to tolerate them), they held out their bowls, and each of them, with the sleeve of his coat, dusted the placard on his chest, inscribed, in big clumsy letters, with the time-honored formula, "Pity the poor blind." The King walked up to them, dropped a handsome alms in their respective trays, and said, as he passed:

"Till to-morrow!"

Now, it happened that, one morning, he saw only one of the blind men at the usual spot. Fearing lest some accident had befallen the other,— for he had become accustomed to the sight of these faithful sentries,— he made inquiries about the absentee. No one had seen him. The next day the missing blind man was at his post again.

"Were you ill yesterday?" asked the King.

"No, Monsieur le Roi."

"Then you were late?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Roi, I beg your pardon," the old man answered, not knowing what to say. "You were early!"

"A thousand apologies!" replied the King, laughing heartily.

He also enjoyed talking to common people and visiting their humble dwellings. I remember an incident that happened during a brief stay that he made at Marseilles before embarking on his Mediterranean cruise. We were returning from Aix-en-Provence, where we had been for a motor drive. It began to rain very heavily, and the royal cars stopped at the village of Tholouet, where the King rested for a few minutes at a wayside inn kept by a peasant called Thomé and his wife. Thomé was out, and his wife served the sovereign and the members of his suite as if they were ordinary customers. The rain soon brought M. Thomé home. He entered his inn, placidly puffing at a great long pipe.

"What dirty weather!" he said. "And to think that people go motoring in a rain like this!"

Then he opened the door of the room in which the King was and shouted:

"Hullo, Gavary, what are you doing here? You're looking as fine as a star to-day!"

He had only caught sight of the King's back, and took him for one of his own friends dressed out in his Sunday best. His Majesty's aide-de-camp, Captain Seymour Fortescue, recalled him to his senses by whispering to him to hold his tongue.

"You're speaking to the King of England," he said.

"To the King!" The wretched Thomé turned pale. "*Mon Dieu, que m'arriba!*" he exclaimed, in his native patois.

He has since religiously preserved the poor cane-bottomed chair in which Edward VII. sat, and the glass from which his Majesty took a sip of brandy.

The fact is that the spell which Edward VII. cast over all those who had the honor to approach him was so great that every one was anxious to preserve a lasting memorial of the favor received. His simple geniality and his discreet kindliness won the heart of the crowds as readily as his intellectual superiority commanded the deferential esteem of the cream of society. In the cottage homes of France people said, "That's a good man"; and in the political drawing-rooms people thought, "That is a great king."

I do not know whether these notes will help to preserve a picture of his powerful personality. This, at any rate, has not been my ambition. I simply wished to recall to the memory of those who have come into contact with him the *man* whom they have known in the *sovereign* — the man with the kind heart and the big mind, whose thoughts, acts, and attitudes are stamped with a fascinating individuality; the friend who understood us Frenchmen better than any foreigner ever has, and who lavished upon us the most delicate tokens of his admiration and of his affectionate regard.

SONG FROM MY LADY'S BOOK

BY

GERALD GOULD

MY love is fair, she is better than fair to me:
She puts me in mind of a wild white sea-gull flying over the sea;
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly in the grass —
Of things remembered, and young things, and things that shall come to pass.

Always, from a boy, as I walked the evening road
And saw the curtained windows where the warm light glowed,
I have desired little children, and old songs, and sleep,
And an ache has come in my throat for the need I had to weep.

But now the doors of all kind homes have I passed through,
And found the room of my own heart warm and bright with you,
And found the little children there, playing round the fire,
And found the peace that is dreamier than sleep, and the songs beyond desire.

A TALE OUT OF SEASON

BY

ELSIE SINGMASTER

AUTHOR OF "THE HOME-COMING," "THE STEAMER CHILD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

NO disaster had ever a happier beginning. Young Evanston, lounging on Brainerd's window-seat after a "nine-o'clock," heard the telephone ring, and rose to answer it, anticipating pleasure. Brainerd himself, savagely marking a pile of Greek I examination papers with red ink, paid no heed.

Evanston smiled into the telephone, then he spoke softly. He had a passion for perfection unusual in an undergraduate. He was handsome, he dressed well, and he spoke even better.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Allison. . . . He's here. . . . Certainly."

Brainerd laid down his pen and took the receiver from Evanston's hand. He was an older man, nervous, brilliant, keen of face and speech.

"Yes, Nellie. . . . Did you ever hear anything as absurd as this pigeon's soft cooing? . . . Hush, he's far too vain already. . . . What! . . . Holloway! Here? . . . To-night? . . . I should say so! . . . No, he's too young."

"I'm not," said young Evanston.

"He has an engagement."

"I have not!" said Evanston.

"Eight o'clock." Brainerd hung up the receiver with a brotherly indifference to polite farewells. He stood for an instant with his hands in his pockets, looking down at his protégé. He liked to have a student following him, listening in admiration to his cynical speeches, quoting him, copying his tobacco, his manners, his clothes. He would have said that Evanston was the only one of a long line who was really worth while. His sister said that he had spoiled the others; he answered that he had merely tried them in the fire.

"Holloway is to be here to-night," he announced.

"The ambassador!" said Evanston. The youngest, stupidest undergraduate knew who Holloway was; Evanston, who had listened the night before to a political gossip at the Minturns', felt that he knew what Holloway might become.

"Yes. Allison was a distant cousin of his, and he's always talked about coming to see Nellie. She wants me to come to dinner, and says that I am to bring you to amuse Mabel. Minturn will be there, and Motter and Simpson."

"The great Holloway!" said Evanston, again.

"Yes. Now don't bother me."

Brainerd sat down to his work, and Evanston stared out of the window, across the huge, homely bulk of Cascadilla, the fresh green tree-tops at the brink of the gorge, the gabled roofs of the fraternity houses, to the blue lake, lying like a broad and peaceful river far below.

Evanston was intensely, inexpressibly happy. It was spring; he was about to graduate *magna cum laude;* he had few responsibilities and an ample income. He had had all the student honors that one man could possibly have; he belonged to a fraternity of the Star League; twice he had been president of his class; he had been editor of the *Cornell Magazine*, and afterward editor of *The Widow*, a change that to the student mind was an honorable promotion. In its wide-margined pages he could express his conviction of the asininity of the University gardener; he could fulminate violently against the coeducation which, he thought, was ruining the University; he could even take Prexy to task. The editor of *The Widow* was usually brilliant, not always popular, but always a molder of student opinion.

Evanston had not been thus elevated without cause. He had the sort of friendliness that brings popularity. Besides, he was a good student, a prize-winner, and a Phi Beta Kappa. He was naturally bright — Brainerd never suffered any admirers who were not. Brainerd himself had picked out most of his courses, scolding, meanwhile, about the incapacity of the men who gave them.

"Motter is simple-minded, but you must

have Fine Arts 13. It will give you a foundation that you can't get in any other way. Niles can't write a decent sentence, but you've got to have daily themes, and he'll keep your nose to the grindstone."

It was Brainerd who was really responsible for Evanston's steady application. He had taken him abroad for a summer, and had taught him as much art and history as many cultivated men learn in all their lives. Evanston bade fair, not without his own satisfied knowledge, to become as hard and brilliant as Brainerd himself.

At this moment it seemed to him that his cup of pleasure was about to run over. He said to himself that the invitation to Mrs. Allison's was more of a compliment than his election to Phi Beta Kappa. Mrs. Allison was fond of him, and Brainerd was kind; but neither would have invited him unless they knew he would be a credit to them and to himself. Even the wishes of Mabel Nathurst, Mrs. Allison's niece, his companion at Junior balls and Sophomore cotillions, would have had no influence on this occasion. He knew perfectly well that few situations found him at a loss; he knew that there was no one in the University who could tell a story with more appropriateness or ease. His hostess, he said to himself, probably wished to show the great Holloway what Cornell could do with good material.

He was curious to see Holloway. He no longer expected all great men to be socially attractive; he thought of this great man as a background for himself, a questioner for his own knowledge, an appreciative audience for Clement Evanston. It must be insisted upon once more that he was not altogether responsible for his colossal vanity, and that, impossible as it may seem, there remained, in spite of Brainerd, a tiny core of humility and reverence in the center of his heart.

He went out with a short "I'll be back at seven," to which Brainerd nodded curtly, and on to his fraternity house, whose green gables were among those visible from Brainerd's window, and there he sat down at his desk. In spite of his joyous prospect for the evening, he worked hard, hurrying to his lunch and returning almost at once.

The other men looked at him enviously as he stopped at the dining-room door on his way to meet Brainerd. They all admired him and loved him — that was another item on the credit side of Evanston's balance-sheet. Of that, too, alas! our young man was thoroughly aware.

Brainerd was waiting for him, and they started, arm in arm, for the half-mile walk across the campus to the heights where Mrs. Allison lived. Brainerd talked about Holloway, and they crossed the Cascadilla bridge and climbed the sharp hill beyond without seeing the magic beauty all about them. There were soft lights on every side, shining out more and more clearly as the last glow of the sunset faded, red-shaded in the Psi U house close at hand, brighter in the gymnasium across the avenue, multitudinous in the homely front of Sage. Then, suddenly, the two men stood still, breathless. It was as if the bubbling music of the runnel between Sage and Barnes had formed a curtain, which lifted as they crossed the bridge.

"What is it?" cried Evanston.

"Hush!" whispered Brainerd. "Listen to Arnold's 'cello!"

Young Evanston stretched out his arms as if to welcome the approach of some exquisite spirit. It was not only that he heard the solemn, heart-tearing strains of the Schubert andante: it was that with the music he became suddenly aware of the night — the faint, vanishing gleam of the sunset, the mystery of the dark masses of trees, the golden glory of the moon rising behind the pines on the slope across the avenue. He could not see the lake, moonlit, quiet, far below them, but he was conscious also of its witchery and peace.

"It was 'Death and the Maiden,'" said Brainerd, who still whispered. "They are practising for a concert. Listen!"

Evanston sat down on the coping of the little bridge and hid his face in his hands. The music began with a soft and rippling sound that was neither a chord nor an arpeggio. It could not be described; it was like the singing water beside them. Then, at once, rose a girl's voice, fresh, clear, as magic-filled as the night:

"Awake! awake! my love, softly rise.
  None other from slumber awaken!
The brook murmurs low; the light zephyr flies;
  No leaf by its soft breath is shaken."

She sang with the rippling music; she let it soar above her like a leaping fountain; she rose far above it, as if it could not accompany her ecstasy; and then once more she sang with it, as if her rapture needed its support.

"Come," said Brainerd, "we'll be late. You act as if you were drunk."

"I am! It makes me wild with pain and joy and wretchedness and bliss."

"Strauss is a modern like yourself. Come. You'll be reconciled to coeducation if you listen any longer."

"I should be reconciled to it now if it could be an embodied joy like that. See the white flowers in front of the Vet, how they shine! See how grim the pines are; see the light creeping, creeping along there by the chapel. This heavenly spot! And listen!"

"Come along, crazy boy!"

"I want everything in the world"— he knew well enough the quiet, pleased grin with which Brainerd listened to his raving. "I want everything in the world. I want Mabel, and that coed's voice, and all the music, and all this loveliness. I want to go back to Assisi and live in a cave and meditate; I want to go to Amalfi and spend my life wandering up and down that esplanade above the bay. I want to be Czar of all the Russias. I want to be a cantor and chant the Hymn of the Dead in a synagogue. I want to go back to Rome, and creep on my knees to the high altar of St. Peter's and throw myself down, a penitent. I want to be Alexander and Napoleon and Paolo and Francesca. I want all the pleasure and all the pain in the world. I——"

"You'll get some of the last, be sure of that," said Brainerd grimly. Then he touched Evanston's arm. "Look!"

They stopped on the bridge across the Fall Creek Gorge. Before them, across its black pit, Triphammer plunged noisily; beside the falls, vanishing into apparently lower depths than their foam-flecked mass, dropped the walls of the hydraulic laboratory, straight, unbroken, as grim as the cliff itself.

"One moment you might want everything in the world," said young Evanston, shivering. "And the next you might be lying down there, broken, dead."

Mrs. Allison's house was low and broad, as behooved a house that chose to cling so closely to the top of a rock wall plunging sheerly a hundred and fifty feet from the floor of its side piazza. A bit farther down the gorge, the water fell again, not noisily, as at Triphammer, but sliding soundlessly over a broken cliff, down, down into a gulf apparently bottomless, whose sides rounded out into a mighty, tree-lined bowl. Here, again, was music, Strauss once more, drifting from a fraternity house far across the void, but seeming to rise, the product of enchantment, from the depths below.

Mrs. Allison's piazza had no railing but a solid wall, waist-high. Even so, many of her friends did not care to venture out on it. Neither she nor her niece had any such fear. They sat there for a moment with Brainerd and Evanston and their distinguished cousin; then rose, sighing a little, to go into the drawing-room to receive the other guests.

They came together — Minturn, of the Law School, who had been on a Philippine commission; the despised Motter, who knew not only Italy and Greece, but the East, as he knew his own campus; and Simpson, of the Department of Economics. They were middle-aged men, a good deal alike in appearance and difficult to entertain. Holloway was a grave, rather silent person, who looked unequal to the diplomatic tasks that he was said to have accomplished. Evanston thought that it was no wonder that Mrs. Allison had called Brainerd and him to her aid.

Evanston did not begin to talk at once. He had good manners; he knew what was becoming to a young man, even among rather stupid elders. He listened to the quiet voices about him, to Mabel Nathurst and Brainerd laughing over a University story, to Mrs. Allison and Simpson discussing the health of Simpson's motherless children,— of all subjects for a dinner-table! — to Motter's long account of a journey from Bokhara to Samarkand. Evanston said to himself that the story was wretchedly told, and that he had a much better one. The lights were softly shaded, the dinner was excellent, and the magic of the night seemed to have crept into the pretty dining-room. Mabel was exceedingly pleasant to watch; she made a conversion to Catholicism or a devotion to Jewry seem less attractive than a nearer, more probable happiness.

It was not until the dinner was nearly over that Evanston told his story. It was in reality Brainerd's story, but Brainerd did not seem to remember it or to see its peculiar appropriateness as a climax to Motter's stupid tale. Evanston even gave Brainerd a chance to tell it; but Brainerd said: "Go ahead; I haven't an idea of what you're talking about."

Evanston did not realize that Mrs. Allison had been at that moment ready to rise; he did not reflect that, since Brainerd had told him the story, it was barely possible that Mrs. Allison had heard it; he did not stop to remember that, in spite of its excellence as a story, it was almost too cruel to be told at all. The Ancient Mariner was not more thoroughly obsessed by necessity for speech. Mabel Nathurst heard the beginning, and asked him to speak louder.

"It isn't a *jeune fille* story," he answered.

"Tell it, nevertheless," commanded Mabel.

Evanston obeyed, raising his voice so that the men at the other end of the table might hear. It was a story of the desert, like Motter's, a tale of incredible, cowardly desertion of a sick man by his companion. The sick man did not die, but reappeared, months afterward, to face the deserter in his club in New York and to kill him.

No story was ever more brilliantly or more easily told. The raconteur might have been forty instead of twenty. He even smiled at Brainerd's warning stare as he assigned professional jealousy instead of love for the same unworthy woman as the reason for the travelers' hatred of each other. He had an impression that Brainerd was trying to touch him under the table, and he mischievously drew his feet back under his chair. He had made it a *jeune fille* story, since Mabel was there; but he regretted now that he had not waited until he was alone with the men, so that he could have told it all.

He had a moment of panic at the breathless quality of the silence that followed. He had not meant to frighten them like that! Mabel Nathurst cried, "Oh, how terrible!" Mrs. Allison's face worked strangely; she laid her napkin down and rose precipitately. The men looked down at the table. Only Holloway seemed entirely unmoved.

"The desert plays queer tricks with people," he said in comment. Then he made mention of a telegram that must be sent, and followed Mrs. Allison and Mabel out.

It was Brainerd who spoke first, hardly waiting until the door was closed. His hot temper, chilled usually into cynicism, flared out uncontrollably.

"You intolerable cub!" he snarled. "What did you mean by telling that story?"

"It was a perfectly good story. It was *your* story! I made it proper; it might have been told in the nursery."

"I should say so — any nursery rather than here!"

"Why?" Evanston's eyes widened like a stupid child's.

"Why! Because it was Holloway's brother."

"Who was deserted?" gasped Evanston.

"No; the other."

"Do people — do people know it?"

"Know it! The world knows it — all you told, and every nasty, wretched detail you omitted."

"And *I* told it!" It was his first thought, that he, Clement Evanston, could have been so grossly stupid. He might have known that something was wrong: Brainerd's stare might have told him, or Mrs. Allison's confusion. He looked round helplessly at the older men. If it had been anger that he saw in their eyes, he might have defended himself with quick speech. How could he have known that it was Holloway's brother? Brainerd had no business to tell him such a tale, or to tell him without mentioning the names of the principals, if it were, as he said, public property.

But the older men did not look at him angrily, only with pity and a little contempt. Middle-aged professordom had not been entirely oblivious to the pointed shafts of *The Widow*.

It was their contempt that held up a shining mirror to young Evanston's eyes. In it he saw himself suddenly as he was, only a little worse. It was an intolerable tale; that of the Cenci was not more terrible in its utter lack of brightness or relief. He should not have told it — never, never! It was a tale such as one should not pass on to another human being. That, he said to himself, a man of kindliness of heart, of taste, of ordinary decency would have known. In that illuminated moment, poor Evanston saw many other things. The president of the University seemed a great and wise man; Niles, of the English Department, became in his eyes what he really was, an inspired and devoted teacher. It even seemed possible that the landscape-gardener might know more about the arrangement of flower beds than Clement Evanston. And Holloway ——

"I shouldn't try to apologize," advised Brainerd, as Evanston rose. "You'll only make it worse."

Evanston did not answer. He did not mean to apologize; he meant only to get away, out into the air, where he could breathe and think. The little piazza offered itself as a place of refuge, and he went out and stood unsteadily, gripping the stone wall for support. The gorge, now in the path of the moonlight, lay faintly illuminated; a fringe of gleaming foam rose above the brink of the falls; the music was still mysteriously exhaled. It prevented Evanston from thinking at first, even from breathing.

He and Brainerd could never be friends again — he foresaw that; but he did not care. The story would spread, the faculty would know it in a day; he did not care for that, either. Mrs. Allison would tell Mabel Nathurst; he could accept that as just punishment. But that he should have so hurt Holloway, that he should have torn open so fearful a wound, he who prided himself upon his good taste, his delicacy of feeling! He could never face himself again. His heart — he realized with a gasp that heartache is not a mere name — his heart lay like a weight in his side. He was, for the first time in his life, wholly, unutterably ashamed; and he had suffered so little shame that he was certain he could not live with it an hour, a moment. In his despair, there seemed to him but one cure.

The arm that fell on his shoulders a moment later was heavy also.

"Boy!" said Holloway sternly. Neither he nor Evanston knew exactly what Evanston had meant to do. Nor did Evanston know that he had seized Holloway's arm with the desperate grip of a man who feels his feet slipping on the brink of a precipice. He still grasped the arm as if it were his only means of safety.

"I didn't know anything about it!" he panted. "I am a fool, but I am not such a wretch as that."

Holloway turned him round so that the light from the doorway fell across his tortured young face. Holloway was a man of many cares and responsibilities. He had scarcely noticed Evanston before he had told the story; he had quite forgotten his name. He saw that his face had in it now the passionate misery of childhood and the remorse of age. He looked at him pityingly.

"Oh, I was quite sure you did not know," he said. "You must not feel this way."

"I can never forgive myself," declared young Evanston. "Even if you forgave me a thousand times, I could never forgive myself."

It was a moment before Holloway answered. The music had died away; they seemed to be entirely alone, the moonlit sky above them, the mighty cliff at their feet. For the rest of his life Evanston would not be able to think of what Holloway said without a swelling of the throat and threatening tears. It was so infinitely kind, it could not heal,— nothing could do that for years to come,— but it comforted. It broke Evanston down into helpless, childish crying; it filled his heart with a new and wholesome adoration.

"Oh, but you must forgive yourself," said Holloway. "You see, I have been waiting for thirty years for some one to forget that he was my brother and mention him before me — for thirty years! It has been inhuman, the way they have remembered. Nobody has ever spoken of the poor fellow, even accidentally. Now, you knew the story only as a sort of tradition; you did not know his name. And the next generation will not have heard of him at all. I came out here to thank God for it.

"And now,"— his arm slipped inside Evanston's and stayed there until the boy stopped trembling,—"come, we will go back together."

THE BIRDS OF AENGUS OG

BY

BLANCHE M. KELLY

IN my young youth 'twas I that heard them calling,
The birds of Aengus, Aengus Ever-Young*;
While the pale light between the hills was falling,
I heard the hounds of elf-land giving tongue.

Then of my lot no comfort was I getting;
Low seemed your eaves to me, and strait your door:
After the birds of Aengus was I fretting,
And fain was I to hear their call once more.

Though by rough ways my eager feet went straying
Far and away from all the haunts of men,
Near fairy rings and lonely raths delaying,
Never I won to sight of them again.

At long and last I see their blue wings gleaming,
Soft sounds the call that wooed me to my quest;
Lo! in your eaves the bright birds of my dreaming,
The birds of Aengus Og, have built their nest.

*Aengus Og is the Celtic god of youth and love, and he is said to be always accompanied by four birds, two of them calling constantly, "Come! Come!" and two, "Stay! Stay!"

TO A FRIEND OF BOYHOOD LOST AT SEA

BY

ALFRED NOYES

O WARM blue sky and dazzling sea,
Where have you hid my friend from me?
The white-chalk coast, the leagues of surf,
Laugh to the May-light, now as then,
And violets in the short sweet turf
Make fragmentary heaves again,
And sea-born wings of rustling snow
Pass and repass, as long ago.

Old friend, do you remember yet
The secret noondays when we met
In that old harbor, years aback,
Where I admired your billowing walk,
Or in that perilous fishing-smack
What tarry oaths perfumed your talk,
The sails we set, the ropes we spliced,
The raw potato that we sliced

For mackerel-bait — and how it shines
Far down, at end of the taut lines —
And the great catch we made that day,
Loading our boat with rainbows, quick
And quivering, while you smoked your clay?
Then — I took home your "Deadwood Dick"
In yellow and red when day was done,
And you took home my Stevenson.

. . . .

Not leagues, as when you sailed the deep,
But only some frail bars of sleep,
Sever us now! Methinks you still
Recall, as I, in dreams, the quay,
The little port beneath the hill;
And all the changes of the sea,
Like some girt music, can but roll
Our lives still nearer to the goal.

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

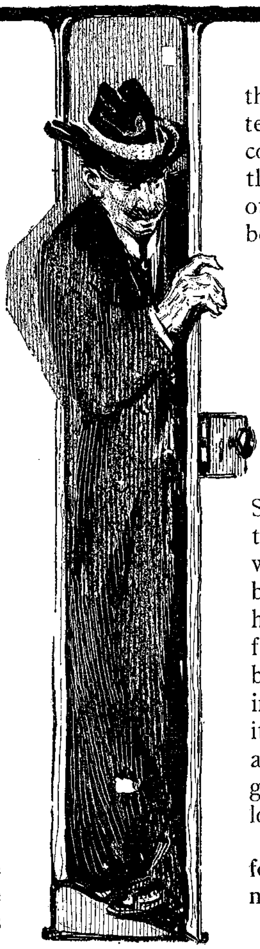
by

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

No. 2.

THE ADVENTURE IN THE HOTEL AT BEIRA

Illustrations by William Hatherell



THE afternoon sun slanted over Beira and the heat-blur trembled man-high in the sandy streets as Miss Fraser slipped through the door of the German mail-boat offices to the spacious shadows within. She was flushed as if with haste, and her breath came pantingly. The stout, fatherly clerk whose business it was to answer inquiries looked at her with mild rebuke: it is neither safe nor seemly to be energetic in Beira during the hours of the sun's strength.

"Id is very hot outside," he remarked, in his soft, throaty German voice.

"Yes," murmured Miss Fraser, but none the less she shivered as she made her inquiry.

The big blond clerk smiled regretfully and shook his head. He had answered that question many times during the last two days. The offices overlooked the bay, and from his desk he could see through the open door the two big steamers of the line lying over their anchors on the mud-brown water, with shore-boats thronging at the gangway like a litter of young at the teat. They had come in within an hour of each other, the one bound north for Europe, the other south along the Coast. And both were full to the utmost limit of their capacity: not one of the people waiting for them at Beira could be received aboard.

"I am very sorry," he murmured. "Id is most unfortunate. There is nod one blace—nod one. I am very sorry."

Miss Fraser's lips quivered and she stared at him dumbly. She was a small, dark girl, not more than twenty years of age, and there was an almost childish softness in her brown eyes and in the contour of her face. There was about her that freshness which reminds one of cool breezes and country flowers; a year in the tropics had not robbed her of it. The stout clerk was stirred with an impulse of compassion for the girl—she seemed so small and forlorn a thing to be alone in Beira.

"There will be another boat in a fortnight," he assured her. "Id is nod long."

She looked at him rather desperately. She had not money enough for another fortnight in a Beira hotel.

"Then — then I must just wait?" she asked.

He shrugged his big shoulders in amiable impotence. "I am very sorry," he said again.

"Thank you," said Miss Fraser, and tried to smile. She turned away hesitatingly; there was comfort in the soft voice and the grave sympathy of the stout clerk, and she felt the sickness of terror for what awaited her in the hot light of the streets. She hesitated again in the doorway, while the fat man gazed after her doubtfully; he knew many reasons why a girl like Miss Fraser should be eager to get away from Beira.

She went through the stagnant heat with her eyes on the ground, looking neither to the right nor the left. The streets of Beira are mere channels of loose sand lying between the houses; no horse can use them. A narrow trolley line runs along the middle of each, and those who can afford it pass on their way on little trucks with an awning, propelled by sweating Kafirs. Save for the rumble of these, Beira is a city of stillness: the sand muffles one's footfalls; one treads abroad at noonday as silently as an eavesdropper. The man who came forth from the shade of the doorway where he waited was at her side before she heard him; but it needed not her startled upward glance to tell her who he was: her days had been disfigured by his persistent presence ever since she had arrived in Beira. She knew the lean, slouching figure, the loafer's droop of the shoulders, the ruined face that preserved yet, in its slackness and meanness, the remains of tawdry good looks. Under his black mustache, his mouth was loose and red; it widened to a smile as she looked up.

"No room in the boat, eh?" he said. His voice had a thread of hoarseness in it. "Well, now, didn't I tell you so? Didn't I?"

Miss Fraser gave him no answer, and did not look up again.

"You'll have to believe me next time," he went on. "We'll understand each other by and by."

He glanced over his shoulder with the precaution of a coward. The street, save for themselves, was empty; the houses showed a row of closed shutters to the sun. He made a swift snatch at her arm and drew it through his own.

Miss Fraser uttered a little cry, a mere gasp, and tore her arm from him. He laughed and caught hold of her again, and they struggled in the foot-clogging sand under the blind eyes of the houses. He had her by the elbows, gripping her in front of him; his breath was on her face. She did not cry out again: half her dread was that she should be seen by some one; but she put out her young strength and fought to get away. She was a healthy girl, and she had not been long enough in the tropics to slack her muscles. The man's cheeks suddenly showed high spots of red as he tried to hold her.

"Silly little thing," he was saying. "Silly little thing." He tried to speak softly, but he was already breathless. He was without strength as he was without honor, the wreck of a man, foundered and spent. With a last wrench, the girl dragged herself from him and stumbled back against the wall, white and cowering. Her right sleeve was torn where he had gripped it; she smoothed the rent unconsciously with her other hand.

He stood over her, getting his breath, and at that moment there reached both of them the grating rumble of a trolley. The man edged a pace away as it came round the corner, and his eyes were uneasy. Miss Fraser tried to stand upright; she was faint and dizzy, but she felt no relief in the trolley's approach. There was still the same dread lest she should be marked in the company of this man who haunted her. She would have walked on, but for the time she could not. But here was no rescuer. Under the striped awning of the trolley sat a stout, torpid Portuguese officer, monumentally at his ease while the gaunt Kafirs paddled in the sun and thrust him along. He had the absorbed and introspective air of a man who digests a good meal at leisure; he did not see Miss Fraser and her fidgety companion till he was close to them. He eyed them both without turning his head, obviously taking in the situation. Then suddenly his big, swarthy face creased into smiles. He was amused; he found it funny. A girl's helplessness was the opportunity of an enterprising man. As the trolley passed them, he leaned out, looking back, a vast mask of easy laughter, till it turned the farther corner and rolled out of sight. Out of her distress and weakness, Miss Fraser found herself gazing after him in sheer amazement and some horror. The man put her feelings into words for her.

"See?" he said, coming nearer again. "See? That's the way things are in Beira. Now, what do you want to be such a little fool for? You can't get away; why not play the game and let's be friends?"

Miss Fraser was still fingering the torn cloth of her sleeve, slowly, thoughtfully, almost absently. Still she did not speak.

"The minute I saw you," he went on, "I said to myself, 'There's the girl for me.' And that's what I say still. Why don't you play the game?"

Miss Fraser stood up and let her left hand fall to her side. Then she began to run. He snatched at her as she broke past him, but missed her. He snapped out an oath and gave chase. But such hunters need sitting game. Twenty yards over the loose, sliding sand saw him in extremity. He slackened and paused, blowing painfully, and called out to her between his gasps.

"It's all right," he cried. "Needn't run — any more. I won't — touch you."

But Miss Fraser did not heed him. She continued to run, a distressful little figure of flight, pelting abjectly on, with lips clenched and eyes that saw the world through a mist of pain and humiliation. Running still, she turned into the one street of Beira that still shows life in the hot hours, abandoning appearances and propriety now in her utter extremity. There was a footpath, at last, to relieve her from the terrible sand. Passers-by and people on verandas turned to stare and exclaim at her passage, but she kept on. The hotel in which she had a room was a shell of a house inclosing a courtyard at the back of the customs shed. She was running still as she turned in at the great gate, threaded her way through the little marble-topped tables in the courtyard, and climbed the stairs to the wooden balcony from which her room opened. With the last of her strength she bolted and locked the door and stumbled to her bed.

It was an hour before she was able to rise and cool her smarting face with brackish water. There was a need to review her position. She sat in the half-darkness of the bare little room and tried to think, staring hopelessly at its stained walls and cheap, heat-warped furniture. She had no need to count her money; she knew to a penny how she stood in that regard. There was enough for her bill, and a little over, if she could get away at once, and that was the best that could be made of it. The lady in Rhodesia, who had imported her a year ago to serve her as a paid companion, had paid her bare fare home; the rest was what remained out of her exiguous wages. Mrs. Colby — that was the lady's name — had made a point of buying her a first-class ticket.

"I am disappointed in you," she had said. "You seem to me to be nothing more than a child; but I will send you home first-class."

And this was the result of it. She had come down to Beira to wait for the boat; and the man, the terror from which she had run through the deadly sunlight, had spoken to her even as she was getting out of the train. He had haunted her ever since; his whispers defiled her loneliness; it was not the first time he had laid hands on her. In all that arid little town, glowing on its spit of sand like a hectic between the mangrove swamps and the shallow bay, there was not a soul to raise a hand for her, not one that she could call upon to aid and defend her.

There came a knock on her door, and a sound of feet that shuffled. She started upright.

"Who is it?" she demanded through the closed door.

"It is a note," came the answer in a flat, guttural voice.

Miss Fraser unlocked the door and looked out. It was the manager of the little hotel, slippered and in his shirt-sleeves. He knew that Miss Fraser could not leave on the mail-boat, and was presenting his bill without delay. She took the envelop from his brown hand.

"Veekly settlement," he said. "Eet is de rule."

Miss Fraser nodded mechanically. "I shall come down at dinner-time," she said. "I will pay then."

It hardly troubled her at all to find the bill larger than it should have been, with cunning items not to be foreseen or avoided by the economical guest. She could pay it, and there would still be a little money left; but, sooner or later, she must be turned out. That was the broad fact in her consciousness which overwhelmed all lesser troubles — that and the indefatigable man who pursued her. The contemplation of it filled the rest of her afternoon; she was still empty of all resource when the shrill bell tinkled in the courtyard, announcing the hour of dinner. It startled her with a heavy sense of the passing of time; in a few hours more, if she should venture to go out again, she would be able to watch the lights of the big mail-boat moving down to the mouth of the harbor, carrying out of reach all that life held for Margaret Fraser.

She paid her bill in the little office at the side of the great gate of the courtyard, where the manager sat, under a yellow lamp, at the heart of a strange disorder of papers, old clothes, cases of liquor, and the like. She had herself under command again; she was grave and composed to his shrewd glances as he took her money and achieved the production of a receipt.

"You vill stay longer?" he inquired, as he took her money.

"For the present," she replied.

He had it in mind to require her to pay in advance, but decided that it was not yet necessary. From his seat under the lamp, he had seen very many insolvent guests endeavoring to carry off their condition with a brave front, and he was something of a connoisseur in impecuniousness. Miss Fraser showed none of the signs he was accustomed to recognize. The penniless, in his experience, might be aggressive or conciliatory, buoyantly cheerful or moist and resigned; but they always talked a little too much, whereas this girl did not talk at all. He hoisted himself half out of his chair, in a convention of politeness, to hand her the receipted bill across the top of his desk. She took it and went to dinner.

Her place was at a table near the center of the courtyard, close to where a water-pipe dribbled and gurgled through a heap of stones and answered to the title of "fountain." By this time she found herself tired; a great weariness oppressed her; and it was with hardly a thrill that she saw the man who followed her come in at the gate and bear straight down on her table. There were one or two other people about; she was aware of their presence without noticing them individually, but the fact that they were there saved her from the need of seeking refuge in her room and going without her dinner. She bent over her plate as he paused at the other side of the table.

"Well," he was saying, "you had a run, didn't you? How are you feelin' after it?"

He drew out a chair and seated himself opposite to her, leaning forward with both elbows on the table. It was a narrow table, and his attitude forced her to sit back. The hunted feeling returned to her, and all her shrinking fear at the sight of his lean, broken face, stamped with the unmistakable signs of drink, idleness, and bestiality. The smile upon it deepened its horror; it had a quality of relish, of cold glee.

"If you don't go away——" she began, and put her hands on the table in the action of rising from her chair.

"Yes?" he inquired. "Yes? If I don't go away — what?"

She sighed; it meant that she was to have no dinner. She gathered her belongings together, her purse, her gloves. He watched her with hot, narrow eyes.

"You mean it?" he asked. "You're goin'? Just because I wanted to——"

He stopped. From one of the tables under the veranda, where she had been sitting alone, an elderly lady had come toward them. She was standing at his side, stout, imperturbable, formidable. He stared up at her in amazement, and she looked down at him with the hard, cool face of one who is sure of herself.

"Waiter!" she called, so suddenly that he jumped; and the waiter came running.

"I will dine *here*," she announced, in a clear, deliberate voice. "Now! That is to say, if this young lady does not object."

Miss Fraser glanced up timidly. "Not at all," she managed to answer, almost prayerfully. Her heart was beating tumultuously. After days of helplessness and suffering, here was the angel charged with deliverance. From the first moment, she had no doubt of it. The stranger was a gray-haired lady, short and thick-set. A flannel jacket, shaped like a man's, was loose on her broad shoulders; on her head, a felt hat added to the masculine character of her personality. She carried a large sun-umbrella as one carries a walking-stick; she was, altogether, a figure of some force. But Margaret Fraser looked past these items of accoutrement to the strong, confident face, the countenance of one in whom breeding has shaped character — the face, she told herself, of that most definite and finished thing, a "lady."

The man licked his lips and cleared his throat.

"I've taken this place," he said shortly.

The strange lady continued to look at him for a space of moments. Her scrutiny had a tinge of curiosity, as if he were something new and unusual. Then——

"Call the manager!" she ordered sharply.

The waiter ran; he knew the tones of authority when he heard them. The other people sitting at tables looked on with gratitude for these diversions. Meanwhile she waited, still holding the man with an arrogant eye which had power to disconcert him mightily. He squirmed under it.

"Ain't there places enough for you?" he began to whine. "Comin' here like this——"

The manager arrived, still coatless, still with his effect of being insecure about the buttons.

"I will dine *here*," the strange lady announced to him, with that fine calm of hers, and tapped her hand on the table.

"I was sittin' here," complained the man, "an' up she comes an' says she's goin' to have my place."

The manager surveyed them, all three, with little twinkling eyes; he had the situation by the throat, as it were, before the man had finished speaking. He never made the mistake of backing the weaker party in any contest.

"Dat's right," he said briskly. "Giuseppe," — to the waiter,— "lay de place for de lady. An' you come along."

The last words were for the man; he gave in, and rose, growling.

"This is a hell of a game," he said.

"Yes," said the manager. "Dis way."

The strange lady took the chair he had vacated, and smiled at Miss Fraser.

"I've not made a mistake, have I?" she inquired. "I was watching, and I thought you might be glad of an interruption."

Miss Fraser found a difficulty in answering. She laid her knife and fork down, and sat back, fighting with herself to keep from crying. All through the week that was past, she had shed no tear. From the gate of the courtyard there reached them the final stages of a debate between the manager and the parting guest.

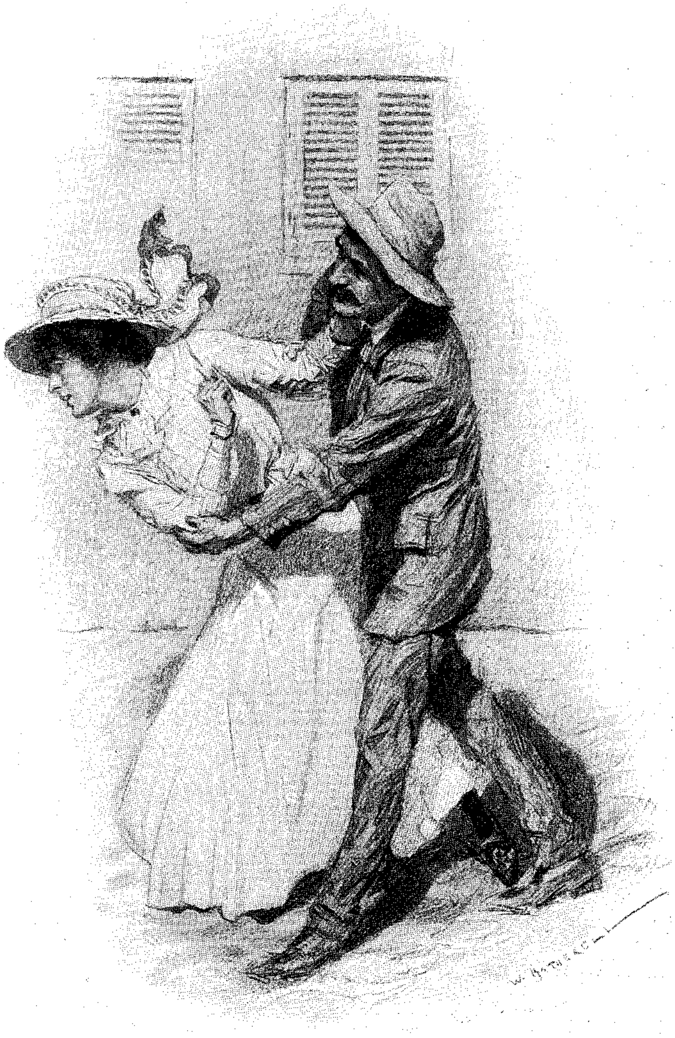
"You go out on your 'ead or your feet, vich you like," the former was saying.

Miss Fraser managed at length to find words. "If I only knew how to thank you," she said. "He — he has been haunting me for a week. I didn't know what to do."

The elder woman stared at her critically. "No," she said; "I suppose you wouldn't know. But next time, my dear, try to remember that a man who occupies himself with a woman is sentimental, and therefore weak. Bark at him, my child; say things crudely in a loud, unsympathetic voice. They are always afraid that others will hear. Waiter!"

"Madame?"

"The wine list!" She turned to Miss Fraser again. "And now," she said, "tell me about



"WITH A LAST WRENCH, THE GIRL DRAGGED HERSELF FROM HIM" yourself. My name's Gregory — Miss Gregory; that'll do for a basis of understanding."

She took the wine list from the obsequious hand of Giuseppe, and ran an experienced finger down a page. She selected a popular brand of champagne. "And bring me the cork," she ordered.

She was bright and shrewd, panoplied with assurance, a woman of potency and energy. She dominated the place; it became a mere pale background to her personality, and the people in it mere shadows. But, with all her strength and directness, there was a note of humanity; little Miss Fraser found herself leaning forward, telling the whole pitiful tale of her troubles, from Mrs. Colby's disappointment in her as a companion to her lack of funds. Miss Gregory ate in silence while she heard her.

"Colby!" she said then. "I don't know the name. And so she turned a child like you adrift on this Coast? I'm going to Rhodesia presently. I wonder if I shall meet her."

"But what do you think I ought to do?" asked Miss Fraser, rather timidly, for Miss Gregory seemed to be occupied with thoughts.

"Do!" repeated that lady. "Do! Oh — drink some of this champagne. Do you think that man will come back here to-night?"

"Sometimes he comes and knocks at my door," said Margaret, with a shudder.

Miss Gregory nodded. "Well, eat your dinner," she said. "No sense in starving yourself, particularly as you'll be going aboard the boat in another hour."

"The boat!" Miss Fraser let her knife and fork fall into her plate. "The boat!"

"Sit still," said Miss Gregory. "Don't jump like that; you'll upset your glass. Yes; the boat's the only thing for you. You see, I have a berth to Lourenço Marquez; you can take that and meet the homeward-bound boat there. There'll be no trouble about the extra fare; I'll attend to that. Now, if you're going to cry, for goodness' sake go and cry in your room."

"I — I'm not going to c-c-cry," said Margaret. "But what will you do?"

"I shall make a few notes on Beira for a book which I am writing," replied Miss Gregory.

It was nearly midnight when Miss Gregory, tasting the night breeze from the road above the sea-wall, saw the steamer's departure — lights upon lights in beady rows, floating over the level waters to the rhythm of moving engines. With them, installed in an upper-deck cabin, fevered with gratitude and happiness, went little Margaret Fraser, whom Mrs. Colby had found to be nothing more than a child. Miss Gregory eyed the distant lights thoughtfully, and emitted that token of mental exercise which, in men, is called a grunt.

"She was a moist little thing," she said, in recollection of the girl's parting tears; "but, since she couldn't save her own soul, *somebody* had to save it for her."

She walked back to the hotel at a leisurely pace, remarking, for purposes of literature, that Beira was at its liveliest at midnight. The manager greeted her with much deference as she entered the courtyard again; he had the born innkeeper's affection for people who could both bully him and pay him. At her order, he had given her the room left vacant by Miss Fraser's departure, though it warred with his sense of fitness that she should not inhabit a more stately (and a costlier) apartment. She went now to her room, and in its privacy relieved herself of her more constrained garments. A dressing-gown and slippers helped her to the frame of mind in which she wrote most easily, and she set herself to her big note-book and the chronicle of her days. There was a deck-chair there; she adjusted it to the scanty light of her lamp and went to work.

The pistol-pocket in my tweed skirt is very well concealed, but the weight of the revolver drags it to one side too much.

She had just written these words in her diary, at the end of a couple of hours of note-making, when the boards of the balcony outside her door creaked loudly; there was an unmistakable footstep. She laid her diary down, with the pencil between its leaves, and rose from her chair, listening acutely. Some one was approaching on tiptoe. A hand touched the door.

A hoarse whisper carried through it.

"Little one," it said. "Little one."

Miss Gregory did not move; she stood motionless, waiting.

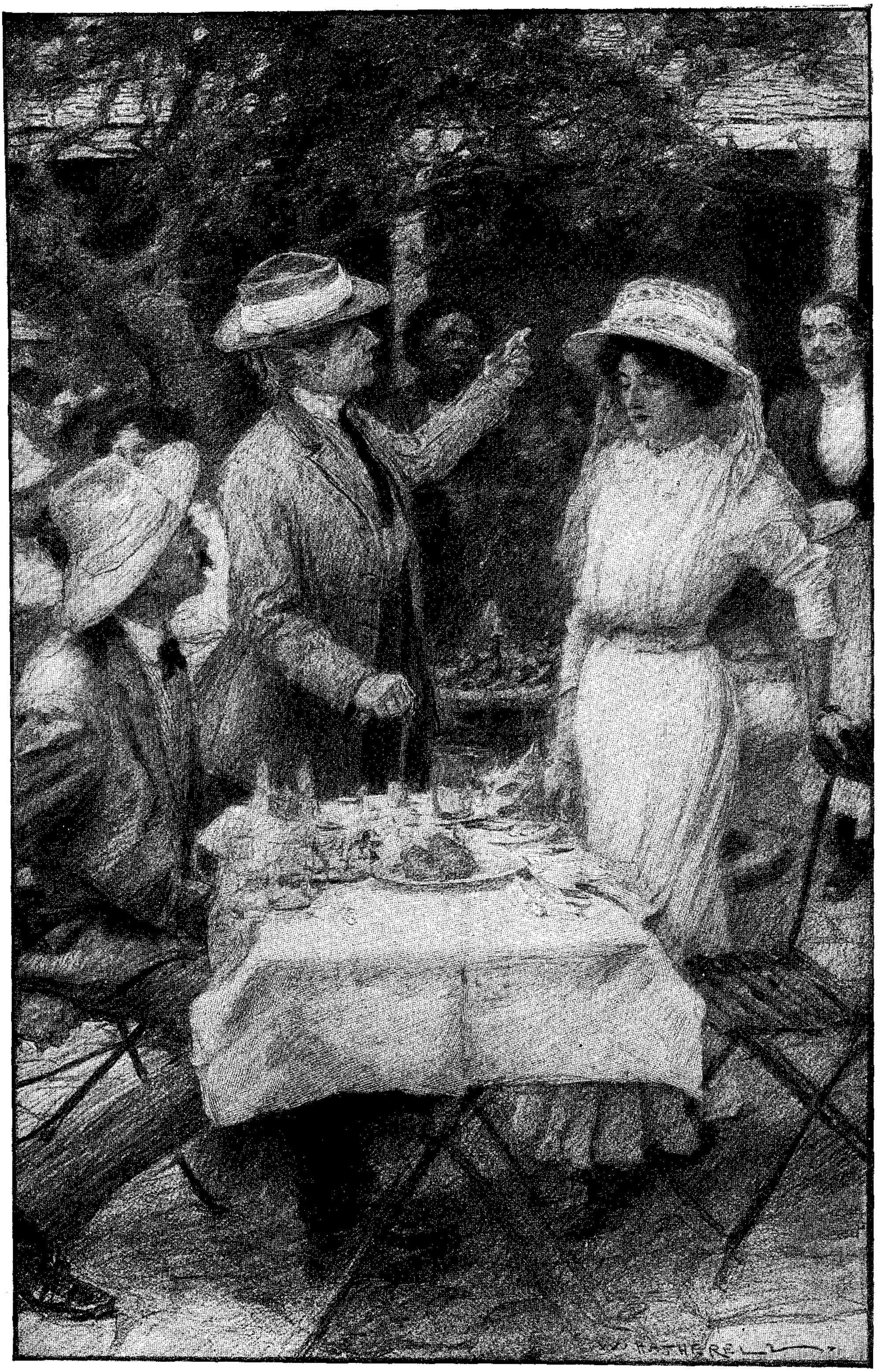
"Come," sounded the whisper, again. "I don't want to hurt you. Unlock the door just for a minute." It was as though some hangman had tried to speak persuasively; there was a horrible tone of cajolery in the voice.

Miss Gregory looked at the door; it was not locked nor bolted. A cautious hand sounded on the handle, and it opened three inches. There was a pause, as though this midnight visitor were alarmed to find the door would open.

"Hey, little one," he said again, in the same urgent whisper, and pushed the door open.

"Ah," said Miss Gregory. "Stand there, please. You didn't expect to see me?"

He had started back and made as if to flee


W. HATHERELL

"'WAITER! I WILL DINE HERE,' SHE ANNOUNCED. 'THAT IS TO SAY, IF THIS YOUNG LADY DOES NOT OBJECT'" when his eyes fell upon her, but her command held him. He gaped at her impotently.

"Don't move," said Miss Gregory. She sat down again. "I want to look at you, first; I won't keep you long."

He was desperately afraid of what was to come. This was not a woman in any sense that he understood. This was one of those creatures of which such men as he go in fear; they have neither sex nor nationality, but only strength. He stood, breathing irregularly, and Miss Gregory leaned her head back against the chair and surveyed him.

There was fear in his face, abject and overmastering fear, and the features on which it dwelt seemed shaped for its habitation. Once, perhaps, that face had expressed possibilities; one could trace it in the empty form of that conventional amiability which is the very seed-ground of weakness. But it was swamped, merged, drowned in the wrecking influences of all vileness. It was hungry and lewd and foolish, false and empty and sorrowful — the face of an imbecile Judas. Miss Gregory pursed her lips as she scanned it, and saw the features writhe and twitch as the broken man groped for his bearings.

She took up her note-book, and sat considering.

"How old are you?" she said suddenly.

The man started; he had no time to lie. "Thirty," he answered, with a gasp. He looked fifty.

Miss Gregory made a note. "Public school?" she shot at him again.

He gulped, and Miss Gregory nodded and wrote in her book. He was shaking now like a man in an ague. He put out a hand and steadied himself by the door-post.

"Stay where you are," said Miss Gregory curtly. "Changed your name, of course? Parents living?"

He found his voice. "Let me go," he said. He quavered as he spoke among shrill notes.

"Presently," said Miss Gregory. "The girl who used to have this room said that sometimes, didn't she? Answer me."

"Yes," he said sullenly. "I didn't hurt her," he added. "What are you going to do?"

"Hurt you," was the answer. "Were you in prison in England?"

She looked up as she put each question, and he could not summon force to defy her.

"Yes," he said.

"Stealing?"

"Yes," he answered again.

Miss Gregory wrote, and sucked her pencil thoughtfully.

"And now you persecute young women," she said at length. "I wonder what you meant to do — in the end. I suppose ——" She paused, and scanned him again. He shuffled in wretched distress.

"Are you married?" demanded Miss Gregory.

He started and took his hand from the door-post. A flush mounted into his face.

"To hell with you!" he cried hysterically. "Why do you ——"

"Are you married?" repeated Miss Gregory.

She rose suddenly to her feet, and took a step toward him, pointing at him with the hand that held the pencil. "Say — are you married?"

There was a moment's war of eyes; so long his sudden anger sustained him. But it was no more than a moment; he was flimsy, shoddy, rotten to the core. He groaned and put his hands before his face with a child's movement.

"Are you married?" came the chill question again.

"Yes," he said, behind his hands.

Miss Gregory wrote, and put the book in her pocket. She drew a deep breath, and then shouted. The man, startled beyond endurance, uttered a shrill yelp and nearly fell. Miss Gregory shouted again and yet again. There came the noise of hurried feet on the flagged courtyard; men drummed up the wooden stairs. The fat, swarthy face of the manager showed itself at the door.

Miss Gregory pointed to the abject man.

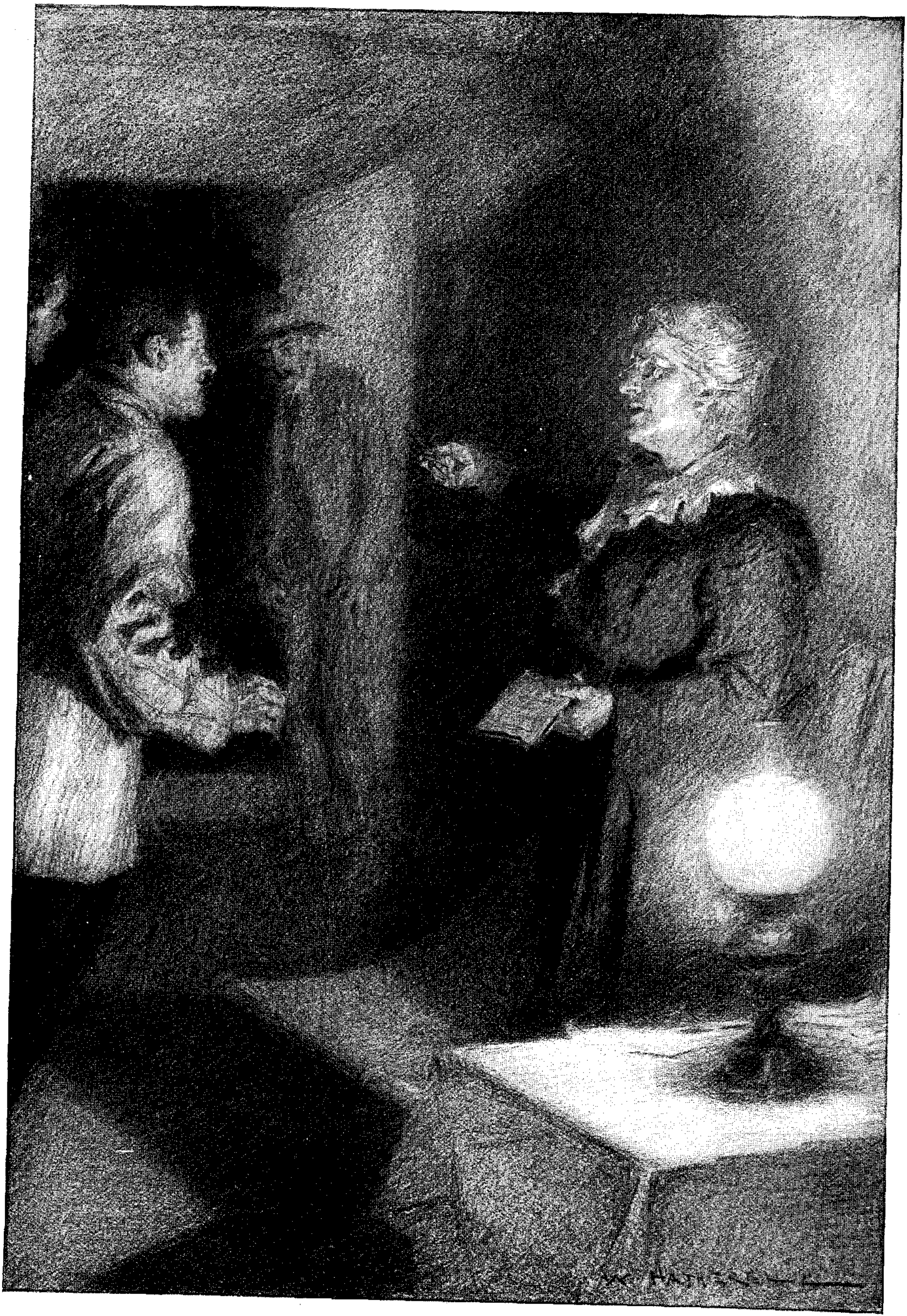
"This man came to my door and opened it," she said. "You ought to take better care of your guests. Hand him over to the police at once. To-morrow I shall complain to the consul."

The manager grinned unpleasantly. "Madame," he said, "I am mos' sorry. Once today I 'ave t'rowed 'im out; you see yourself. Dis time I settle 'im. I am mos' extrem-a-ly sorry."

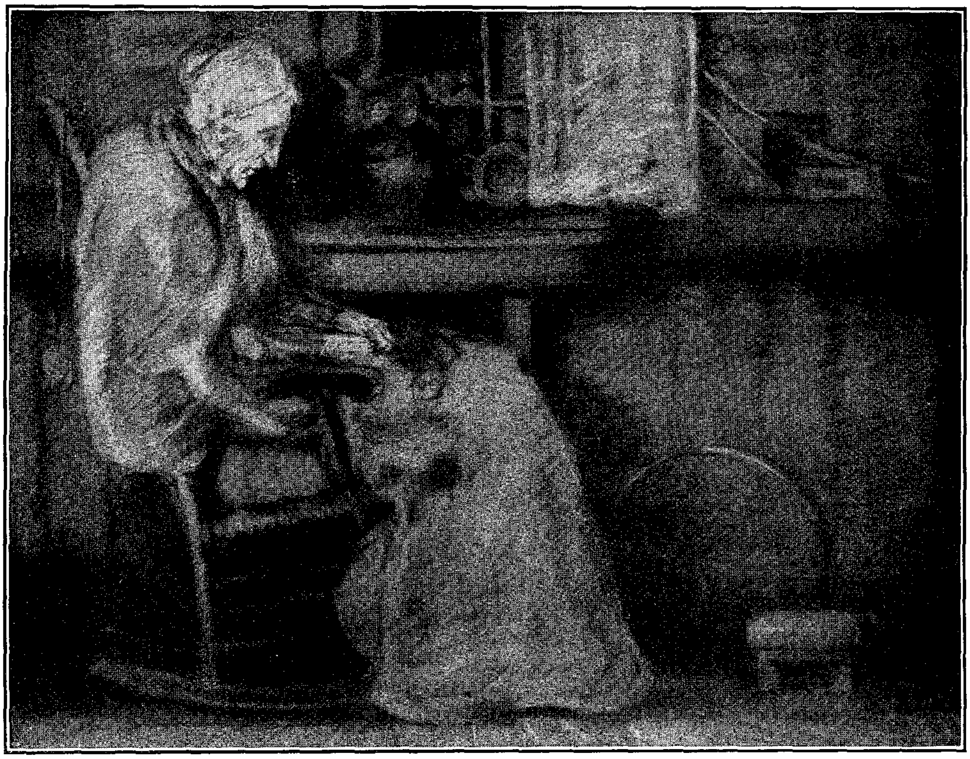
Miss Gregory waved her hand. Some one grasped the abject man from behind and dragged him through the door with a jerk. He cried out as they surrounded him. As she closed her door — and locked it — Miss Gregory heard the tumultuous descent down the staircase. Once there was a scream.

She shook her head. Sadness fell upon her like a shadow.

"Another soul to be saved," she said — "if one only could. But what a character for the book!"


W. HATHERELL

"MISS GREGORY POINTED TO THE ABJECT MAN. 'HAND HIM OVER TO THE POLICE AT ONCE,' SHE SAID"



MRS. LANDY'S CASTAWAY

BY

FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

OLD Mrs. Landy straightened her slight figure from her heap of drift-wood on the shale beach, and turned toward the sound of footsteps rattling the stones between her and the Point.

"Land alive!" she exclaimed. "I might ha' known one would come ashore this mornin', with half a gale blowin' from the main an' th' tide jest right. Guess I'll jest keep on pickin' up wood an' not put fur th' house. No use bein' scairt o' such a little feller. He ain't much bigger'n I be."

As the man approached, Mrs. Landy, whose "nigh-to" sight was better than her "fur-off," saw from her stooping position that he was not only short and slight, but that he appeared to be young.

"City-raised an' not much over thirty," she muttered. "He looks smarter than the run on 'em. Don't walk like most o' those we've had, an' holds his head diff'rent."

"Good morning." The young man raised his cloth outing-cap. "Can you tell me what place this is? I've just come ashore beyond the Point, where I've left my boat hauled up."

He waved his hand toward the long, low projection of flat shale rock that thrust itself out into the little cove behind him. Mrs. Landy looked out at the bay, its dull November gray relieved only by the countless white-caps chasing across the mouth of the cove.

"This is Prue's Island," she replied. "You're lucky ter have made it. Wind's fresh'nin', an' th' way it's comin' you'd have been blowed out o' the bay."

"Prue's Island!" repeated the young man. His eyes swept the bleak shore, the slope of tilled land, brown with dead grass and weeds, the low hills with their leafless scrub, and, a hundred yards along the winding shore road, an old, unpainted fisherman's cottage, set among half a dozen naked trees.

"It's not exactly cheerful here — at this time of year," he hastened to add. "I presume it's as beautiful as the rest of the bay in summer. However, any civilized place looks good to me this morning. I was out in the bay yesterday afternoon, met with an accident to my rudder, drifted about all night, and here I am. I guess" — looking out at the white-caps — "I am lucky to be ashore, as you say."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Landy, reaching with a barrel-stave for a broken buoy which she had espied floating at the edge of the water. "You're luckier than some. Many gets blowed out o' the bay an' drownded from the place you came from."

"Allow me." He took the barrel-stave, hooked the floating bit of wood, and successfully salvaged it. As the old woman stood watching him, her gray hair, her thin, wrinkled, colorless face, the dullness of her clothes, and the angular slightness of her figure all seemed to fit most appropriately into the general dreariness of her surroundings.

"Thank ye. You done that almost as well as the Mayor of Chicago."

"The Mayor of Chicago?"

"Yes," returned the old woman simply. "He was the greatest feller ter ketch drift-wood you ever see. We had him here a week, him an' the Emp'ror o' Japan. Mebbe you know him?" she suggested. "It was three years ago they wuz here; an' the Emp'ror got drownded in the bay th' next winter, but I've heared the Mayor is over there still." She nodded across the bay.

"Over there?" he repeated. "The Emperor of Japan? The Mayor of Chicago? How on earth could they get here?"

"Drifted in. When the wind's off th' main, th' currents in the bay bring a boat right into this cove. We git one every few weeks through th' winter. They all come ashore somewheres along same as you did. We keep 'em till th' next steamer, an' David takes 'em back."

"Back! Back where?"

Mrs. Landy nodded across the bay again. "Shoregate Sanitarium," she said gently. "I s'pose you've jest been visitin' there." Then, with an obvious effort to conciliate: "They's lots o' nice people there, I hear; an' high-toned."

The young man scowled; then he smiled.

"I give you my word that I'm not a lunatic," he declared, "even if I did come across the bay. I probably look like a wreck after having been out in a boat all night, but I hope I act perfectly sane."

"You don't act extra luny," admitted Mrs. Landy, beginning to pile the kindling into her apron.

"Let me help you with that wood. I'll go to the house with you, if you'll allow me, and perhaps you'll let me have something to eat and tell me where I can find some one to take me back to the mainland."

"It ain't my house. Dave Bent lives there, with his wife and the boys. They'll feed ye all right."

"Can't this David take me across in a launch?"

"He can, but he won't."

"Won't? I'll pay him well."

"They all promise that," returned the old woman, her arms around the apronful of sticks. "The Secretary of the Treasury offered Dave ten millions last year to set him across in the power-boat."

"Look here!" exclaimed the young man. "This is getting beyond a joke. Why, I am ——"

He stopped short. For as many seconds his face showed vexation, puzzlement; then a smile.

"Who did you say you was?" asked Mrs. Landy, taking her slow way toward the house.

"I am — my name is Harris. You may call me plain Mr. Harris."

"But ain't you something in particular?"

"Just at present," he smiled, "I am a disgusted pleasure-seeker, somewhat tired, very hungry, and also anxious to get home."

"An' you're sure you don't think you're somebody else, or somethin' else?"

"I don't think I have any delusions."

"You ain't like most of 'em, that's sartain," admitted the old woman.

"Thank you. And may I ask your name?"

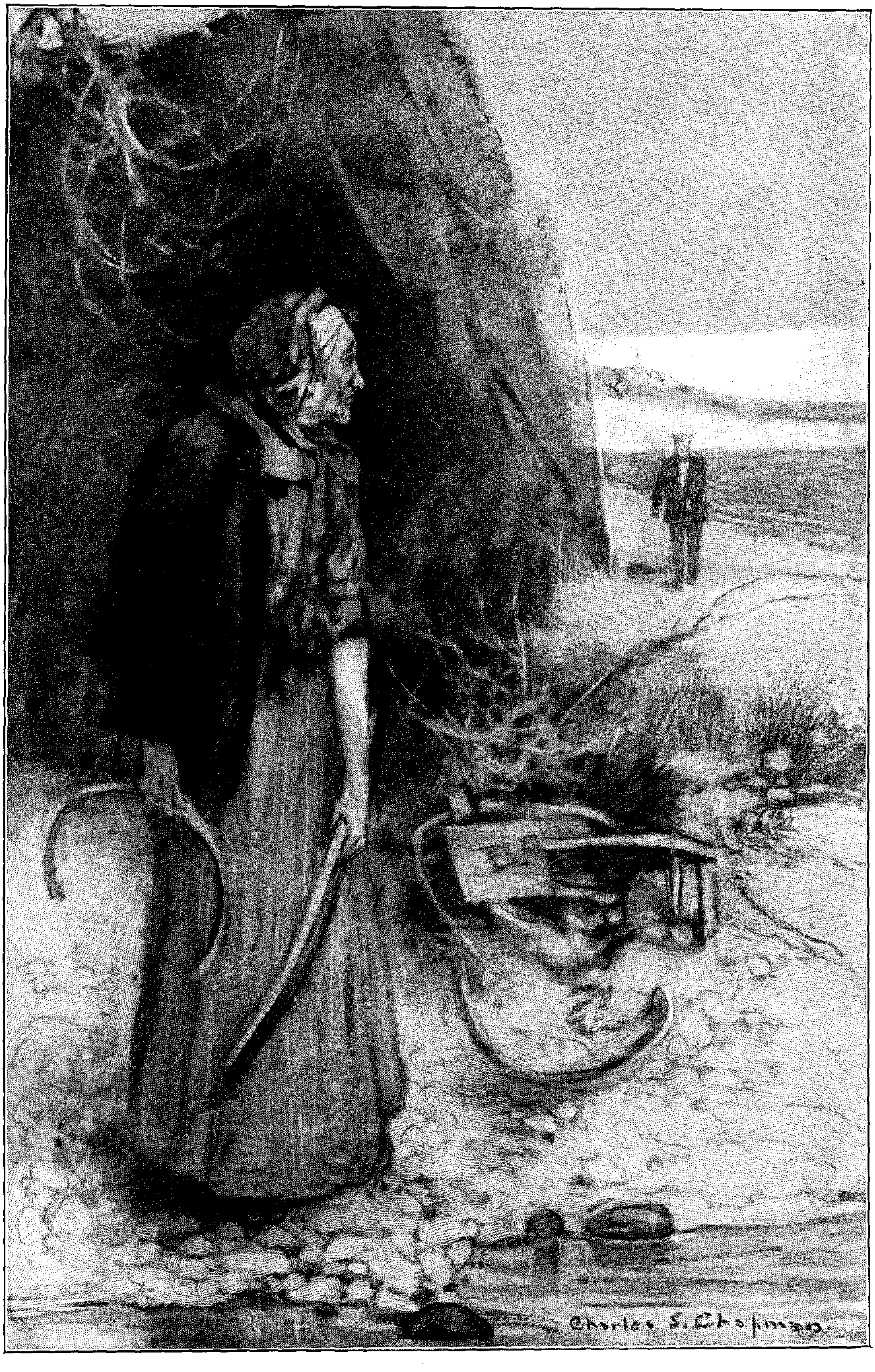
"I'm Mrs. Landy. I live up to the house. I help Ann for my board, ever since George got sent away."

"George?"

"He's my boy — my youngest boy, an' the only one I got left. They took him for oyster-stealin' two years ago. It warn't so; George never stole a thing."

They had reached the weather-beaten house, and Mrs. Landy, opening the side door, led the way into the kitchen.

"Nobody home. I guess Ann's gone up over the hill to see if they's any frost grapes left. I told her this mornin' 'twas too late in the year. You wash up, an' I'll fry you some bacon, an' they's johnny-cake left from breakfast."


Charles S. Chapman

"OLD MRS. LANDY STRAIGHTENED HER SLIGHT FIGURE FROM HER HEAP OF DRIFT-WOOD"

"Good!" The young man shed his coat, and by the time his operations at the sink were concluded the plain meal was ready for him on the table.

"No doubt you was hungry," commented the old woman. "Reminds me of the way George used to eat when I cooked for him."

"Your boy? You mentioned him before. Did you mean he was in ——"

"In State's prison, Mr. Harris. Two years ago this fall they got him. The bay was full of oyster pirates, an' the big companies was tryin' to make an example. An' 'twas true, what I told 'em, that he didn't so much as own a rake. He was goin' over to Braceview to get some doctor's stuff for my back — I had the misery in it."

"And they claimed he was stealing oysters?"

"There was some pirate boat on the beds that night. The company's men spotted it with their search-light. But the boat got away in a fog-bank, an' all they caught was George in the dory. They all swore he was one o' the gang. He fought 'em an' knocked one feller overboard. That made it all the worse, an' the judge gave him eight years."

"For heaven's sake! Didn't he have a lawyer?"

"Oh, yes, he had one. That's why I sold George's boats — to pay him. We used to live in a little house over on the other shore, but I hadn't no way to live after George went, so Dave Bent an' his wife they took me in; I work here for my board, an' in summer I earn some money off berries an' quahaugs an' such, that we sell to the summer people."

"How old is your son?"

"I should guess he was about your age, Mr. Harris; thirty come next month. I'm gettin' on to seventy, an' it ain't so easy waitin' as if I was younger."

She got up and began to clear away the dishes.

"Sometimes I get to thinkin', an' I get scairt — so scairt — for fear mebbe I'll die before he gets out. I ain't scairt o' dyin' — not o' just dyin'; but I do want to have my boy home again to live with me. An' I'm — I'm getting on."

"I suppose you can visit him occasionally?"

"I ain't been yet. You see, havin' a son go to jail is dreadful expensive, with the lawyer, an' goin' to court, an' all that. After his trial I didn't have any money left. Yes, 'twas worse'n that, for I owed David some I'd borrowed."

"And you don't have much chance to earn money here, I take it?"

"Not much. I work for my keep, an' David an' Ann are good to me, but they ain't got much themselves. Dollars don't grow on bayberry bushes here. But I earn a little through the summer, with berries an' clams an' quahaugs for the summer people, an' splittin' sounds for David."

"Splitting sounds?"

"Fish sounds. The fishermen save 'em out when they gut their catch, an' we women-folks cut 'em in strips an' dry 'em on nets in the sun. They're used to make glue an' such. Yes, I earn some money; but last year I paid up Dave, an' I had to get some shoes an' other things."

"But surely you can see your son without paying anything."

"Oh, it's the gettin' there. Steamboat fare to the city, an' then railroad fare to Roffton, where the prison is, an' a carriage out to the place, an' then come back. It'll cost nine dollars in all, but I've got it."

"Then why don't you go?"

"Bless you! Ain't I goin', the first time Dave goes up on the steamer, so he can see me aboard the train. I tell you, I been lookin' forward to it! Took me all summer to git seven of them dollars, an' then, the very last thing, when I was afraid I'd have to wait another year, Mis' Spears, up to the big cottage, wanted a lot o' green grapes for preserves; an' she give me two dollars — jest what I needed. Warn't that sent from heaven?"

Mr. Harris smiled in sympathy with the old woman's happiness.

"I'm glad you're going to see your son. If he was convicted as unjustly as you suppose, I should think some of your friends among the summer visitors might have taken the matter up."

The old woman stared blankly.

"How? You can't do nothin' when a jury found him guilty an' you ain't got money to appeal. Law is awful expensive, an' the lawyer said it wouldn't do no good anyway, with all the company's men swearin' against him, an' him with no witness but me, who'd take his part anyhow. I thought once o' goin' to see the Governor."

"Why didn't you?"

"What could I tell him? Jest that I knew George didn't do it; an' I s'pose every mother with a boy in jail says that. If I could only get the Governor to come down here an' talk to the neighbors,— the fishermen on the island that know what's goin' on an' have known George since he was a baby,— perhaps he'd give him a pardon. But I couldn't, o' course."

"No; the Governor must be a very busy man."

"I wrote a letter to the judge, but he didn't even answer. Not a sassy letter, neither.

I ain't one o' them that cries down the law jest because I been hurt by it. We got to have law, I s'pose, an' we got to obey it; but it goes wrong sometimes, an' it's gone wrong this time for George an' me."

She began to clear the table, as the young man sat back from his meal.

"Hello! Ann's comin' back, an' Dave with her. I knew they wouldn't get no frost grapes. You can ask him to set you acrost, but he won't."

"Why not? I don't understand."

"Well, you mustn't blame Dave. He got bit once, takin' a feller acrost in his boat, an' the feller run away as soon as he set foot on the main. He was one o' the worst patients the 'sylum people had, an' David lost twenty-five dollars to boot."

"Lost twenty-five dollars?"

"The 'sylum people pay twenty-five dollars reward for capturin' them that escapes. That's a lot o' money down here, an' David swore he'd never take no more resks. It's a good deal easier for him to take 'em up to the city on the boat an' turn 'em over to the police. The next boat's next Saturday, an' he'll take you up then."

"Saturday! Stay here five days! Why, I must get back to-day. It's impossible!"

"You can ask Dave," she replied. "Here he comes."

To David Bent, big, broad, black of hair and red of face, Harris stated his case of mishap and need. David considered, then looked at his wife. Ann, big, broad, healthy, and handsome, flashed a look of dissent. David shook his head.

"All right," returned the visitor. "Then I'll get somebody else."

"Ye can't!" David stood before the door. "You needn't get excited, young feller, but I'm the authorized agent for the sanitarium. Besides that, I'm town constable here. You ain't the first one that's got on a high horse gettin' cast ashore here, an' wantin' to be set acrost right away quick. I was fooled once, an' only once. You'll stay here quiet until Saturday, an' then go up to town on the steamer with me."

"Look here, man! This is an outrage!"

"Meb-be!"

"Do I look like a lunatic? Do I act like a lunatic?"

"Not yet. They's no tellin' what you may do. A cork-stopper man we had was the finest actin' gentleman I ever see. Manners! That feller had manners enough for a dozen. Just the same, about half the time he thought he was a cork-stopper. Carried on like Sam Hill till I stuck his thumb in the neck of an old beer-bottle to keep him quiet. After that, when he had spells come on, I just corked up the bottle with him an' he was happy."

"I don't care a hang about your cork-stopper man!"

"All right! Then you just stay here an' keep quiet, an' we'll get along fine!"

Harris subsided. Before long, David went to his work on the shore. Ann busied herself with the household work. Old Mrs. Landy washed the dishes; then sat in a rocking-chair by the stove, pottering over a basket of mending.

Harris sat by the window, pretending to read an old newspaper. A little before ten o'clock, he walked carelessly to the door, made a remark about the weather, stepped out, and disappeared.

Ann smiled.

In less than an hour a fisherman neighbor appeared, leading the young man, an unwilling captive. David, summoned from the shore, spoke chidingly:

"Ye see how 'tis, young feller. Any o' the neighbors'll bring ye right back here, if ye go to 'em."

"I'll know enough to steal a boat for myself next time," returned Mr. Harris defiantly.

David shook his head sadly.

"Sorry, but I'll have to lock ye up. I ain't so young as I used to be, an' I can't chase ye up an' down the island an' over the bay if ye take a notion to h'ist out."

"Lock me up!"

"No hard feelin's! You brought it on yourself. No one can say I don't do my best to be accommodatin' for patients when they're here. The week we had the King o' Siam, an' he wanted to ride a white elephant, I spent half my forenoons luggin' him pig-a-back up an' down the road."

"Hang the King of Siam! You'll find it an expensive job if you lock me up. Why, man alive! I am——"

He stopped.

Not another word was said until they reached the bedroom, upstairs, where the prisoner was to be confined. Harris glanced at the window.

"I put them bars on myself," David declared, with obvious pride. "I'll warrant 'em to hold a bull. George Washington done his best to bust 'em, an' he was the huskiest feller we ever had here, but it warn't a bit o' use. Ann's got a pile of old story papers she'll bring up to help ye pass away your time."

At noon Harris was allowed to come down to dinner, and then, after another futile appeal to David, he was again locked in the upstairs room.

Through the barred window, a little later, he saw David and his wife make their way over the hill with a basket, evidently once more in search of "frost grapes."

"I think," he remarked aloud, "that I must talk to Mrs. Landy. Mrs. Landy — let's see, how can I reach her? She has a son in jail. That's the ticket! Think of the anxiety of my mother. Her son gone out in the bay — missing for days! She has a weak heart; suppose it is affected, and I never see her again! Suppose she never sees me again! . . .

"Mrs. Landy!" he called.

The old woman's slow steps crept up the stairs; in a few moments she spoke from outside his door.

"Mrs. Landy," he began, "I want you to help me."

The young man Harris had the gift of tongues; in fact, some one had once said that he could talk a hole through a plank. The remark came back to him now, as he brought into play all that he knew of the most difficult art of persuasion, talking, begging, sounding every note that might bring a return vibration in the heart of the wondering, trembling old woman on the other side of the door.

It was the mother chord that he finally struck.

"I ain't doin' right," Mrs. Landy declared, after she had opened the door. "It's a mean trick on David. I dunno what he'll say. But I know how I've suffered about George, an' I know how I'd feel if I was scairt he was drownded! You may be a lunatic, after all, but I ain't goin' to resk breakin' another woman's heart!"

In spite of himself, the young man flushed a little with shame. His mother had been in Europe for months on a pleasure trip. But he did not hesitate to take the five dollars that Mrs. Landy offered him.

"Ye'll need it. Walk two miles acrost the island, an' you'll see a red house near a stone landin'. The man that lives there will take ye acrost for four dollars, mebbe three. He hates Dave, an' it's the only way ye can git away from the island. Ye'll need the rest for car-fare back to the city."

"Mrs. Landy," he said slowly, "suppose David turns you out for this? Or suppose I do belong at the asylum, after all, and don't pay you back this money? You'll lose your visit to your son."

"My conscience wouldn't be clear if I didn't, thinkin' o' your mother!"

This time Mr. Harris reddened to his ears.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured under his breath. "The New England conscience does still live — in the out-of-the-way places!"

But, after he had thanked her and was gone, Mrs. Landy waited long and anxiously for David's return.

The fisherman did not scold her, and quieted his wife, who was disposed to make much of the lost twenty-five dollar reward.

"She's lost her five, which means more to her," he said. "An' she's an old woman. I ought to have known better than to leave her alone with him. That little feller has the gift o' gab like an auctioneer. I might have gi'en in to him myself if I'd listened much longer this noon."

"You better go up to the city in the mornin'," suggested Ann. "Mebbe you'll find out suthin' about him, an' if you should run acrost him again ——"

"Don't like to lose that reward, do ye? I've got no right to arrest him in the city. Still, if I should see him, I might have some claim ——"

"You take the power-boat an' go," she decided. "I have a feelin' you'll jest happen to run onto that little feller again; an', if ye do, don't let go of him."

The next day, with David away, was a long one for old Mrs. Landy. Ann meant to be forbearing, but there were moments when thoughts of the lost reward released her tongue, and some of the things she said cut deeply.

The old woman, in the rocking-chair, made no reply, and, although she wiped away a tear or two, the thought of the other old woman whose son was not "drownded" lent what brightness there was to the dragging hours.

The power-boat that evening was late in returning to Prue's Island, but David's supper was hot on the kitchen table when he entered the house. In a corner, Mrs. Landy was darning stockings.

David's face was a stolid mask as he entered with a whiff of the crisp autumn air.

"Cool ter-night," he remarked briefly, throwing off his coat; and then, without further remark, he proceeded to "wash up" at the kitchen sink.

"Did you find him?" asked his wife, as he drew a chair to the table.

"I got my money," returned David slowly.

"Was Harris his right name?"

"I dunno."

"Didn't you ask the 'sylum people?"

"I ain't been near the 'sylum."

"David Bent! If you ain't the worst ——"

"Allus like plenty o' brown bread this time o' year, when ——"

"Dave Bent!" exclaimed Ann, sweeping away the dish of baked beans with one hand and clutching the plate of brown bread with the other, "you won't get another thing ter eat until you tell all you've got ter tell. Now, stop coddin'!"

David deliberately polished his plate with the last crumb of brown bread within reach; then he leaned back in his chair.

"Never yit saw a woman thet'd let grub interfere with gab. I met the little feller on Washington Street, up in the city, an' was talkin' to him, when who should come along but Colonel Spears."

"Our Spears? The one thet owns the summer cottage below?"

"Jest so, Ann. He seemed mighty s'prised ter see the little feller. Shook hands with him an' said he'd understood he was down to his place on th' shore fur some late fall shootin'."

Ann's face flushed with excited interest.

"Colonel Spears knew him? Then Mr. Harris warn't crazy?"

"Accordin' ter Colonel Spears, he's not only ez sane ez I am, but a durn sight saner. The Colonel laid in ter tell me a few things thet might hev kept him from gettin' any fresh quahaugs next summer; but th' little feller stopped him, an' said it wuz a joke, but he didn't want it to get into th' newspapers."

"An' Mis' Landy was right!" exclaimed Ann. "She's said all along to-day that Mr. Harris didn't seem queer ter her."

David turned to the beaming old woman in the corner.

"Tickled, I bet! Well, I am, too, Mis' Landy. I hated ter see ye throw away your money, tryin' ter git him out o' th' 'sylum, but I guess ye done yourself a good turn. Th' little feller an' me went ter Colonel Spears' office, an' the little feller gin me twenty-five dollars. He said it wuz fur board an' my takin' sech good care on him."

Dave chuckled. His wife wriggled in impatience.

"Did he send Mis' Landy's money back?"

"Funny thing wuz, Colonel Spears wouldn't tell me who th' little feller wuz. Said I'd probably find out sometime, but he didn't want ter resk makin' th' story public property while it was fresh enough fur the newspaper reporters."

"If it had been me —" began Ann.

"But it warn't," returned Dave simply. "Now ——"

"Did ye bring back Mis' Landy's money?"

"I'm comin' ter thet. Think I stole it? It's here, an' th' little feller's sent a note with it. I shouldn't be s'prised ef he'd sent you suthin' fur interest, too, Mis' Landy. He seemed tickled over what ye did fur him. Here's the letter."

He rose to hand her the letter; then, returning, deftly captured his wife and forced the food supplies back upon the table.

But Mrs. Landy, a faint flush on her faded face, was picking at the letter with such trembling fingers that the practical Ann tore it open for her.

"Where — where's my specs? I had 'em jest a minute ago. Would you mind, Ann?"

"David'll read it. He's nearest th' light."

"Ain't I ever goin' ter git no supper?" David took the already crumpled sheet which his wife thrust into his hand. "It's dated terday, an' begins: 'My dear Mis' '— no, 'Missis Landy.'"

"Read it!"

"Ain't I readin' it?

> "MY DEAR MIS' LANDY: In spite of the de—detention against my will, I feel that the hand of Providence must have had something to do with my visit to Prue's Island. It is, therefore, with unusual pleasure that I welcome the opportunity, not to repay a great-hearted kindness to myself as an individual, but to undo, so far as lies in my power, what clearly appears to me to have been an act of injustice on the part of the commonwealth."

David scratched his head.

"D'ye know what he's drivin' at, Mis' Landy?"

She shook her head; David read on:

> "I shall, therefore, as soon as it is possible to go through the necessary formalities, pardon your son George. He will probably be released from the State prison to-morrow. I will have the down boat make a special trip and leave him at the island to-morrow night. Very truly yours,
>
> "HARRIS NEWHALL,
> "*Governor*."

"The Governor!"

"Jee-miny!" David's eyes were large. "An' ter think thet I — a voter, thet voted fur him last fall, an' wore a button with his picter on it — didn't know ——"

Ann rose with a jerk.

"If thet little feller's th' one they call 'Little Dynamite,' thet turned th' State upside down an' broke up th' bosses th' way you used ter tell about, why, then, I don't think much o' politics! Ter think of a lot o' great big men lettin' a little shrimp thet I could head up in a barrel myself ——"

But, over in the corner, a little gray, faded old woman bent over an apronful of worn stockings. She could not see them — could not see the coarse needle she was trying to thread. Her boy was coming home — home! She bent her head still lower, and prayed to her God that he would bless the young Governor.

JOHN AND SIMON NEWCOMB

THE STORY OF A FATHER AND SON

BY

DR. SARA NEWCOMB MERRICK

SISTER OF THE LATE SIMON NEWCOMB

IN the year 1854 Simon Newcomb first appeared in the city of Washington, a youth still in his teens. The young man usually came on horseback Saturday mornings, and rode away again in the afternoon. During these visits, he had a way of hanging around the second-hand book stores, looking at volumes on astronomy and mathematics; and at least once he might have been seen standing at the gate of the National Observatory, gazing wistfully in.

In the course of his wanderings about the city, he came, one day, upon a queer red sandstone building, quite different from anything that he had yet seen. A placard informed him that within its walls was the library of the Smithsonian Institution. He entered, made the acquaintance of the attendant, repeated his visit, and in course of time got permission to climb into the gallery and look over the mathematical books.

One may imagine the feelings of the custodian when this fresh-faced, clear-eyed boy of nineteen asked to be allowed to take home the first of four enormous volumes of Bowditch's translation of Laplace's "Celestial Mechanics," a work which only a trained mathematician can understand, and which the learned world has placed among the most abstruse of all printed books. These particular volumes were allowed to go out of the library only by special permission of the Director of the Smithsonian Institution, who at that time was the great Joseph Henry, discoverer of the principle of the telegraph, and probably the most important American man of science of his day. The Director was curious to see the boy who made this unusual request. The boy was no less desirous of meeting the Director. A pleasant interview followed, which led to a lifelong friendship, and in the end, to Newcomb's permanent residence in Washington.

Simon Newcomb, at his death in 1909, was by common acclaim the greatest astronomer that this country has ever produced, and the equal of any astronomer in the world.

Newcomb Masters Cube Root at Six and a Half

His father was an itinerant country schoolmaster; he himself was born in a little town of scarcely a thousand inhabitants on the north shore of Nova Scotia, opposite Prince Edward Island. Of formal schooling he had little, and that almost entirely at the hands of his father. His mathematical training began at the age of five, his father hauling the lad daily to school on his little sled. At six and a half he had mastered cube root, and had come almost to the end of the common school curriculum. Beyond this point he was largely self-taught. Such textbooks as he could secure he forthwith mastered, though these were often most inadequate, a French work a century old being among the best. In addition to these handicaps, he wasted two precious years, between sixteen and eighteen, apprenticed to a quack doctor, from whom he was finally obliged to run away, penniless and with only the clothes on his back.

Nothing, however, can stop a man of his degree of natural capacity. At an age when other youths are still struggling with the elements of algebra, young Newcomb was digging away at an old copy of the "Principia" of Sir Isaac Newton. The year he was twenty, when he was teaching in a little district school, a communication to the *National Intelligencer* brought him commendations from two mathematicians, and gave him his first contact with the learned world. Then followed the beginnings of his friendship with Henry, on whose recommendation Newcomb settled in Cambridge the year he was twenty-one, as an assistant to Joseph Winlock in the office of the *Nautical Almanac.*

When one stops to think of it, the *American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac,* and the like volumes put forth each year by the other civilized governments of the world, constitute one of the great achievements of the human mind. Five hundred large pages of closely printed tables predict for the ensuing year the positions of the sun and moon, of the planets and their more important satellites, and of three hundred and fifty fixed stars. Eclipses, comets, the phases and librations of the moon, the occultations of the stars, are scheduled as on a railway time-table. In general, the places of the heavenly bodies are laid down, a twelvemonth in advance, for each hour of the year; for the erratic and quick-moving moon they are determined for every minute. On the adequacy of these tables hangs the setting of our household clocks; they are the basis of our household almanacs; by their means explorer or sailor, anywhere on earth, knows his position to within a few miles or sets his watch to within a few seconds; without them, no modern explorer trusts himself to the wilderness, no sailor puts forth to sea.

Simon Newcomb Attacks the Greatest of All Mathematical Problems

The labor involved in the routine calculations for such an annual publication is in itself enormous. Behind it lies the greatest of all mathematical problems, the mechanics of the solar system. Given a central sun, half a dozen planets and their satellites, and a few hundred asteroids, each revolving around some other, and each at every instant dragged out of its path by the pull of all the rest, and each of these pulls, in its turn, changing every moment both in direction and amount; given also the mass of each body, its position at any single instant, and the direction and velocity of its motion — to determine the position of each of these bodies for all past and all future time. This is the problem upon which Simon Newcomb began as a boy when he took home the first volume of "Celestial Mechanics." At this problem he toiled with untiring diligence for fifty years, and laid it down only at his death. It is one that can never be completely solved; Newcomb consumed his life in carrying the solution to a degree of accuracy never before attained.

Many a well trained man has been content to spend his days in the routine calculations of the *Ephemeris.* Newcomb, however, as soon as he was fairly settled at his bread-and-butter work, having then reached the mature age of twenty-four, undertook the simple problem that follows:

Simon Newcomb Becomes Famous at Twenty-six

Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter lies the zone of the asteroids. The largest of these little worlds is perhaps five hundred miles in diameter, the smallest that has yet been seen no more than that; and there are some five hundred now known. In the middle nineteenth century astronomical opinion held that these little planets are the scattered fragments of a larger world which had come to grief sometime in the limitless eons of the past. Evidently, if this were a fact, the orbits of these minor planets, at the moment of the catastrophe, had one point in common. Evidently, too, if one could take each of these bodies separately, determine its present orbit about the sun, calculate just how this orbit has been altered in each instant of the past by the pull of the vastly greater bodies near it, allowing in turn for the altered positions and orbits of each of these and the influence of the swarm of little planets on one another, there should be found some instant of past time when all these orbits passed through the same point. Thus might be determined the place and the date at which a world, inhabited, it may be, like our own, met its day of judgment.

Two years sufficed Newcomb to straighten out the tangled orbits of the twenty-five asteroids known in his time. Without committing himself to any opinion as to what might not have occurred during past eternity, he carried his calculations back far enough to prove that, if any such catastrophe had occurred, the event did not take place within a hundred thousand centuries of the present. As a result, "Olbers' hypothesis" has been abandoned by all present-day astronomers.

Newcomb's papers on the orbits of the asteroids brought him a European reputation. Immediately after completing these he began work on the vagaries of the moon. In the meantime he had been transferred to the Naval Observatory at Washington.

Since the foundation of the Greenwich Observatory, in 1675, that famous institution had made the moon's behavior its special study; and throughout the world Hansen's tables of the moon, published by the British Government in 1857, were made the basis for predictions of its position. The United States Naval Observatory, however, soon discovered that the luminary was falling behind her schedule at the rate of some seconds a century. A year or two later she began once more to forge ahead, and seemed to be advancing steadily from her predicted positions. To Newcomb (who was at that time twenty-six years of age) fell the task of discovering the error of the greatest master of mathematical astronomy of that day.

It is aside from the purpose of the present article to dwell in any detail on the remarkable scientific career which followed this brilliant opening. To natural ability of the highest order Newcomb added untiring industry and a tenacity of purpose that enabled him, having planned his life task in his youth, to push it through to the end. He was, moreover, a leader of men, who selected and trained a body of able assistants, without whom his work, though equally high in quality, must have been vastly less in extent.

Some of Newcomb's Great Achievements

During a full half century Newcomb had a part, and often the chief part, in every important achievement of American astronomy. Eclipse and transit expeditions took him to the Cape of Good Hope, on the one hand, and to the wilds of British America, on the other. He was responsible for the Washington telescope, "the most powerful telescope that had ever been pointed at the heavens," and for the still more powerful Lick. Thus he set the fashion for large glasses; and therefore, indirectly, all the great modern telescopes throughout the world are due to him. To him, too, is due the use of the plane in aërial navigation and our standard time, which put to an end the chaos of local times all over the civilized world. "His greatest achievements," it has been well said, "lie in the borderland between theory and practice, where an enormous body of observed data has been utilized by an army of computers under his direction and guidance . . . in building up these tables of the motions of the planets and the positions of the fixed stars that are now in daily use by the astronomers of the world."

Outside of his duties as head of the *Nautical Almanac* and his profound and highly technical special researches, Newcomb found time for other avocations. He wrote a work on political economy, a text-book of geometry, a popular astronomy, and a novel. He determined the velocity of light by a method belonging to the domain of physics rather than to that of astronomy, and reached a degree of precision never before attained. He helped to edit the Standard Dictionary, and was first president of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Few American men of science have received so many or so high honors at the hands of the learned world. As the most eminent of his pupils has expressed it, "a continual flow of medals, prizes, degrees, and honorary memberships in scientific societies came for his reception, till the possibilities were exhausted." He had degrees from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Toronto, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Cambridge, Oxford, Heidelberg, Christiania, Leyden, Padua. The Russian Government painted his portrait for the Gallery at Pulkova, "the astronomical capital of the world." Medals, decorations, and prizes came to him, not only from his own country, but from France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and Holland. He was the first American since Benjamin Franklin to be made one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France. Still he retained his simplicity of style and his modesty, saying, as I once heard him, "It is as easy for me to do my work as for the cook to get the dinner; I make no effort, and deserve no credit."

The single-purposeness which blessed his life directed his energies effectually up to his very death. For some time before he died his family knew that he was suffering from an incurable and fatal malady. They kept from him this distressing news, and he learned it by accident only a few months before the end. At first he was greatly troubled lest he should be unable to complete his great work on the moon, and seemed to feel that had he known his actual condition sooner he might have timed his work better and so been able to finish it. The shock of the news once over, however, he immediately set to work to use as effectively as possible what narrow margin of time was left to him, and by a most careful use of his strength and by unflagging concentration of his mental powers he actually succeeded, before he died, in placing his work upon the moon in his publisher's hands, completed to the last foot-note.

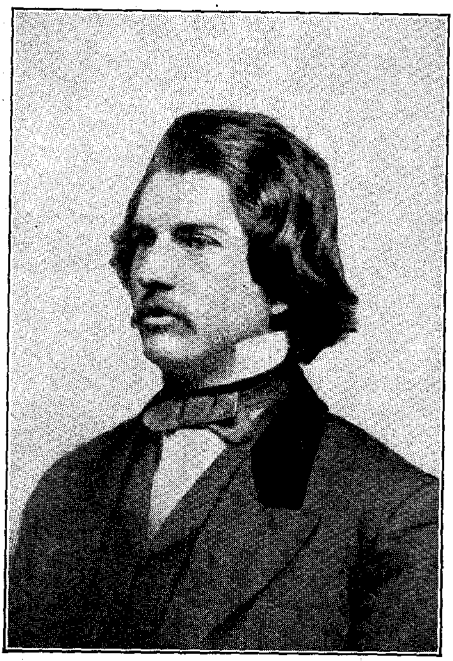
A Curious Story of Heredity

My reason for this mention of his work is to make clear to those who have heard only his name the reason why I am writing of his ancestry and parentage. The quality of these will now be seen.

Simon Newcomb was descended on the maternal side from Elder William Brewster, the leader of the Pilgrims, who landed in New England in 1620, and his distinguished career may be partly explained by his inheritance from at least ten generations of a sound and whole stock.

John Newcomb, the father of the astronomer, was born with an inquisitive and unbelieving mind. He wanted to know all there was in the world to be known, and he never believed any-

SIMON NEWCOMB AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE, WHEN HE HAD JUST GRADUATED FROM HARVARD



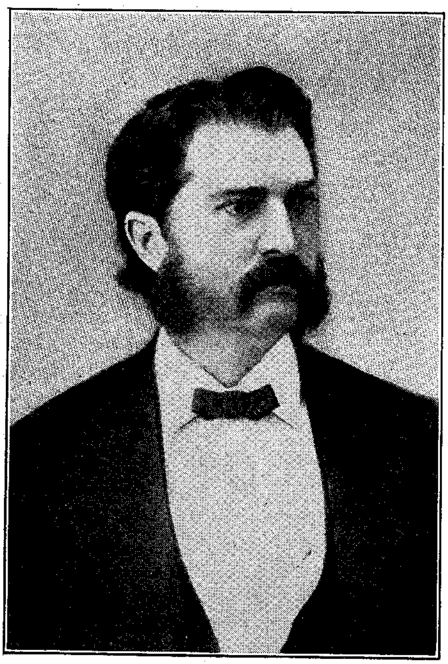
SIMON NEWCOMB AT TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE, SHORTLY AFTER HE HAD BECOME ENGAGED

thing he heard until he could prove it to his own satisfaction. Especially was he interested in the phenomena of nature. The rising and setting of the sun, the stars that appeared in regular course as darkness set in, the appearance and growth and the waning and disappearance of the moon, the evening star and the morning star — he could not accept them with the idle wonder usual to boyhood. The clouds, the frost, the rain, the snow, the changes in season, all excited his curiosity. He asked himself why his shadow was short in summer at midday and long in winter, why the tides came and went.

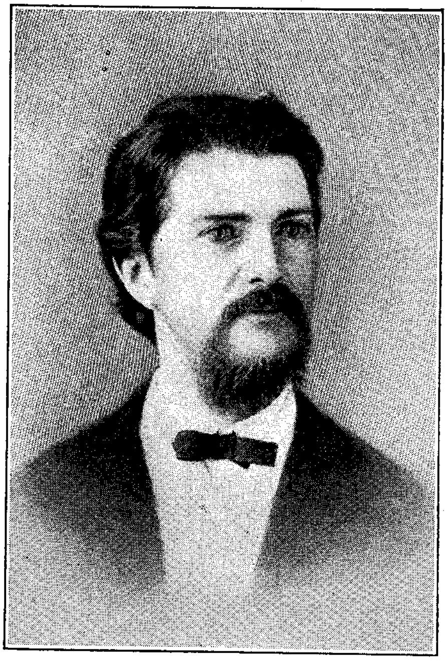
In his childhood he formed theories of his own regarding these matters, and later on listened to such explanations as his father was able to give. One thing above all others entranced him with its evanescent beauty — the aurora borealis. He lived in a region where the heavens declare the glory of God as they do not in warmer latitudes. On cold, frosty nights in the depths of winter, gazing wistfully up at the sky, he would see a little flash as of lightning in the northern horizon. It was the first faint flutter of the pageant that soon flared across the starry firmament in gold and purple and flaming red and green — colors such as the modest rainbow never dared imagine. The very intoxication of æsthetic joy took possession of the boy as this brilliant pageant of heaven passed by. Then the question: Whence came this, and where has it gone? He would travel, he *must* travel, and learn about all these things. In the meantime, books; he would get what he could from the books at hand, and wait his time till he could go farther and get more.

John Newcomb Makes a Study of Phrenology

He was interested, too, in his own species — in human beings. Why, under the same circumstances, did one person act in one way and another in quite a different manner? Why were some people strong and healthy, and others weak and sickly? These questions were especially persistent in his adolescent years, and their solution, so far as the knowledge of a hundred years ago went, was at hand. The Combe brothers of England were then writing the first physiology the world had ever seen, and the Germans, Gall and Spurzheim, were making their exhaustive studies of cranial development and its relation to the mind, thus originating another science, which they chose to call phrenology, now in better repute as the "new psychology." Two of the first books John Newcomb purchased were Combe's "Constitution of Man" and Spurzheim's "Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim." The researches upon the nervous system made by Dr.



SIMON NEWCOMB IN 1875, WHEN HE WAS PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY



SIMON NEWCOMB AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-TWO AT THIS TIME HE WAS MATHEMATICAL PROFESSOR AT JOHNS HOPKINS

Gall and by Spurzheim paved the way for cerebral localization and the "new psychology."

When Spurzheim came to America, John Newcomb traveled a long distance to meet him and hear him lecture. His family and friends ridiculed him for reading such nonsense and for wasting his time by going to hear it. His mother, a staunch and devoted Presbyterian, assured him that he was committing a sin in trying to find out God's ways of creation.

Nevertheless the young man studied on, and while he read he was thinking, reasoning, analyzing. Much of his reading was done in the long winter evenings, lying flat on the home-woven rag carpet before the blazing logs in the great fireplace, where the big pot-hooks curled down from the long black crane like the letter S.

To aid him in his study of character as expressed by the contour of the head and face, he quietly observed those about him, in an effort to suit the character to the physical development. He was successful to a degree almost beyond his hope. This stimulated him to greater effort. His mother would have been duly shocked had she known that he utilized sermon time, otherwise long and dreary to him, to study the heads, necks, and faces of those near him. In social hours he fitted the virtues and the failings of his neighbors to their noses and eyes, their chins and their foreheads. Those who ridiculed phrenology were the thoughtless ones who did not stop to look for the good there was in it, with all its faults. By examining the body we may learn of the character of the mind that is within it and that builded it — in other terms, the personality. Set the tiger and the deer side by side, and look at them.

John Newcomb Decides to Select a Wife on a Scientific Basis

At the age of twenty-four, John Newcomb, the youth of analytic mind, stood before his mirror and thus soliloquized:

"I am twenty-four years old, and it is time I began to look for a wife. Combe and Gall both say that twenty-five is the best age for marriage. I must marry a young woman whose temperament shall be unlike mine, and unlike in such a way as shall make us harmonious, one being the complement of the other. The difference in temperament is shown by the difference in physical form. I am a little above the medium height, five feet nine, so she may be of medium height. I am inclined to be slender, with sloping shoulders — she should be rather square in the shoulders and stocky of build. My muscles are long and slim, and my hands slender, with slim fingers; therefore she should present the opposite.

"Face and head: I have rather a large mouth, a square chin and jaw, a face inclined to be long — she must have a rather round face with plump cheeks. My nose is long, with bony portions prominent, somewhat like the Roman nose, but broader and with full nostrils — she must have a rather short nose, even with a little uptilt, and lacking in bony development.

"My eyes are deep-set — hers must be full and prominent. My eyebrows are straight — hers must be arching. The hair grows low over my forehead — her forehead must be high. My forehead projects over my eyes, and slopes back somewhat, making what is termed the philosophical head — hers must be full and round in the upper portion, making the literary and history-loving head. My head is inclined to be narrow between the ears and high in the crown — hers must he broad between the ears and highest over the ears, from which point there should be a smooth slope to the back of the head. My back head is full, showing strong love for children and great affection — hers should be somewhat less. Because my hair is dark and strong of growth, rather coarse, in fact, hers should be fine and, if possible, curling or easily curled. In color my face is inclined to be florid — hers must be more delicate, while still showing the hue of health. The color of my eyes is gray-blue; but — I'm not so sure here. I think color of eyes and hair is not of so much consequence. Mentally I am slow of thought and speech — my wife must be quick and ready with an answer. She should now be about nineteen years old. Where is the young woman?

"Such a woman and I would be congenial, harmonious, and therefore happy. Our children would be an improvement upon ourselves, more harmoniously formed in both body and mind. They would have good physique and strong constitutions that would carry them through the vicissitudes of life to the hundredth milestone as the years go. Now, where is the young woman? I must look around for her. Another thing, though: she should he a good housekeeper, neat and thrifty. I will do my best to furnish the means for the housekeeping, but I am not constituted for a farmer; I must be a teacher. I have taught several winters already, and I think I can always make a living at the work."

John Newcomb in Search of a Wife

With this prospect in view, he studied more assiduously than ever. Early retiring was the rule, but he could not sleep. Waiting till the silence of the house assured him of safety from discovery, he would steal downstairs in his socks, gently uncover the logs to a blaze, stretch out upon the floor, and open his beloved book. Here he would read and dream of the possibilities of the human race when each individual had learned how to choose his mate in a scientfic manner. Let us not smile at his visions, but await the outcome of his dreams.

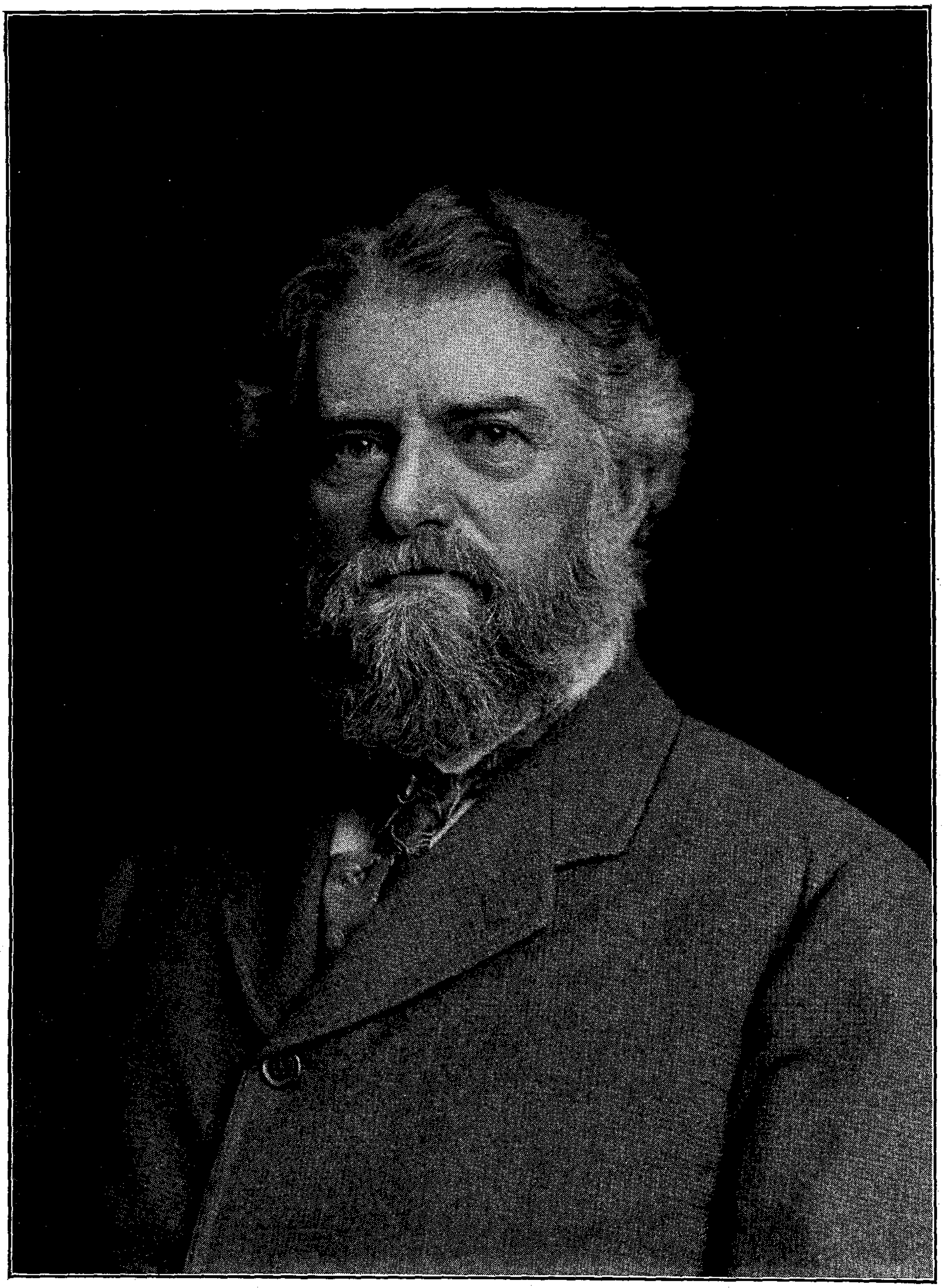
In his search for a suitable maiden, he first looked about among his friends in the village and on the near-by farms. Not one could in all respects fill the requirements of this young man of the analytical mind. He therefore resolved to start out in search of the right one. He could not do less than this without violating his deepest convictions. He knew positively, or believed positively, that such a woman existed, and must be waiting for him somewhere in the world, perhaps not so very far from home. He would go and look for her, and would not rest till he had found her; he would be satisfied with no other and no less. To her physical qualifications she must add love of learning.

One fine morning in August, when his twenty-fifth year was but a month old, the young man made up a bundle from his limited wardrobe and his precious library. This bundle he secured in a big cotton kerchief, and slipped it upon a stout stick curved at one end like a shepherd's crook. He informed the family that he was going to seek a school for the coming winter. He disliked farming and never could make a success of it. He had already made a success as a teacher, and felt sure he should continue in the same good path. Had he made known his other purpose — well, he would have gone anyway, but he would have left amazement behind.

Our pilgrim had but just begun his journey, and was ignorant of what the future held for him. His heart was bounding with joyous anticipation. Farm drudgery was left behind forever. The sum in his pocket was small, but his courage was large. The day was just like any other summer day when the haying is done and the wild strawberries no longer redden the hummocks in the pasture.

Why he should have turned his steps to the west I do not know. Perhaps he thought the Atlantic Ocean was not so many miles to the east and might put an end to his journey before he found the object of his search. He was not looking for a mermaid.

As he walked, the sights and sounds of the countryside, so familiar to him, cheered him on. There was nothing to guide his footsteps, but the Urge of the Universal Intelligence was back of him and pushed him on. There were no steel rails for him to follow, for this was in 1832, nearly a century ago. No telegraph posts reared their heads in air to show the way with a slender wire, for the telegraph was not born until twelve years later. There was no stage-coach, even, in that primitive region; and in that long ago, before matches had been invented or pe-



SIMON NEWCOMB WAS, AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH IN 1909, THE FOREMOST OF LIVING ASTRONOMERS, AND HAD BEEN HONORED BY EVERY COUNTRY IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD. HE HAD DEGREES FROM FIFTEEN UNIVERSITIES IN THIS COUNTRY AND IN EUROPE, AND COUNTLESS DECORATIONS AND MEDALS FROM ALL OF THE PRINCIPAL GOVERNMENTS troleum had been discovered, flint and steel kindled fires and tallow candles gave the light only.

John Newcomb's Disappointing Encounters in His Matrimonial Quest

John Newcomb stopped at farm-houses for his refreshment, and in each house, if there was a daughter of marriageable age, he tarried perhaps a day, or even longer, to make a study of the maiden. He always made himself "handy" about the place, drawing up water with the great well-sweep, bringing in fire-wood — doing anything that he could do and still keep near the daughter.

Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor; at another the house was not neatly kept; at a third there was scolding or fault-finding, a want of harmony — and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow margin she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking-pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading-trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse, because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. "Want of thrift," decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on.

Undiscouraged, he continued his journey until, at the close of a perfect summer day, his footsteps drew near to the village of Moncton, New Brunswick. The first building to greet him was not a dwelling, as he knew from its form. Yet it was lighted, and the melody of a familiar hymn greeted his ear. He had happened upon a prayer meeting in the Baptist meeting-house.

He stepped in unobtrusively and took a seat near the door. His attention was at once attracted to a young woman in the upper part of the room who presided at the melodeon. He saw that she was easily the leader among the half dozen persons forming the choir, although she was younger than most of them. They deferred to her and followed her lead as they sang the psalms and hymns of the time. Her capable hands fingered the keys of the instrument with firm and assured touch.

John Newcomb Finds the Ideal Woman

Our pilgrim's eyes did little roving, for was he not analyzing the young woman at the melodeon? She was of medium height and rather square build. The face was a perfect oval, with broad, high forehead, round and full in the upper portion. The brows were arching, and shaded large, soft eyes that looked black in the dim light. There was plenty of breadth between these eyes to assure broad views and sound judgment. The head was highest at the center and rounded smoothly to the back. The hair was a golden brown and fell in soft curls over her shoulders. The skin was white and delicate, but her cheek glowed with the rosy hue of perfect health.

In less than ten minutes the young man declared to himself, "There's my wife!"

No need to wait and see how she could keep house, or whether she fed dough to the horse; her whole bearing and personal appearance were sufficiently convincing. Added to all the rest, he knew, from the expression of the face and the contour of the chin and mouth, that here was his temperamental complement. Mischief could flash from those soft, big eyes, quick wit flow from the lips. She could be playful, but withal so dignified that no one could think her light or flippant.

After the services were concluded, Mr. Newcomb inquired of one of the young men who this girl was. "She is the eldest daughter of Squire Prince," was the reply.

Mr. Newcomb decided to remain in Moncton, make up a school, and lay siege to the heart of Squire Prince's eldest daughter, Emily. He soon learned that no teacher had been engaged for the coming season, and set himself to call upon all families with eligible children. There were five of school age in the family of Squire Prince, but that did not include his daughter Emily. Strategy and persuasion were necessary to convince the Squire that a girl of eighteen was not too old to go to school — age having more to do with the matter than attainments in those days. When Mr. Newcomb, as a last resort, mentioned that he would have a class in astronomy and ancient history, the battle was won, for the young woman was then on his side.

Reserved and dignified though these young people were, they could but find pleasure in each other's society. People who are temperamentally harmonious are always congenial. The young woman progressed rapidly in her chosen studies, and the schoolmaster thought it incumbent upon him to call at her house very frequently, to spend a long winter evening talking over the lessons of the day, and incidentally to engage her father in discussion of some problem in government or a question in science.

A year later John Newcomb found that he could make up a good school for another season. There were several young men who were studying navigation who wished to continue their

SIMON NEWCOMB AND MRS. NEWCOMB; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE work. At that time sailing the seas was the chief employment of men in the Maritime Provinces. Every young man with ambition had before him the choice of one of two careers, either of which made his eye gleam with excitement. One was to go to Boston. Boston was America to them. Once in Boston, no one at home ever knew just what he did, but, whatever it was, he was a grand success, and the eyes of children at home bulged with curiosity whenever a letter came from Boston. The other career of an aspiring young graduate from a log fireplace was that of sea captain. In that day captains were also the owners or part-owners of the vessels they sailed, and they were also their own merchants. Many of the captains made fortunes trading in far-away foreign ports on voyages that lasted one or even more years. To understand navigation was a necessity.

In addition to the school, Mr. Newcomb was asked to take the office of postmaster, just then made vacant. This he could easily do, as the school and the post-office could be conducted in the same building. Having thus assured himself of a permanent though varying income, young Newcomb thought the time had come when he might assume the responsibilities of a family. He must soon face Squire Prince with the momentous question.

John Newcomb Decides that His First-Born Son Shall Be an Astronomer

Naturally, Emily Prince had many suitors, and she was to her father as the apple of his eye. Her cheerfulness, her witticisms, puns, and rhymes, made her very attractive, while her skill and deftness in all household accomplishments made her a prize worthy of the best and most provident of men. She could card and spin wool to the finest thread, and knit the best shaped mittens or weave the most even cloth of any girl in the village. She could cook a dinner that made her father draw a deep breath of satisfaction, and her jellies were in great demand for the sick. While she knitted or embroidered, she talked astronomy and history. Surely a prize worthy of the best!

It took courage to approach the magistrate on matrimonial business where his daughter Emily was concerned. Nearly every eligible youth in the county had been routed by the Squire's clear-cut and decisive "No." What hope, then, for the schoolmaster?

At last the time, the place, and the man were met. Newcomb's question met with the usual answer, followed by, "Do you think I would let my daughter marry a wandering schoolteacher?"

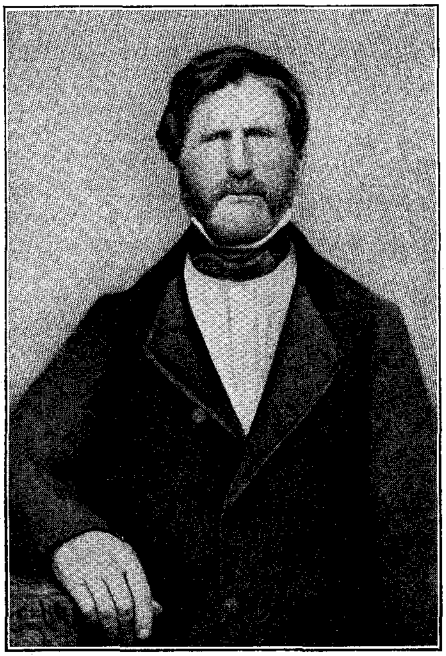
An Astronomical Courtship

The matter did not rest there, for, as time went on, the daughter became attorney-in-chief and pleaded her own cause with a father who loved her too well to deny her. The engagement was made public, and the time of the wedding was set for a year hence. "Now," thought the young man, "I have found my congenial mate by the rules laid down by the phrenologist, and I am going to put to test the theories of heredity put forth by the physiologist Combe. My first-born shall be an astronomer."

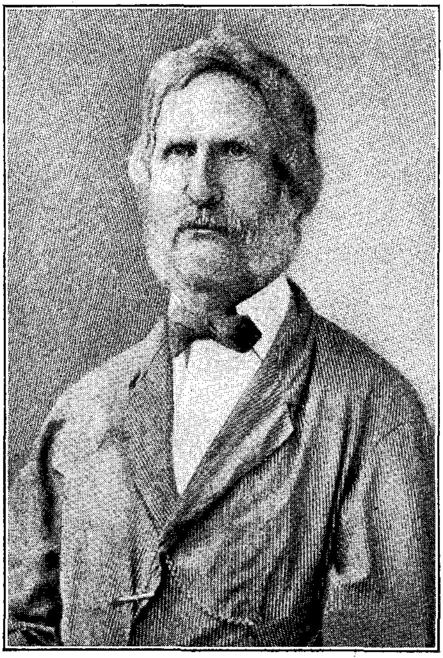
With this laudable end in view, he taught astronomy in his school, thoroughly filling the minds of his embryo navigators with astronomy. They went out in the evenings, throughout the year, gazing up at the constellations and repeating their names and descriptions until they would know them anywhere. To study those constellations on the other half of the globe they had maps, and the students diligently drew them and described them again and again, so that they would recognize them wherever they might be sailing. Newcomb talked astronomy with anybody who would listen to him. He gathered the people of the village together and lectured to them on astronomy and engaged them in discussions on the earth's movements. He ate, drank, talked, walked, slept, dreamed in terms of astronomy. He was steeped in astronomy.

Naturally, he also interested his bride-to-be in the same subject. During the winter there was much visiting of neighbors in the long evenings. Sometimes the distance between houses was a mile or more. The sleigh was not always brought into requisition, for our young couple enjoyed walking over the crisp snow, studying the stars as they went. The young man would discourse upon the wonders of the heavenly bodies and their immense distances from us and from each other; he called the constellations by name and rehearsed their mythological origin, and the young woman at his side became as enthusiastic as himself. As the winter constellations sparkled about them in all their dazzling glory, their minds were filled with awe, reverence, sublimity, grandeur, and aspiration. The music of the spheres sang itself in their ears, and their hearts responded.

People called John Newcomb a visionary and a wanderer, who lived with his feet on the earth and his head in the clouds, but they respected his uprightness, looked with awe upon his learning, and went to him for sympathy and help in their difficulties. The woman for whom he was so strangely led to search was as richly endowed



JOHN BURTON NEWCOMB, THE FATHER OF SIMON NEWCOMB



JOHN BURTON NEWCOMB AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SEVEN

as himself, but with different qualities; she was in full accord with all his views, and they lived in the harmony that always accompanies congenial temperaments. Physically and mentally they were the complement of each other. These two temperaments were merged most harmoniously in the first child that resulted from their union.

The other children, of whom there were six, were indeed of more harmonious temperaments than either of their parents; but there was not conferred upon them the power of intense concentration which was inherited by the first. In this one there would seem to have been brought to a focus all the energy that had been accumulating perhaps for generations, but especially for all the years of his parents' lives.

A glimpse at the physical make-up of Simon Newcomb shows him to have been a man of medium height, well rounded rather than thin. He had a fair, ruddy skin, dark brown hair and beard, and large, full eyes far apart and of such depth of blue that in the shadow they seemed black. The head was massive and solid, well developed in every way. The entire physique indicated great power of endurance and capacity for rapid recuperation after long-continued exertion, either mental or physical. He inherited the slender musculature of the father, with the stocky and nutrient make-up of the mother. Hence his gracefully rounded body and limbs. His height, though greater than that of his mother, was less than his father's.

When John Newcomb started out on his pilgrimage he was looking not only for a wife, but for the mother of his children. Never did any other man study so conscientiously his own physical characteristics and so logically determine just what qualities must be in the make-up of his life partner. He firmly believed that the best service he could perform for the world was to leave behind him citizens who should be physically as nearly perfect as possible, with good constitutions, well-balanced intellects, and firm moral characters. He noted his own imperfections or deviations from the "perfect man" (such as the feminine sloping shoulders and slender hands), and decided that his wife, the mother-to-be, should be possessed of certain so-called masculine qualities, such as square shoulders, breadth of temples, etc., that were lacking in himself. Thus the offspring of such a union would be more harmonious individuals, physically and mentally, than either parent. The result justified his decision. Of his seven children, all were physically perfect and possessed of great powers of endurance. Simon Newcomb worked, not like an avalanche, but like a glacier, slowly, steadily, irresistibly, disregarding all the laws of health, yet he lived to the age of seventy-four in full mental vigor.

THE UNFINISHED STORY

BY

O. HENRY

REPRINTED FROM McCLURE'S FOR AUGUST, 1905

FIVE years ago "The Unfinished Story" was first published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It was one of the first of the remarkable studies of New York life by which the name of "O. Henry" will live. This number of McCLURE'S begins a series of articles upon women wage-earners in New York. "The Unfinished Story" is here republished because it presents with vividness and sympathy and wonderful art some of the hard conditions that confront the self-supporting working-girls in a great city.

WE no longer groan and heap ashes upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned. For even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium, or ether, or some scientific compound, and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis; but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination, and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams; and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses; and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme — chosen with apologies and regrets instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles, and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop — an angel policeman — flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are ——"

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department-store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G —— Oh! primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor — well, then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid five dollars per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well; probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on six dollars per week.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hat-pin within an eighth of an inch of her *medulla oblongata*, she said to her chum, Sadie — the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sade, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they [illegible] swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's — real life's — approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had fifty cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing — calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odored petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap, and bought an imitation lace collar with her fifty cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise — fifteen cents for supper, ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch; another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and five cents was to be squandered for licorice drops — the kind that make your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The licorice was an extravagance — almost a carouse — but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding-house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room — the third floor back in a West Side brownstone-front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas-burners; and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth-candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair — of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's. On the dresser were her treasures — a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish, and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon. Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster-of-Paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-colored child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week-days her breakfast cost ten cents; she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant, at a cost of twenty-five cents — and tipped the waitress ten cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance. She had her lunches in the department-store restaurant at a cost of sixty cents for the week; dinners were $1.05. The evening papers — show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper! — came to six cents; and two Sunday papers — one for the personal column and the other to read — were ten cents. The total amounts to $4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes and ——

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in fabrics, and of miracles performed with needle and thread; but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobby-horses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him, an undeserved stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. The words-of-three-letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat, and the magnanimity of a cat. . . . He wore expensive clothes; and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shop-girl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea. He hung about the shopping districts, and prowled around in department-stores with his invitations to dinner. Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon him. He is a type: I can dwell upon him no longer; my pen is not the kind intended for him; I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror.

The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but-slightly-soiled gloves — all representing self-denial, even of food itself — were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful, and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There would be a grand dinner, and music, and splendidly dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again. There was a blue pongee suit in a window that she knew; by saving twenty cents a week instead of ten, in — let's see — oh, it would run into years! But there was a second-hand store in Seventh Avenue where ——

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

"A gentleman's downstairs to see you," she said. "Name is Mr. Wiggins."

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief; and then she stopped still, and bit her under lip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself, a princess, just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes — the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful mustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house sometime, and ask for her, with his sword clanking against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post, she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan, leading his army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

When her cry was over, Dulcie got up and took off her best dress, and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. And after that was attended to, she drew up a chair to the rickety table, and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid, impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At nine o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk, and had a feast. She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker; but he only looked at her as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly — if there are butterflies in the desert.

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on six dollars a week."

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable; for she had always thought he was Henry VIII., and she did not approve of him.

At half past nine Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light, and skipped into bed. It is an awful thing to go to bed with a good-night look at General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story really doesn't get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later — sometime when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way; and then ——

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working-girls, and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

WHAT IRELAND WANTS

BY

JOHN E. REDMOND

A STATEMENT OF IRELAND'S DEMANDS FOR HOME RULE BY THE LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY IN PARLIAMENT

OVER thirty years have passed since the late Mr. Isaac Butt first used the words "Home Rule" as a definition of the Irish National demand. Ever since then, on the platform and in the press, as well as on the floor of the House of Commons, able men have been engaged incessantly in the task of explaining to the world "what Ireland wants." Notwithstanding all these years of labor, it must unfortunately be admitted that, to this hour, there is much doubt and uncertainty as to what the real demand of Ireland is — and this doubt and uncertainty constitute one of the most formidable obstacles in the path of Home Rule.

"What Ireland wants" is really so reasonable, so moderate, so commonplace, in view of the experience of the nations, and especially of the British Empire, that, once it is understood, all the fears and arguments of honest opponents must vanish into thin air.

What Ireland wants is the restoration of responsible government, neither more nor less. The Irish demand is, in plain and popular language, that the government of every purely Irish affair shall be controlled by the public opinion of Ireland, and by that alone. We do not seek any alteration of the constitution or supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. We ask merely to be permitted to take our place in the ranks of those other portions of the British Empire — some twenty-eight in number —which, in their own purely local affairs, are governed by free representative institutions of their own.

This moderate, even modest demand has its root alike in historic title and in the utter and disastrous failure of the attempt since 1800 to govern Irish affairs by a British majority at Westminster. Historic title may count for little nowadays against superior force, but it is a potent influence in the hearts of Irishmen, and accounts for the passionate enthusiasm which has enabled them, in spite of suffering and disasters perhaps unparalleled in history, to preserve unimpaired the sentiment of their distinct and separate nationality.

Ireland's Fight for Her Parliament

What is Ireland's historic title? The Irish Parliament was almost coeval with and absolutely coördinate with the Parliament of England. The first Irish Parliament of which we have any authentic records sat in 1295, and from 1295 until 1495 that Parliament was absolutely supreme, a sovereign Parliament, and no law made in England was binding in Ireland; and although in 1495 what was known as Poynings' Law was passed, which provided that the heads of all bills to be introduced into the Irish Parliament were first to be approved by the King and Privy Council of England, still that law was an Irish law passed by an Irish Parliament, and did not sacrifice the independence of the Irish Parliament or recognize England's right to make laws for Ireland. It reserved a coördinate authority with the English Parliament, and this condition remained unbroken and unquestioned until the reign of George I., and then, in 1719, an English act was passed which enacted that the English Parliament had the power to make laws for Ireland. That act was always resisted, and Ireland never for one hour ceased to protest against it, until at last, in 1782, the freedom of the Irish Parliament was obtained by the great measure which Grattan, backed by the Irish Volunteers, passed into law. The Act of George I. was repealed, and the English Act of the 23d of George III., Chapter 28, solemnly declared as follows:

"Be it enacted that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom in all cases whatsoever, shall be, and is hereby declared and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable."

Eighteen years after that solemn declaration it was disregarded, and the Irish Parliament, which lasted for five hundred years, was destroyed by the Act of Union.

Mr. Lecky, in the second volume of his History, says:

"The sacrifice of Nationality was extorted by the most enormous corruption in the history of representative institutions. It was demanded by no considerable portion of the Irish people, it was effected without a dissolution, in opposition to the overwhelming majority of the representatives of the counties and considerable towns, and to innumerable addresses from all parts of the country. The Union was a crime of deepest turpitude, which by imposing with every circumstance of infamy a new form of government on a reluctant and protesting nation has vitiated the whole cause of Irish opinion."

Lord Grey, speaking after the Union in England, pointed out that there were 300 members in the Irish Parliament. Of that number 120 members strongly opposed the Union and 162 voted in favor of it; and of those 162, 116 were placemen in the pay of the English Government. From that day to this Ireland has never ceased to protest against the usurpation of the government of Ireland by the English Parliament. She has never ceased to protest, according to the circumstances and the opportunities of the moment.

She has protested by armed insurrection. She has protested by never-ending agitation. She has protested by her representatives in the British Parliament. And her protest was never louder than to-day.

England's Failure to Govern Ireland

This is Ireland's historic title to self-government. Her demand, however, also has its root in the failure of England to govern her — a failure admitted by men of all parties, and, indeed, incapable of denial in face of the patent facts of the case.

Let me apply a few tests to the government of Ireland since the Union of 1800.

What greater test of good government is to be found than the test of population? In Ireland since 1841 the population has diminished by fifty per cent. In 1845 Ireland had three times as many people as Scotland and half as many as England. In fact, Ireland had one third of the whole population of the United Kingdom. In sixty years her population has gone down by four million. Ninety per cent of those who left her shores were between the ages of ten and forty-five.

Take the test of civil liberty. There has been a Coercion Act for every year since the Union, and even at this moment there is in existence on the statute-book a special law applicable to Ireland alone, which enables the Lord Lieutenant, without any check whatever upon his arbitrary will, to suspend trial by jury, personal liberty, freedom of discussion, and the right of public meeting all over the country. There have been since the Union three armed insurrections, and to-day admittedly the overwhelming mass of the people are thoroughly disaffected to the system of government under which they are compelled to live.

The industrial prosperity of Ireland has rapidly declined. Under Grattan's Parliament, Irish industries flourished. Miss Murray, in her "History of the Commercial and Financial Relations between England and Ireland," —a most valuable and remarkable book,— says:

"The Irish Commons did much to foster new prosperity. They could not spend huge sums of money like England in promoting trades and manufactures, but the sums they did spend were wisely allotted. The industrial aspect of Ireland rapidly changed. Ruined factories sprang into life and new ones were built; the old corn-mills, which had ceased working so long, were everywhere busy; the population of the towns began to increase, the standard of living among the artisan class rose; and even the condition of the peasantry changed slightly for the better. Dublin, instead of being sunk in decay, assumed the appearance of a thriving town. In fact, the independent Irish legislature set itself to promote the material prosperity of the country in every possible way, and there is no doubt its efforts had much to say to the really surprising commercial progress which was made from 1780 until the years immediately preceding the Union. The Irish fisheries became the envy and admiration of Great Britain, and agriculture increased rapidly. Various manufactures in Ireland began to thrive; the manufacture of hats, of boots and shoes, of candles and soap, of blankets and carpets, of woollens, of printed cottons and fustians, of tabinets and of glass, all sprang into importance, while the linen manufacture, which had decayed during the American War, quickly revived, and in ten years the exports of various kinds of linen doubled."

The Union a Death-Blow to Irish Industry

All this upward movement was checked the moment the Union was carried. The tide turned, and it has been on the ebb ever since. The report of the last Census Commission for Ireland contains the following paragraph:

"The number of persons engaged in Ireland in the production and distribution of textile fabrics has fallen away very considerably during the past thirty years. The totals recorded were, for 1871, 193,864, and for 1881, 129,787. In 1891 there was practically no change at 129,884, but in 1901 the numbers employed had fallen to 109,588. Referring to the returns for the later year, the Commissioners observe:

"In this marked decline of over fifteen and a half per cent, the males diminished by 8,864 and the females to the extent of 11,432. Looking at the principal textile manufactures, we find that by far the most important industry in the country, viz., the flax and linen industry, has lost over 17,000, nearly one fifth of its workers, while those employed in the manufacture of woollen goods have suffered a corresponding reduction."

Education admittedly is fifty per cent below the standard of every European nation. The taxation of the country per head of the population has doubled in fifty years, and by universal admission the civil government of the country is the most costly in Europe.

The total civil government of Scotland (with practically the same population) was in 1906 £2,477,000, or $12,385,000. The cost of similar government in the same year in Ireland was £4,547,000, or $22,735,000. Ireland's judicial system costs £200,000, or $1,000,000, a year more than the Scotch. The Irish police costs exactly three times what the police of Scotland costs. The number of officials in Scotland is 963, with salaries amounting to £311,000, or $1,555,000. The number of officials in Ireland is 4,539, with salaries amounting to £1,412,520, or $7,062,600. Per head of the population, the cost of the present government of Ireland is twice that of England, and is far higher than that of Norway, Holland, France, Denmark, Portugal, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Germany, or Russia. In other words, Ireland, probably the poorest country in Europe, pays more for her government than any other nation. The secret of the inefficiency and the extravagance is identical, namely, the fact that it is a government not based upon the consent but maintained in actual opposition to the will of the governed.

The Hated English Poor Law

Let me give a remarkable and, indeed, dramatic example of the kind of misgovernment under which Ireland suffers as a consequence of the present system.

I know of no more pressing need in Ireland to-day than the reform of our Poor Law system. I know of no reform upon which all classes and creeds in Ireland are more united. That system is extravagant, inefficient, and demoralizing. The cost is enormous. The last figures that we have show that the cost was £1,248,496 ($6,242,480), or, in other words, at the rate of 5*s* 8*d* ($1.25) per head of the whole population.

There are, in the thirty-two counties of Ireland, one hundred and fifty-nine unions — one hundred and fifty-nine workhouses — and there are inmates in these workhouses numbering 45,195, inmates of all kinds and descriptions. Now, within these workhouses all sorts and kinds of inmates are crowded together under the same roof — the sick, the aged and infirm, children, the helpless mothers of young children, the insane, the casuals and tramps, and other able-bodied paupers — all crowded together in the same institution, and all tainted more or less with the hateful stigma of the workhouse pauper. So far as the larger number of those inmates are concerned, that is a horrible outrage. By far the larger number are the sick, the aged and infirm, and the children, on all of whom it is an outrage and a disgrace to our civilization that any taint of the workhouse should be put; and, of the whole number of 45,195 in 1905, there were only 4,667 who might be described as casuals or tramps, or able-bodied paupers whose admission was due to destitution, or to such idleness and laziness as led to destitution.

Therefore, only between a ninth and a tenth of all the inmates of these workhouses come from classes similar to those for whom the workhouse system was first founded in England. It is an outrage and a disgrace that the stigma which rightly attaches to one ninth or one tenth of the number of inmates should be extended to the sick poor, to the aged and infirm, and to the innocent children who are herded into these institutions. The poor Irishman or -woman would almost sooner die of starvation or disease than go into the Irish workhouses. The system is unsuited to Ireland. It is extravagant, it is demoralizing, and it is hated by the Irish people.

Why the Workhouse System Was an Oppressive Measure

This workhouse system was invented in England and for England. It was devised to meet cases where there was plenty of employment to be got, but where the people would not work. The English Royal Commission of 1834 declared that the pauperism with which this English Poor Law had to deal originated "in indolence, improvidence, vice, and a refusal to work." But Ireland's case has always been quite different. In Ireland the problem is this: that the people are willing to work — in the old days, for a penny or twopence a day — but no work could be got for them. This English system, unsuitable to Ireland, has been at work in Ireland since 1838, over seventy years. Its failure is admitted to-day by all classes and creeds.

How came this system to be forced upon Ireland at all? Ireland had no responsibility for it. Ireland opposed it at the time by every means in her power. All classes, all politics, all creeds united in saying they would not have the English workhouse system. O'Connell and the Castlereagh of that day joined hands for the first and last time on an Irish question in opposing the introduction of the English workhouse system into Ireland. It was forced on us. It is the product of British rule.

In 1833 an Irish Royal Commission was appointed to consider whether the English system should be extended to Ireland or not. That Commission consisted of ten representative Irishmen, representing all classes and creeds. The Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin were both members of the Commission. The Chairman of the Commission was the Most Rev. Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. That Commission sat for three years. It reported unanimously that the English workhouse system was quite unsuitable to Ireland, and that the laboring classes in this country were eager for work, but that no work could be had for them, and that, in their judgment, decent poor people in Ireland would endure untold misery sooner than go into these workhouses, if they were forced upon the country; and, in place of the English system, they made two recommendations for dealing with the poverty of Ireland. The first was the setting on foot of various schemes to develop the industrial resources of the country and to create employment for the people. The second was a compulsory provision for the sick poor, aged and infirm, and all the different classes, in separate institutions in different parts of the country. Their recommendations about the development of the resources of Ireland were, in the light of the history of the last seventy years, most extraordinary.

This Commission reported unanimously against forcing the workhouse system on to Ireland. Yet the British Government thought they knew better than this Irish Commission, and Lord John Russell, who was then the Home Secretary, as soon as he received the report of this Royal Commission, sent over here an English Poor Law Commissioner named Nicholls. Nicholls had never been in Ireland before. He spent six weeks in traveling over the country, and he went back to Parliament and reported that the Irish Royal Commissions were all wrong, that the Irish people did not understand the question, and that the one thing that was suitable to Ireland was the English workhouse system; and immediately afterward the Government threw the report of the Irish Commission into the fire, and they at once introduced into Parliament a bill to force upon us this English system. The bill was vigorously opposed. O'Connell again and again denounced it, in Parliament and out of it. The Castlereagh of that day joined hands with O'Connell in protesting against this bill. The grand juries of the country all protested against it. Great public meetings were held throughout Ireland, and petitions against the bill poured in upon the House of Commons, and it seemed as if the public opinion of all Ireland was unanimous in opposition to it. It was all of no avail. England thought she knew what was good for Ireland better than we did ourselves. Irish public opinion was overborne, and this hateful system was thus forced upon Ireland.

Now, seventy years afterward, a new Viceregal Commission, appointed by the present Government, reports exactly as the original one did, calling for the development of Irish industries, declaring that the English Poor Law was unsuitable to Ireland, and that it had been a failure during all the years that had passed. If this case stood alone, would it not be conclusive as an argument against British rule in Ireland, and in favor of Home Rule?

Here, then, we have a government tested by the experience of a century, and proved, by every standard of criticism, absolutely incapable of fulfilling its most elementary duties, at once the most inefficient and costly of any country in Europe.

Ireland's demand for a change thus has its root not only in historic title, but also in England's failure.

The Beginning of the Home Rule Movement

All this is practically admitted by English political parties to-day. The great outstanding issue really is what remedy will remove the evil, what will satisfy the Irish people, or, in other words, what exactly does Ireland want.

O'Connell demanded Repeal of the Union.

Isaac Butt, in 1873, proposed a Federal Union. This was in substance accepted by Parnell and Gladstone in 1886, and remains the demand of the Irish National party to this moment.

The Home Rule Conference in 1873, under the presidency of Isaac Butt, formulated their demand in the following resolutions:

"That, in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defense and stability of the Empire at large; as well as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes.

"That such an arrangement does not involve any change in the existing constitution of the Imperial Parliament, or any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown or disturbance of the principles of the Constitution.

"That, to secure to the Irish people the advantages of constitutional government, it is essential that there should be in Ireland an administration for Irish affairs, controlled, according to constitutional principles, by the Irish Parliament, and conducted by ministers constitutionally responsible to that Parliament.

"That, in the opinion of this Conference, a Federal arrangement, based upon these principles, would consolidate the strength and maintain the integrity of the Empire, and add to the dignity and power of the Imperial Crown.

"That, while we believe that in an Irish Parliament the rights and liberties of all classes of our countrymen would find their best and surest protection, we are willing that there should be incorporated in the Federal Constitution articles supplying the amplest guaranties that no change should be made by that Parliament in the present settlement of property in Ireland, and that no legislation should be adopted to establish any religious ascendancy in Ireland, or to subject any person to disabilities on account of his religious opinions."

It will thus be observed that O'Connell's demand for a simple Repeal of the Union, which meant the revival of the Sovereign Coördinate Parliament of Grattan, was given up in favor of the creation of a Statutory Subordinate Parliament, leaving the supremacy of the present Imperial Parliament untouched, such subordinate Parliament to be invested with strictly limited powers over purely Irish local affairs, as in the case of the numerous local parliaments which already exist within the British Empire.

In 1886 Parnell, speaking for Ireland, explicitly accepted the offer of a subordinate Parliament.

Gladstone's Efforts to Secure a Subordinate Parliament for Ireland

Mr. Gladstone's proposal in 1886 was to establish a subordinate Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive for the management and control of Irish affairs, reserving to the Imperial Parliament the following subjects: the Crown, peace or war, the army, navy, militia, volunteers, defense, etc., foreign and colonial relations, dignities, titles of honor, treason, trade, post-office, coinage. Besides these exceptions, the Irish Parliament was forbidden to make any laws respecting (*inter alia*) the endowment of religion, or in restraint of educational freedom, or relating to the customs or excise.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police were to remain under Imperial control for two years, and the Royal Irish Constabulary for an indefinite period; but, eventually, all the Irish police were to be handed over to the Irish Parliament. Ireland's contribution to the Imperial revenue was to be in proportion of one fifteenth to the whole. All constitutional questions relating to the power of the Irish Parliament were to be submitted to the Judicial Committee of the English Privy Council. The Irish Members were to be excluded from the Imperial Parliament.

In 1893 Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill, the chief difference between it and his first one being that he proposed to retain Irish Members at Westminster. On this point Ireland is willing to accept whichever alternative England prefers.

Parnell, in the House of Commons, clearly stated Ireland's position. He said:

"We have always known, since the introduction of this bill, the difference between a coördinate and a subordinate Parliament, and we have recognized that the Legislature which the Prime Minister proposes to constitute is a subordinate Parliament. . . . Undoubtedly I should have preferred . . . the restitution of Grattan's Parliament; . . . but I consider that there are practical advantages connected with the proposed statutory body, limited and subordinate to this Imperial Parliament as it undoubtedly will be, which will render it much more useful and advantageous to the Irish people than was Grattan's Parliament."

He went on to define what he meant by the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament:

"I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to be this: that they can interfere in the event of the powers which are conferred by this bill being abused under certain circumstances. But the Nationalists, in accepting this bill, go, as I think, under an honorable understanding not to abuse these powers; and we pledge ourselves in that respect for the Irish people, as far as we can pledge ourselves, not to abuse those powers, and to devote our energies and our influences . . . to prevent those powers being abused.

"The Imperial Parliament will have at command the force which it reserves to itself, and it will be ready to intervene, but only in the case of grave necessity arising."

Finally, he made it clear that he spoke for Ireland:

"I believe that this is by far the best mode in which we can hope to settle this question. We look upon the provisions of this bill as a final settlement of the question, and I believe that the Irish people have accepted it as such a settlement."

The position of Ireland has not changed since then. Her demand is clearly set forth in the resolution moved by me, and accepted by the House of Commons by 313 votes to 157, on March 30, 1908, to the following effect:

"That the present system of government in Ireland is in opposition to the will of the Irish people and gives them no voice in the management of their own affairs; that the system is consequently inefficient and extravagantly costly; that it does not enjoy the confidence of any section of the population; that it is productive of universal discontent and unrest, and is incapable of satisfactorily promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people; that the reform of Irish government is a matter vital to the interests of Ireland, and calculated greatly to promote the well-being of the people of Great Britain; and, in the opinion of this House, the solution of this problem can be obtained only by giving to the Irish people the legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs, subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament."

What an Irish Parliament Would Mean to Ireland

Here, then, is "what Ireland wants"; "Legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs, subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament."

In other words, we want an Irish Parliament, with an Executive responsible to it, created by act of the Imperial Parliament, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs (land, education, local government, transit, labor, industries, taxation for local purposes, law and justice, police, etc.), leaving to the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would probably continue to be represented, but in smaller numbers, the management, just as at present, of all Imperial affairs — army, navy, foreign relations, customs, Imperial taxation, matters pertaining to the Crown, the colonies, and all those other questions which are Imperial and not local in their nature, the Imperial Parliament also retaining an overriding supreme authority over the new Irish legislature, such as it possesses to-day over the various legislatures in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other portions of the Empire.

This is "what Ireland wants." When she has obtained it, a new era of prosperity and contentment will arise. As happened when Lord Durham's policy was carried out in Canada, men of different races and creeds will join hands to promote the well-being of their common country. Responsibility, thrown for the first time for over a century upon the people, will have the same effect in Ireland as elsewhere. Trust in the people will effect as startling and dramatic a transformation of feeling and sentiment in Ireland as in South Africa. Those of us who have been struggling in this cause for thirty years are thankful to feel that at last the fighting is practically over, and that all that remains is to settle the exact terms on which the Treaty of Peace is to be drawn up.

Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor will arrive in New York the 21st of September to give a series of lectures in favor of Irish Home Rule.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE FERRER TRIAL

IN January, 1910, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, dealing with the court martial and execution of Ferrer, the Spanish radical. This article was construed by large numbers of Roman Catholics in England and in America as an attack upon the Roman Catholic religion, and hundreds of letters were received by the magazine protesting against its action in publishing Mr. Gibbon's article. We herewith print several of the letters from Roman Catholic organizations, Mr. Gibbon's reply thereto, and also the official and authorized statement of the American Catholic's view of the Ferrer case by Andrew J. Shipman, who was suggested by Anthony Matré, Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, as a man qualified to present their views.

Since the publication of Mr. Gibbon's article, the anti-clerical movement in Spain has assumed such overwhelming proportions as to give the Ferrer case an importance which it has never had before. Early this spring, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE commissioned Mr. William Archer, the English critic, to go to Spain and make a full investigation and to study anew the whole case and the evidence which had been brought to light since Mr. Gibbon's article was written.

The first of Mr. Archer's articles, entitled "The Life, the Trial, and Death of Ferrer," based upon a thorough study of the great mass of books and pamphlets published on the trial and the six-day debate in the Spanish Parliament, and upon interviews with many friends and enemies of Ferrer, will be published in the November number of McCLURE'S.

Letter from the American Federation of Catholic Societies

To the Editor:

In the January number of your magazine for the current year, on page 327, appears an article entitled "The Ferrer Trial — An Account of the Court Martial and Execution of Ferrer, the Spanish Radical," by Perceval Gibbon. This article is so false in both what it states and what it conceals, and is so permeated with a spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church, that we feel called upon to protest, on behalf of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, against your action in publishing it.

Your magazine has a wide circulation both among Catholics and non-Catholics, and the public has a right to assume that articles treating of such events as the Ferrer trial will at least aim at fairness. We are at a loss to understand how your editor could have permitted Mr. Gibbon's article to appear. The impression conveyed by it is that Ferrer was a harmless enthusiast, actuated in the main by a noble-hearted purpose to reform intolerable abuses of Church and State in Spain. His private immoralities are glossed over; the circumstances of his trial are stated with such an artful suppression of some facts and such an insistence upon some others as to convey a false impression, which the author must have known to be false if he was at all familiar with what he was writing about.

If you will take pains to examine the record of the trial, you will find that it was held openly before a court martial convened under lawful military authority, in a district of Spain lately the scene of outrage, arson, and the worst forms of mob violence, for the trial of participants and ring-leaders of the movement, in a court-room containing one hundred to one hundred and fifty spectators, several of them newspaper men, as the photographs show, after an examination of fifteen witnesses, three of whom swore that they saw Ferrer taking part in the riots, the others all agreeing that he incited his followers to anarchy and bloodshed. The documents found in his quarters leave no room for doubt about this.

No sooner was he executed than, by a concerted movement, influences hostile to the Catholic Church throughout the world sought, by misrepresentation, to convey the impression that the Church's influence had caused the Spanish authorities to commit a judicial murder. So far were they successful that in Rome, Paris, London, and even in our own country, indignation meetings were held and strenuous resolutions were adopted denouncing this supposed iniquity. So successful was this nefarious plot that even such an organization as the American Federation of Labor, a large proportion of whose members are Catholics, permitted itself to adopt resolutions denouncing the action of the Spanish Government.

While these events are greatly to be deplored, and should teach a lesson to the public to withhold its judgment until the cooler, calmer second thought, based upon an actual knowledge of all the facts, can regulate and subdue passion and prejudice, we think it much more to be deplored that, when all of the facts are known or can easily be ascertained, a popular magazine like yours should lend its columns to such a treacherous, false, deceiving article as that which Mr. Gibbon has contributed and you have disseminated.

We should be glad to acquit you of conscious blame for the wrong you have done to the greatest conservative influence now existing in the world, to which we owe allegiance as the center of truth and the supernatural expositor of justice and right, but to do so we must assume that you have been guilty of a carelessness difficult to understand. When the article came to your editor, he could readily have ascertained that the Church had nothing whatsoever to do with the trial and execution of Ferrer; that, on the contrary, the sympathies of the Pope were extended even to this wretched enemy, and, following the example of his Divine Master, he would, if possible, have obtained mercy for him. The editor could easily have ascertained the circumstances that made the declaration of martial law in Barcelona absolutely necessary for the Spanish Government. He could easily have ascertained that, instead of being a hurried and unfair trial conducted in secrecy, it was open, fair, and deliberate. But he did none of these things, or, if he did, the measure of your culpability is even greater than we think it to be.

We are the representatives of many hundreds of thousands of American Catholics, a large proportion of whom either advertise in or read your magazine. We do not wish to appeal to the lower motives of self-interest in demanding of you a correction or an apology for Mr. Gibbon's article; we prefer to appeal to your sense of self-respect in requiring a categorical correction of this article and an expression of regret that it has been published.

Respectfully yours,
Edward Feeney, Brooklyn,
President.
Anthony Matré, St. Louis,
National Secretary.
Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago
Chairman Executive Board, A. F. C. S.

Letter from the President of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Philadelphia

To the Editor:

I feel that I am within the bounds of truth when I state that your able magazine is patronized and supported by people who love their country and who are earnest advocates of law, order, and religion. I have for years read your publication, and cannot recall any contribution in the past which would cause a prudent parent to exclude it from the home circle.

With this past experience before me, I was surprised and indignant when I read in your January number an article entitled "The Ferrer Trial" by Perceval Gibbon.

The reports of the trial of Ferrer as furnished by Spanish and German newspapers and the official report of the Spanish Government will satisfy any impartial person that the trial was conducted with the utmost fairness in accordance with the laws of Spain; and the procedure and methods were such as had been used in past years for the trial of thousands of other Spaniards.

Barcelona, for the time being, was in the throes of what promised to be a serious revolution, and the city for the time was under military rule. The law under which Ferrer was tried was passed by the influence of the present Minister of War, a member of the Liberal Cabinet. The new Minister, when asked what he had to say regarding the execution of Ferrer, replied that the only fault his party had to find with the Conservative party (which Mr. Gibbon calls the "clericals") was that they had delayed so long in apprehending, trying, and punishing the anarchistic leader, and that Ferrer had been treated with too much indulgence, considering his crimes against the State and society in general and the outrages which he instigated.

After all the clamor raised by the foes of law, order, and religion had subsided, conservative people, the world over, have recognized that Ferrer richly deserved the punishment meted out to him.

The continued discussion of the fairness of his trial, while not useful, may be harmless, but the exploitation of him in the pages of a respectable American magazine as a "martyr" in a noble cause, and the therein more than implied approval of his work and his doctrines, is grossly misleading and fraught with danger to the community.

With the money bequeathed to him by a confiding woman to establish Catholic schools, Ferrer founded his so-called secular schools, the objects of which, as stated by himself and quoted by Mr. Gibbon, were as follows: "To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism, and to prepare their minds for the social revolution."

The mottoes which were hung around the walls of these schools were of this character: "All religion is a falsehood." "The King is a wild beast who should be destroyed." "The flag of a nation is a rag."

A circular found among Ferrer's papers sets forth in lurid style the purposes of this noble "martyr." It ran as follows:

"Abolition of all existing laws; expulsion or extermination of religious communities; dissolution of the civil authorities, army and navy; demolition of the churches; confiscation of the Bank of Spain and of the property of such persons, civil or military, who have held office in Spain or its lost colonies; immediate imprisonment of each of them until they prove their innocence or are executed; confiscation of railroads and all banks of credit; absolute prevention of escape from Spain of all persons who have held public office, even without their property."

Annexed to this was a formula for manufacturing dynamite.

And yet, your Mr. Gibbon sees in Ferrer nothing worse than a harmless fanatic.

Wherein is the difference in guilt between Ferrer and the anarchistic orators whose incendiary language led to the Haymarket outrage in Chicago twenty-five years ago, and whom the authorities of our country hanged?

Anarchists speak of these men as the "Haymarket martyrs," and anarchists and their sympathizers will speak of Ferrer as a martyr.

It was the teachings of anarchy which prompted the brain and guided the hand of the ignorant Czolgosz to assassinate President McKinley.

A full examination of the facts concerning the Barcelona riots shows that it was not, as at first represented, a revolt against Church and State, but that it was a preconcerted rising of anarchists, pure and simple, who were after loot and plunder.

They started to plunder banks, public buildings, and business places, but, finding the heart of the city well guarded by police and soldiers, the pupils of Ferrer turned their attention to churches, convents, hospitals, and schools, away from the central portion of the city and which because of the scarcity of troops were left unguarded. Even these were left severely alone where there were a few men prepared to defend them, but wherever there was a building occupied by women and children these brave followers of Ferrer destroyed, looted, pillaged, and killed.

Mr. Gibbon actually finds excuse for the destruction of churches and religious institutions and the killing of defenseless priests and nuns by the anarchists, whom he mildly calls "anti-clericals," in the facts, as stated by him, that the clericals are so numerous and that they endeavor to support their institutions, conducted for the betterment, physical and spiritual, of their fellow men, by laboring and engaging in business.

And Mr. Gibbon thinks with the anarchists that those who have put on the livery of the Lord should not be permitted to earn their livelihood. You have a number of religious institutions in New York, the clerical members of which save the State millions of dollars by providing for, teaching, and training the unfortunate, the ignorant, the homeless and the fatherless, and who, because the charity of the laity is not sufficiently great to pay the expenses thereof, also labor and barter to provide the wherewithal to supply the necessities of their fellow men. I can recall especially one such institution in Philadelphia, the House of the Good Shepherd, which saves yearly hundreds of women and girls from going to the gutter, and which largely supports its charges by conducting a large laundry.

Any man who has a shred of manliness would exclaim, "God bless such men and women!" But Mr. Gibbon deems their work a sufficient excuse for the destruction of their homes and the assassination of the inmates by the anarchists.

Mr. Editor, you cannot be ignorant of the fact that the doctrines of communism, of radical socialism, and of anarchy are spreading over the face of the civilized world and daily finding more advocates. Their missionaries are carrying on an industrious propaganda of destructive education. You would not, I know, publish an article plainly advocating the doctrines of anarchy; and yet, no such article would have the injurious effect that this contribution by Mr. Gibbon will have.

"Ferrer the martyr." God forbid! Ferrer, whose life-work was to teach the children that all religion and all government was a lie, that the constituted head of the Government was a wild beast and should be destroyed!

Mr. Gibbon is so obsessed with his admiration of Ferrer, the anarchist, that he touches lightly upon what decent men consider vital. "He led an irregular life, but not, as has been charged against him, a loose one." The facts — and Mr. Gibbon does or should know them — are these: He deserted his wife and children in Paris, left them to work or starve, and lived in

Spain with a mistress, a woman younger than his eldest daughter. He left his mistress well provided for, but made no provision for his legitimate wife and children.

The only charitable conclusion one may draw concerning his article is that Gibbon, the novelist, forgot that he was not writing a romance, but a statement of stern, terrible realities; and that he further forgot that it would be mischievous and criminal if he did not write truthfully and honestly.

Mr. Editor, these are not matters to be treated lightly or to be temporized with. The safeguarding of home, property, life, and country demand that every self-respecting, sane citizen shall not, by word or act, harbor, encourage, or tolerate, in the smallest particular, any one or anything tainted with anarchy.

I ask — and I ask with confidence — that my request will promptly be granted; that you will make public disavowal and repudiation of the misstatements and pernicious views contained in the article of Mr. Gibbon.

Yours sincerely,
S. Edwin Megargee.
Office of the President, 502 Walnut Street.

Letter from the Catholic Church Extension Society of America

Chicago, Ill., February 12, 1910.

To the Editor:

The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America protests most strenuously against your article by Perceval Gibbon on "An Account of the Court Martial and Execution of Ferrer, the Spanish Radical." We consider it most unfair to the Catholic Church.

We do not, by any means, believe we have a right to dictate what you should print; but the eighty thousand members of this Society, all of whom are Catholics, certainly have a right to be protected from insult.

Respectfully yours,
Francis X. Kelley,
President.

Letter from Ancient Order of Hibernians

Neponset, Mass., February 17, 1910.

To the Editor:

In the January number of your magazine for the current year, on page 327, appears an article entitled "The Ferrer Trial." This article is very offensive to those of the Catholic faith, as it is permeated with a spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church. Therefore, it becomes my duty, as the executive head of a Catholic organization with more than a quarter of a million members, to protest against the publication of such an article in your magazine. As your magazine has such a wide circulation among Catholics, I believe an apology is due them for the mistake made in the publication of that article.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,
Very truly yours,
Matthew Cummings,
National President.

An Individual Protest

Chicago, Ill., February 16, 1910.

To the Editor:

An article in your January number just came to my notice, styled "The Ferrer Trial." On reading this item, I was uncommonly surprised, not so much at the material itself as at the fact that McClure's would have published it. It must have been through mistake.

The writer of this memorable jargon is one Perceval Anarchisto Gibbon, undoubtedly descended from the infidel author of "The Decline and Fall." To speak the truth, I am at a loss to express myself properly. But this much I shall say: Mr. Gibbon is either the most despicable distorter of facts, or he has been grossly misinformed. His statements regarding clericalism, couched in the most cynical language, as well as his remarks on the ignorance of the Spanish people, are absolutely false; they are the villainous attacks of a lily-livered addlebrain directed against a great country. The educational system of Spain to-day (I know whereof I speak) is inferior to that of no European country; no, not even of America. The whole difference lies in the one fact that Spain is a Christian country, Christian to the core. Unlike atheistic France, it does not banish the very name of God from its schools; it teaches morality and religion, the rock-bottom foundation of a great populace. And such is, in Perceval Anarchisto's opinion, the heinous crime of Spain.

But the latter admirable agent of the London Syndicate does not hesitate to enlighten us on the much-discussed Ferrer trial. He is brazen-faced enough to openly defend Ferrer's anarchistic, atheistic, and immoral tenets! He goes farther. He seems to agree with this anarchist. He countenances the infidel's doctrines; nay, he even praises them. And all this, openly thrown into the very faces of fourteen millions staunch Catholic citizens of the great United States! Were it to appear in the Chicago *Daily Socialist*, it were perhaps excusable. But McClure's, I believe, caters to the educated classes, to the refined element, to the moral citizens of this country. How can you link these two facts together? It is scarcely to be credited that you are tending to the overthrow of government, of religion, and of order. But the fact stands forth very plainly that you have given valuable space to the diabolical work of this anile writer; that you have countenanced his crude attempts at painting a jaded debauchee in the colors of a martyred saint. Perhaps, however, it was a mistake. In that case, there is but one avenue of escape — by retraction. Would you be willing to receive an article giving the other side of the affair? It would cost you nothing, but it would be the means of regaining the prestige you have lost with a great religious body. Ferrer would then be shown in his true light — as an advocate of free-love, anarchy, arson, murder, outrage, and adultery, and would-be regicide. These points, one and all, can be proven. It was Ferrer who instigated the Barcelona riots; these riots caused the murder, not of a single anarchist, but of hundreds of harmless men and women; therefore Ferrer, being guilty of murder of a hundredfold, deserved all he received. Did not our own enlightened Chicago make a striking example at the outbreak of 1886? And what happened after the Haymarket riot, if you remember?

Spain acted intelligently. It struck at the source of all disturbance. It punished the prime mover, not the innocent dupe. Anarchistic demagogues deserve punishment more than the ignorant dullards that gulp down the poisonous venom, at the same time whetting their instruments of destruction. All hail to youthful in age, but old in wisdom, King Alfonso of Spain, the idol, the beloved of his people.

Very respectfully,
W. JOSEPH MOCKENHAUPT.

Mr. Gibbon's Reply

Trosley, West Malling, Kent,
February 16, 1910.

My dear Mr. McClure:

I have received and examined very carefully the letters addressed to you by the American Federation of Catholic Societies and the President of the Federation of Catholic Societies for the County of Philadelphia, having reference to my article on Francisco Ferrer in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE of last January. I do not know whether it will be possible to convince their authors that the article was an honest one, containing none but facts verified at authoritative sources, and written in no spirit of hostility to Catholics or the Catholic Church; but I shall hope to make these facts abundantly clear to yourself.

The following is a categorical reply to each and every one of the charges made against me. I deal first with the letter of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

The first allegation in this document is that my article conveys a false idea of Ferrer's personal character. The letter says: "The impression conveyed is that Ferrer was a harmless enthusiast, actuated in the main by a noble-hearted purpose to reform intolerable abuses of Church and State."

That Ferrer was a harmless, and even a rather futile and impractical, enthusiast, was certainly the opinion of those real anarchists and revolutionaries who knew him. "I have no faith in Ferrer . . . and all the simple-minded folk who think you can do anything with speeches," wrote Mateo Morral, who attempted the assassination of the King and Queen of Spain. The letter is quoted in my article (page 332, first column).

M. Alfred Naquet, a former Senator of France, who knew Ferrer intimately, adds his testimony on this point in an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for November last. M. Naquet believes in violence and revolution; he has been associated with the cause of republicanism in Spain for thirty years. He elaborates at much length the fact that Ferrer's ideal was the regeneration of Spain accomplished on peaceful lines through education. "He lavishly expended his income," writes M. Naquet, "and even his capital, not in buying arms and explosives, but in conducting that scholastic work to which he was devoted and to which he had wholly consecrated his life."

André Morizet, writing in *L'Humanité*, says: "Intellectually, Ferrer was not one of us. He was one of those who prove refractory to all ideas of organization, and expect the renovation of the old world solely by the development of freedom of conscience."

Then, there is Oddo Marinelli, in *La Razione* of October 10, who tells how Ferrer had reached the conclusion that "the education of the child alone would lead to the betterment of men and to the dawn of happier days for his unhappy country." I could multiply such quotations almost indefinitely, but these should suffice to make my original point clear in the mind of any impartial man.

"His private immoralities are glossed over." But I do not know of any private immoralities beyond that one to which I allude in my article, where I say (page 336, col. 2) that he lived an irregular life, but not a loose one. The fact to which I considered it unnecessary to allude more specifically in your columns was that he was separated from his wife and had a mistress. But

I fail to see how the question of his complicity in the Barcelona riots is compromised by this matter. However deplorable, it was not a count in the indictment on which he was sentenced to death.

My account of the trial is alleged to be characterized by "such an artful suppression of some facts and such an insistence upon some others as to convey a false impression." To judge of this, it is necessary to have attended the trial. The impression I desired to convey was that the trial was a mere burlesque of judicial procedure; I appear to have succeeded. The London *Times*, which will be acquitted of any bias toward anarchism or even toward Ferrer, expressed regret, in a leading article of its issue of October 10, "that the procedure has unfortunately not been of a nature to carry entire conviction to the minds of those persons who were either convinced of Señor Ferrer's innocence or at least very doubtful of his guilt."

No well-informed man would accuse the *Spectator* of a tendency to make light of such crimes as Ferrer was charged with; its comment on the trial is as follows: "Since the trial of Marie Antoinette there has been no such notorious example of judges giving a verdict in accordance with what they considered the merits of the case and not in accordance with evidence relevant to the charge."

And it is further to be noted that the advocates of the Palace of Justice at Paris formulated their protest before the sentence was passed. It was against the procedure that they — a highly accomplished body of lawyers — directed their remonstrance.

"In a court-room containing one hundred to one hundred and fifty spectators, several of them newspaper men, as the photographs show (*sic*), after an examination of fifteen witnesses, three of whom swore that they saw Ferrer taking part in the riots, the others all agreeing that he incited his followers to anarchy and bloodshed. The documents found in his quarters leave no room for doubt about this."

Here is a curious web of errors. To begin with, there were *no* witnesses for either side at the trial; these had been dealt with at the preliminary inquiry, and numbered, not fifteen, but seventy. Their evidence, incorporated in a bulky document, constituted the "act of accusation," which was read to the judges. There was only one witness who pretended to have seen Ferrer taking any part in the riots. He was a Catholic journalist, and did not even know Ferrer by sight, but alleged that he recognized him from a photograph. Six other witnesses testified that, at the villages of Masnou and Premia, Ferrer went about urging the inhabitants to proclaim the Republic. Of these, three were themselves under arrest on a charge of complicity in the riots, and were liberated as a reward for their evidence; a fourth vanished or was spirited out of the country before the trial; and not one of them was subjected to cross-examination. Against this pitiful array of discredited witnesses, there stand the two thousand and odd people who were arrested in Barcelona and its environs, not one of whom had seen Ferrer take any part in the disturbances, or received any instructions from him, or even heard of him as — what he was shot for being — the organizer of the revolt.

"The documents found in his quarters." Here are the facts about those documents. A body of police agents searched Ferrer's house at Mas Germinal on August 11, in the presence of his family. The search was exhaustive; it lasted twelve hours; and they found only three quite innocent documents. To correct this deficiency, a further search was instituted on August 27, unhampered by the presence of Ferrer's family or friends, who had been disposed of by summary "banishment." This search lasted for two days, and two documents were "found." One of them was a draft circular dating from 1892, which Ferrer admitted to be genuine, declaring that, in the seventeen years which had elapsed since it was drawn up, he had wholly changed his political attitude. The other was a type-written proclamation, in no way referring to the events of 1909, which Ferrer declared he had never seen. It was attributed to him on the strength of a correction in pen and ink, consisting of three letters, *t*, *b*, and *a*, which two handwriting experts considered *might be* — not were — in his writing.

"The [Catholic] Church had nothing whatsoever to do with the trial and execution of Ferrer," is another statement in the letter. In the whole of my article there is not a word to suggest that it had. In my article (page 329, first column) I have made it plain beyond any possibility of error that the orders, and not the Church, were involved. The particular orders domiciled in Spain, *most of them in contravention of the law* (for the Concordat of 1851 legalized only three) are not the Church; at the most, they are only within the Church; and King Alfonso himself — devout Catholic though he is — has made the pronouncement that "the Concordat [under which the orders enjoy their privileges] is not a dogma of the Catholic Church." It was unnecessary for the writers of the letter to refer to the Pope's willingness to intercede for Ferrer. As an honest chronicler of the Ferrer affair, I could not omit mention of this incident; and his Holiness' action is duly recorded in my article (page 328, second column).

The next letter, from the President of the Federation of Catholic Societies for the County of Philadelphia, repeats certain of the points which I have answered above and adds certain others. Among them, it resurrects the question of Ferrer's complicity in the Barcelona rising of last July, and assumes his guilt. My article at least assumes nothing; it examines duly verified facts and submits them in support of its conclusions. When that article was written, there was especial need for care in the handling of data; the censorship in Spain made inquiry and verification difficult; and I am more than glad that the large mass of information which has since come into my hands confirms all that I then wrote. I did not then know in what manner Ferrer would have defended himself; but I know now. There were documents, letters, and so on to show how Ferrer had occupied himself in London from April 21 till June 14, when he was alleged to be conferring with anarchists. Professor Del Marmol warned Mr. W. Heaford at a public meeting that if they were sent to Spain for the use of the defense, they would be "lost in transit." They were sent, and they were "lost." The same thing happened to letters and documents sent by M. Malato and M. Naquet.

The witnesses for the prosecution were not cross-examined; counsel for the defense was not appointed till the hearing of the witnesses was concluded. Ferrer was given a list of twelve officers authorized to plead before the military court, and told he might choose one. He knew none of them, and selected Captain Galceran because his name resembled his own — Francisco Galceran y Ferrer. Señora Soledad Villafranca demanded the right to give evidence as to Ferrer's movements during the riots. She was allowed to admit that he was in Barcelona on the 26th of July, but was not allowed to account for his movements on the 27th and 28th, nor to adduce other witnesses in support of her testimony. As to Ferrer's character, hearsay evidence and vague rumor were accepted, if only they were detrimental; while the defense was prevented from portraying him as President of the International League for the Rational Education of Children, which has for its honorary president Anatole France, and on its committee such names as Professor Haeckel and Maurice Maeterlinck; he was not allowed to be shown as the colleague and associate of Dr. Odon de Buen, member of the Spanish Senate, Dr. Martinez Vargas, Professor of Medicine at Barcelona, Professor Ramon y Cajal, whose high distinction as a physiologist is known in America, and Professors Reclus and Letourneau of Paris. The work of Captain Jesús Marín Rafales — that is the prosecutor's incredible name — was made very easy for him; every possible obstacle was placed in the way of counsel for the defense.

It is further said that "with the money bequeathed to him by a confiding woman to establish Catholic schools, Ferrer founded his so-called secular schools." The President of the Philadelphia Federation should have given his authority for this statement. It is extracted from a letter sent to the *Manchester Guardian* by the Rev. Canon Lynch, and appeared with a note by the editor which stultified its mischievous suggestion. The calumny is fully refuted by a letter from Mlle. Meunier herself, quoted at Ferrer's trial, in which, while still asserting her belief in God, she professes herself a convert to his anti-clericalism. She had from Ferrer an assurance that he would accept the money only as a trust for the foundation of secular schools, but the lady's will contains no clause at all restricting its use.

"The mottoes which were hung around the walls of these [i. e., Ferrer's] schools were of this character: 'All religion is a falsehood.' 'The King is a wild beast who should be destroyed.' 'The flag of a nation is a rag.'" I have never entered one of the Modern Schools, but I know Spain. Does the President of the Philadelphia Federation *really* think that the kind of thing he suggests is any more possible in Barcelona than in Philadelphia? This is a new charge; it was not contained in the indictment upon which Ferrer was sentenced.

The President of the Philadelphia Federation is gravely in error when he states that I "find excuses" for the destruction of sacred buildings and the murder of priests and nuns. My article furnishes nothing of the kind, since to give the facts and figures which explain the prevalence of anti-clericalism (page 329, second column and page 330, first column) is not to find excuses for outrage and murder. On this point my views are as strong as his own, and with much better reason, for I know, as he does not, what the dominance of a mob means in Barcelona. Further, the analogy which he would establish between a Catholic benevolent institution in America, which is self-supporting by its own industry, and the orders in Catalonia, is a hopelessly false one. I have set forth in my article (page 330, first column) the Catalan's objection to the orders — that, with capital provided by the pious and the advantage of being exempt from taxation, they engage in several branches of commerce and compete with private enterprise in the open market. Such a state of affairs would not be tolerated in Philadelphia; and it is wrong to assume that it is any more tolerable in the one province of Spain which is progressing along the lines of modern enterprise and industry.

Then there is again the question of Ferrer's private life. "He deserted his wife and children in Paris, left them to work or starve, and lived in Spain with a woman younger than his eldest daughter. He left his mistress well provided for, but made no provision for his legitimate wife and children." These are almost the precise allegations made against Ferrer while he was a prisoner awaiting trial, with the object of excluding him from the sympathy of people who knew nothing about him. They seem to have gained their end. They contain no word of truth. The President of the Philadelphia Federation takes certain risks in propagating these slanders, for a printer in Charleville who libeled Ferrer's memory in this respect was sued by Ferrer's daughter, Trinidad, and had to pay damages, retract, and apologize. Quite briefly, the facts are these. Ferrer's wife made a murderous attack upon him with a revolver, left him, went to Russia, and is said to have joined the Greek Church there and obtained a divorce. At any rate, she has formed another union, and has borne several children as a result of it. Ferrer's eldest daughter, Trinidad, is a widow, and until Ferrer's execution she was supported by him; she has since renounced her rights under his will (page 335, first column), in order that the money might still go to the furtherance of his work. Paz, the second daughter, whose portrait was published with my article, does not hold her father's views; she is an actress in Paris, a Royalist and a Catholic; but she was deeply attached to him and did her utmost to aid him when he was in danger of his life. The youngest daughter, Sol, was taken to Russia by her mother.

This completes the list of charges brought against me. With the epithets employed by the writers, and their imputation of dishonesty, falsehood, and the like, I have not troubled to deal. These are not respectable methods of controversy. I greatly regret that you should be thus assailed and threatened on my account, but it will be clear to you that this could only have been avoided if I had deliberately set myself to distort and falsify my subject. However, there is an appeal from the Federation of Catholic Societies to the American public at large, and if this complete and categorical refutation of their statements should not satisfy the American Federation and the Philadelphia County Federation that the article was honest and accurate, and that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was justified in publishing it, then I make it my request that you will publish this correspondence in full and thus enlighten your large constituency of readers on the final aspects of the Ferrer affair.

I am,
Sincerely yours,
PERCEVAL GIBBON.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF THE FERRER CASE

BY

ANDREW J. SHIPMAN

IT has been said that the execution of Francisco Ferrer at Barcelona in October, 1909, was due to the fact that he instituted for the first time in Spain a system of education, and that it was clerical prejudice and clerical hostility exercised through the religious orders which encompassed his death. It is this view of the case which tends to become the common one, and which has caused a feeling of indignation and hostility against the Church in Spain and against the Catholic Church in general. If the story of his trial and execution had reflected merely on the military or judicial authorities of Spain, it might have been a matter for them to right; but the story also arraigned the Catholic Church,— one of the factors in our every-day American life,— and it is but proper that the facts surrounding the case should be given. In its last analysis, it is the case of an anarchist who was tried for his participation in rebellion and riot. This magazine has kindly allowed me to state the case as I found it upon investigation.

From the story as generally told, one would naturally suppose that there had never been any schools of any consequence in Barcelona except the Ferrer schools. But the statistics of Barcelona for the year 1909 show the following results: public schools, 860; private church schools conducted by religious communities, 268; private schools conducted by Catholic laymen, 564; Protestant schools, 22; Ferrer "laic" schools, 43. This does very well for the city and province of Barcelona, containing a total population of 1,052,977.

It has been said that the schools of Spain still leave 75 per cent of the people illiterate. Those are the statistics of 1860 — fifty years ago. According to the census of 1900 (before Ferrer ever began his schools), Spain had 25,340 public schools, with 1,617,314 pupils, and 6,181 private schools with 344,380 pupils, making a total of 31,521 schools with 1,961,694 pupils, out of a population then of 18,618,086 — somewheres approaching the same average as the State of New York at that date had in her public schools. And this is excluding high schools, seminaries, and the ten universities. And Spain has largely increased her educational facilities in the ten years since 1900. The Spanish school-teachers of to-day seem fairly intelligent, and have their congresses for improvement in education, just as here in America.

We Americans, in the strenuous swiftness of our civic life, often forget our own history, or at least do not call it sharply to mind. We have had here in the United States, some twenty-five years ago, the very duplicate of the Ferrer case, except that here the death and devastation was not so great as in Barcelona. On May 4, 1886, a bomb was thrown in Haymarket Square in Chicago, which killed six policemen, and, together with the firing which followed, wounded sixty persons. For this crime August Spies, Albert Parsons, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg were found guilty and executed. On the trial it was conceded that none of the convicted persons threw the bomb with his own hands, for the man who was believed to have done so was blown to pieces by its explosion. The prisoners were charged with having aided, advised, and encouraged the throwing of the bomb. Their guilt was shown by numerous extracts from papers published by them advocating riot and dynamite, by the fact of their speeches encouraging the workman to rise against the capitalist by force, and the incitement of their fellows to anarchy. The nearest overt act was the making of impassioned speeches to the meeting by Spies, Parsons, and Fielden, which were concluded just before the police came upon the scene and the bomb was thrown. The wording of these newspaper articles, the general tenor of the speeches, and the history of the events can be read in the law reports of the case of Spies (Volume 122 of the Illinois Reports, pages 1–266), and the whole reads singularly like the events in Barcelona for which Ferrer and others suffered death. We have forgotten that we have had our own Ferrer case, in which we acted exactly as the Spanish Government did; and we have forgotten, too, the principles of law carried out in our own case of riot and anarchy. In this Chicago case, the court said:

"He who inflames people's minds, and induces them by violent means to accomplish an illegal object, is himself a rioter, even though he take no part in the riot. . . . If he set in motion the physical power of another, he is liable for its result. If he awake into action an indiscriminate power, he is responsible."

Here in the State of New York our Penal Law provides (Sec. 2) that a person who aids or abets in the commission of a crime, *whether present or not*, or who counsels, commands, or induces another to commit a crime, is a "principal," and shall be dealt with accordingly. It also provides (Secs. 160, 161) that the advocacy of criminal anarchy is a felony; also (Secs. 1,044, 1,045) that murder in the first degree is punishable by death; and that any person who, even without premeditated design, causes the death of another while committing a felony, is himself guilty of murder in the first degree. Treason (Sec. 2,380) is defined as "a combination of two or more persons by force to usurp the government shown by a forcible attempt," and (Sec. 2,381) it is punishable by death. These principles of our own law will enable us to take a saner and clearer view of the Ferrer matter than to bring in view merely the statutes of rebellion and treason in the Spanish law under which he was convicted. Lest it may be said that "the dice were loaded, the game was not honest," we will keep in mind, for the sake of analogy, what our own laws in the United States provide in like cases, and what they have already meted out in a similar situation of affairs.

The nexus of events leading up to the revolution and riot in Barcelona, July 26–31, 1909, is too long to be told here, but we may briefly set down a short outline of them. Cataluña has been the discontented child in Spain, as well as one of the great manufacturing provinces. The soil for revolt is there, and an appeal to their local passions often finds response. In 1908 the Spanish Government granted a franchise to an iron company to mine the rich ores in Africa. The company sold its entire product, for many years to come, to German syndicates. The Spanish company found the richest ores at the extreme frontier of the Spanish possessions in Africa, if not actually upon Moroccan Riff territory. They encroached upon Moorish territory, or at least the natives thought they did; and finally the clash came when they were driven off by the Riffians. Troops were sent to protect them; they, too, were beaten by the Moorish mountaineers; battles ensued, and in the month of June, 1909, Spain had a little war on her hands. Reserves were called to the colors, and in Barcelona this was sharply resented. The Barcelonese were something like our former militia; they wanted no military service outside of Spain. Besides, they thought the war debt would be largely paid by them, being one of the wealthiest provinces in Spain. Moreover, the whole war seemed to be a Madrid scheme to enable a syndicate to make money on its contract with Germans. Hence feeling ran high and all political parties in opposition to the government in power aroused the Barcelona public by continual agitation. But the ministry insisted on the reserves going to the front, and during the early part of July, 1909, troopships sailed from Barcelona to Melilla. Just after the departure of the last one, on July 23, and after a week's incessant political agitation and fiery speech-making, a general strike was ordered to express the workingmen's opposition to the government measures. The factories closed, thousands of idle workmen met or paraded the streets; all was at a fever-heat, and it needed but a spark to start the explosion. We know too well in America how strikes in a flash degenerate into disorder.

This was the supreme occasion for which Ferrer and his school had been waiting. For eight years he had carried on the so-called *Escuela Moderna* (Modern School), a name he never invented, but boldly filched from the works of one of the ablest scholars in Spain, Don Rafael Altamira, and made it for a time a cover for his teaching. His associates who managed the teaching and direction of the school were all anarchists or of the anarchistic type. They were not merely the advocates of disorder; they went deeper than that. They sought to eliminate from the pupil's mind all basic ideas of religion, patriotism, and morality. It was not a mere teaching against Catholicism or religious orders, as the correspondents of our newspapers have suggested, but, along with concrete intellectual training given in their schools, the very ideas of the flag, the country, lawful marriage, property, the family, and the reciprocal relation of State and citizenship were destroyed and annihilated.

It would take too much space to give extracts from the school-books embodying these ideas, but the Ferrer schools were the very antithesis of what we teach in our public schools in the United States. Take merely the extracts from his Third Reader, known by the title of "Patriotism and Colonization," where the children are taught such gems as these: "Don't get excited for the sake of the flag! It is nothing but three yards of cloth stuck on a pole!" "The words 'country,' 'flag,' and 'family' are no more than hypocritical echoes of wind and sound." "Industry and commerce are names by which merchants cover up their robberies." "Marriage is prostitution sanctified by the Church and protected by the State." "The family is one of the principal obstacles to the enlightenment of men."

Ferrer carried out the latter one literally; for he deserted and then divorced his wife, Teresa, left his children, Trinidad, Paz, and Sol, to shift for themselves, while he took a mistress by whom he had illegitimate children.

His teachers represented the same line of thought. Mme. Clementine Jacquinet, his chief instructor for girls, was a French anarchist who had been expelled from Egypt by the British authorities, and who described herself frankly as "an atheist, a scientific materialist, an antimilitarist, and an anarchist." She had a large hand in preparing the school-books used in his schools. Among his other professors were Mateo Morral, who threw the bomb at King Alfonso on his wedding day, and Leon Fabre, who led in the attacks against the churches in Barcelona, and other local teachers who took part in the rioting. It was the teaching of these schools and their allied clubs and societies which prepared the soil for the events which followed upon the embarkation of the troops for Africa. The anarchists had been waiting for years for such a chance, and here was one made ready to their hands. Nay, more; every idler, every thug and criminal, every rascal and jailbird, was ready to pitch in and help at the sight of riot and plunder.

The "Bloody Week" in Barcelona, from July 26 to 31 of last year, is too terrible to record in a few words. At the time of the strike there were only sixteen hundred troops and police left in the city. On the 26th, roving bands of rioters paraded the streets, and frequent collisions with the police took place. Banks, post-offices, credit companies, stores, hotels, warehouses, and public buildings were guarded as well as possible by the slender force at hand. No one took thought upon guarding churches, convents, and the like, and they were left unprotected. That night the street-cars were overturned, trolley lines cut, and the telephone and telegraph wires disabled, gas and electric lights rendered useless. Rioting occurred, policemen were shot, and firemen stoned and wounded. The authorities were thoroughly alarmed, and the riot act was read and posted in the public places. The next day the city was declared under martial law and all powers were handed over to the military governor. Proclamations to that effect were posted in conspicuous places throughout the city.

But on this second day, July 27, the storm broke. The revolutionists and anarchists had been holding meetings, and had determined on a program of looting the banks, stores, and public buildings. These, however, were too well guarded by the slender cordons of military and police and the well-equipped employees. All the morning attempts to pillage and rob were made, but the rioters were driven off. Then, in the outlying districts, they tore up the paving-stones and began to barricade the streets. They broke into an armory and sacked it of its arms. Railway tracks were torn up and all means of communication were completely shut off. The police frequently heard of outrages hours after they had occurred. A mob of young thugs broke into one of the churches and plundered everything that was there and in the sacristy, set fire to the church, and went howling into the streets with their booty. It was the first-fruits of the anarchist program, and it supplied the quarry for the anarchists and revolutionists. The churches, schools, and convents were not guarded at all; and, besides, there would be plunder for everybody. The riotous crowd of anarchists and their allies now had a chance to carry out their hatred for religion and order, and they proceeded to carry it out with all the brutality and savagery of which they were capable.

The day of July 27 was a ghastly one, filled with smoke, murder, and terror. The kerosene-can was used after looting had secured every valuable article, and before midnight the mob had attacked and burned some twenty-two institutions in the newer and outer part of Barcelona. The police pursued them as best they could; but the revolutionists were divided by their leaders into sections, attacking churches, schools, and houses simultaneously at remote distances from one another. During the night the King and ministry, who were communicated with by cable,—for all telegraph lines were cut,—suspended the constitutional guaranties, leaving the city and province in an actual state of war. All day on the 28th the burning, looting, and destruction of churches, convents, and schools went on; but by nightfall the troops had broken some of the barricades and began to subdue some sections of the rioters. On Thursday (the 29th) they had the rioting under control and the revolt was crushed. On Friday the roving bands of anarchists, rioters, and idlers were entirely stopped, and the next day street traffic began again.

It is sickening to tell of the savagery of the mob. Even the dead nuns were dragged from their coffins, and paraded with revolting and obscene orgies, and then thrown into the gutters. Clerical teachers in the schools were stripped, tortured, and shot. Even little children were not spared. Churches that had stood as monuments from the days of the Crusades were destroyed; while everything valuable was plundered from them and from schools and religious houses. They even stole the clothes and petty jewelry of the girls in the boarding-schools.

It has been alleged that the rioters were incensed against the religious orders because they manufactured goods and sold them cheaply, thus depriving workmen of possible employment. As a matter of fact, no attacks were made on any of the working orders, for there are none within the city of Barcelona; but the anarchists confined themselves chiefly to churches, schools, and convents of women, all of which were an easy prey. If it had any element of a movement in favor of enlargement of popular education, it had a singular result. These are some of the educational institutions destroyed and the number of pupils that were being educated in them: Pious schools (*escolapios*), 500 scholars, 200 of them free; San Andres Asylum, 150 workingmen's children, free; Asylum-Nursery of the Holy Family, kindergarten for 80 children and 500 girls, free; College of St. Peter, 400 scholars, day and night schools, free; Convent of Loreto, 150 girls, boarders; Franciscan Nuns, 150 girls, free; Immaculate Conception, 250 girls, boarders; Girls' College of Salesian Sisters, 300 students, 70 night students, free; Convent of the Adoration, 80 girl students; Workingwomen's Free Schools at San Andres, 600 workingwomen scholars, free; Boys' College at San José, 250 students; Workingmen's Institute at Pueblo Nuevo, 200 pupils; Catholic Club at Pekin, 80 fishermen's children, free; Manual Training School, 100 boys, free; Asylum in Aldeva Street, 800 children of workingmen, educated free; Dominican Nuns, 150 girl students; College of San Antonio, 500, part of them free; and others which dispensed education along with other forms of charitable relief. This leaves out entirely the destruction of the hospitals, homes, etc., unconnected with education. Altogether the rioters burned and wrecked the following buildings: churches and chapels, 22; convents, 14; schools and colleges, 20; asylums, homes, and charitable institutions, 22; official buildings and private houses, 19; making a total of 97. In doing so, they killed 102 persons and seriously wounded and maimed 312. There is nothing since the Reign of Terror or the Commune in Paris to equal it in ferocity and destruction.

It was for his connection with this outbreak of revolution and civil war that Ferrer was tried and condemned. One of his closest friends, Emiliano Iglesias, said lately in the Spanish Cortes that Señor Maura should be killed for his death, and when Señor Maura passed through Barcelona, shortly thereafter, he was fired upon as he alighted in the railway station. Thus they object to an execution according to law, but are willing to pass sentence of death and have it immediately executed without even the formality of notifying the victim. The press of the United States made no adverse comments upon this turn of affairs.

As the city of Barcelona remained under martial law for some four months after the outbreak, and the civil courts were suspended, Ferrer was tried by court martial.

Although there were four trials and executions of ring-leaders in the revolt, no outcry was made about any of them except Francisco Ferrer y Guardia. When Miguel Paró was shot over a month before Ferrer, nothing was said in the press. There have been executions since, and several sentences to long terms in prison, for the participants in that awful week, but the press of the world has been mute. The competency and integrity of the court martial that tried him have never been assailed. All the venom has been reserved for the Catholic Church and the religious orders, with not one word of sympathy or regret for the awful deeds of murder and pillage wrought upon them. This court martial consisted of a presiding judge and six captains. Here they are: Colonel Eduardo de Aguirre, Captains Pompeyo Marti, Sebastian Carreras, Marcelino Diaz, Manuel de Llanos, Aniceto Garcia, and Julio Lopez. The prosecutor was Captain Jesús Marín Rafales, of the Infantry, and the counsel chosen by the defendant was Captain Francisco Galcerán y Ferrer, of the Engineers, who made a most determined effort for his client.

The military code under which Ferrer was tried was passed by the Liberal Parliament in 1890. The formation of the court martial is automatic, being made by designation of a number of officers six months in advance, so that a special court martial is not formed to try a prisoner. The accused is notified of the formation of the court, and can object to any of them, and then another must take his place. The rules of evidence are the same as in the Spanish criminal courts. The trial of Ferrer lasted for twenty-eight days, and during it over seventy persons were examined as witnesses, and the majority of those who testified to facts against him were practically of his own side: they were Republicans, Liberals, revolutionists, labor leaders, and anarchists, and it was their testimony which demonstrated his complicity in the riots of July last year. Not a clerical witness, or one connected with the churches or religious orders, was called against him.

Francisco Ferrer y Guardia, during his residence in Barcelona prior to July 28, 1909, wore a full beard; when he was captured by the police in the latter part of August he was smooth shaven. He pretended that he was a tourist and a delegate to the Esperanto convention, and was not recognized at the country place where he was taken into custody. A few days later it was ascertained that he was Ferrer, and he was brought to Barcelona. In his country villa, Mas Germinal, at Mongat, about six miles out of Barcelona, a quantity of telegrams, correspondence, circulars, and memoranda was discovered, and in the *Solidaridad Obrera* (his headquarters in Barcelona) still more were taken. These alone made up fifty-four packages, or files of exhibits, of the documentary evidence presented at the trial. They contained urgent calls to rise against capital, seize the banks, destroy the churches, disable the railroads, and the like, and one of them winds up with: "Workmen, prepare yourselves. The hour is at hand! Annexed hereto is a recipe for the manufacture of dynamite."

Among other things, they clearly demonstrated that Ferrer had been actively connected with every conspiracy to overturn established authority in Spain since 1883; that on every occasion he was in active correspondence with the leaders of those movements, and was in touch with everything they did — the years 1885, 1892, 1895, 1898, clear down to the attempt to kill the King in Madrid in 1906, by Mateo Morral. It was a curious coincidence, to say the least, that he was always on hand on each of these occasions, and always in close consultation with the men who did the deeds. His correspondence, circulars, and statements all preached the social revolution and advocated its bringing about by force and rebellion. He himself claimed toward the last, and his partizans nowadays maintain, that he was merely a philosophic anarchist, and that he had abandoned his former doctrines of violence and dynamite. But they do not deny that *he was an anarchist*, and in active touch and correspondence with the advocates of violence, even almost down to his death.

The prosecution adduced proof which followed Ferrer's acts throughout the riots until the troops began to subdue the rioters,—when Ferrer disappeared from the city,—covering three days in all. The summary of this evidence may be here given, day by day.

On *Monday, July* 26, the day when the rioters began to clash with the police, Ferrer was seen by the witnesses, Angel Fernandez Bermejo, Claudio Sanchez, and Manuel Cabro, among certain riotous groups in formation in the Plaza de Antonio Lopez,, at about six o'clock in the afternoon. A detachment of mounted men dispersed these rioters, and Ferrer thereupon went toward the Puerta de la Paz, where he was again engaged in addressing another group. On the police coming toward them, he went on down the Rambla, the principal street in Barcelona. The proprietor of the Hotel Internacional, on the Rambla, testified that Ferrer dined there. Francisco Domenech, a barber and a partizan of Ferrer, testified that he met Ferrer at the Hotel Internacional at half past nine that night, and from there they went to the editorial office of *El Progreso*, "to see how the comrades were getting on." After coming away, they went to the Café Aribau, where Ferrer met Calderon, Ponte, Tuban, and Litran, all of whom were afterward mixed up in the rioting. Then Ferrer, with Domenech, went back to the office of *El Progreso*, saying that he wanted to see Iglesias, its editor (the same Emiliano Iglesias who only advocated the assassination of Maura upon the floor of Congress in Madrid), and tell him not to sign the contemplated protest to the government against the war in Melilla, "because the revolution will be here and the signers will be marching at the head of the populace." On his way from this interview Ferrer met Morero, to whom he said that the *Solidaridad Obrera* should take sides with the rioters, for it was already compromised, and those who did not would be treated as traitors were treated in Russia.

On the same evening of July 26, after the rioting of the day, Lorenzo Ardid, who was a mild anarchist and a close companion of Ferrer prior to the riots, was taking his coffee in the *Casa del Pueblo* (the successor to the *Escuela Moderna*), when Ferrer entered and, after salutations, said:

"What do you think of the events of to-day?"

Ardid answered: "That is over, but it is a kind of protest that ought to go no further."

Then Ferrer turned on him sharply. "Don't believe that this will go no further!"

Ardid began to answer him excitedly. Ferrer grew heated, and Ardid turned his shoulder and said: "You are taking the wrong road."

In the confrontation of witnesses, Ferrer admitted he had met Ardid there, but denied the language used.

On *Tuesday, July* 27, the day of the burning of so many churches, schools, and convents, Ferrer left his country villa and came into Barcelona. On that day Claudio Sanchez and Miguel Calvo saw a man, dressed in a blue suit and a straw hat with the front brim drawn down, haranguing a group of rioters in the street. Sanchez went up to him and, pointing to the proclamation on the wall, said, "Can't you read that?" and dispersed them. Both of these witnesses afterward identified Ferrer during the examination on three different occasions, among a number of similar persons, as the man wearing the blue suit and straw hat. Francisco de Paula Colldeforns testified that between seven-thirty and eight-thirty that same evening he saw a group of rioters on the Rambla in front of the Lyceum, apparently commanded by a man whom he closely observed from his manner of actions. He heard him order the rioters to march through the Calle de Hospital. As soon as he afterward saw a photograph of Ferrer, he recognized him. On the examination, he readily picked out Ferrer as the person he had seen. Ferrer never denied that he wore a blue suit and a straw hat during those days.

On *Wednesday, July* 28, the second great day of the riots and pillage, Ferrer was exceedingly active, according to the witnesses. In the morning he came to the barber shop of Domenech and ordered him to get the president of the Republican Committee, Juan Ventura Puig (alias Llarch) and see if he could not do something. Puig came, and Ferrer proposed to him to go to the City Hall and proclaim the Republic; but Puig refused, saying that he would not compromise himself. Puig, while on the witness-stand, declared that once before, in a café in Calle de Puerto Rico, when he objected to doing such things because the people ought to be behind him in such a movement, Ferrer insisted that "then he ought to begin by stirring up the people, so that a lot of them would go out and burn churches and convents." Puig further objected that he did not see how the Republic would come by that means, but Ferrer cut him short with, "The Republic doesn't matter; the question is, there should be a revolution"; and then added a moment later: "Very well, we will have to destroy everything."

Esteban Puigmollens testified that later in that day he saw Ferrer addressing a group of rioters, and Salvador Millet said that a number of them entered the mayor's office at Masnou and began to address the crowd in the name of Ferrer. On this same day, the witness Francisco Calvet testified, at half past twelve, at the club-house of the *Fraternidad Republicana* at Premia (a village on the outskirts of Barcelona), two persons presented themselves, one of whom was Puig and the other a man in a summer suit and straw hat, who said, "I am Ferrer Guardia," and thereupon sent for the mayor, Domingo Casas Llibre, who came over, accompanied by the witnesses Antonio Mustares, the vice-mayor, and José Alvarez Espinosa, the aldermanic clerk. When they arrived, he again announced that he was Ferrer, and, turning to the Mayor, said:

"I come to tell you that you must proclaim the republic in Premia."

The Mayor said: "Señor, I won't take those orders."

Then Ferrer said: "Why not, when the Republic is proclaimed in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, and other cities!"

The witnesses who testified to these facts were not only Calvet, but the mayor, vice-mayor, and clerk, and also Jaime Comas, Pedro Cesa, Lorenzo Arnau, and Jaime Calvé, who were present in the club-house at the interview. Ferrer was squarely confronted on four occasions with the witnesses Lorenzo Ardid, Puig Ventura (or Llarch), Casas Llibre, the mayor, and Alvarez Espinosa, who maintained to his face their testimony as to his actions and statements; and Ferrer had to admit the fact that he was with them.

A carpenter, Rosendo Gudas, testified that on July 27 he was fixing a door in Ferrer's house, and Ferrer stopped, in passing, and said to him: "Now what does Tiana [a nickname for the village] think? It is about time to burn down everything."

On the 28th a street orator at Masnou, at the edge of Barcelona, explained to the crowd of rioters which he was addressing that he had just come from Ferrer and that Ferrer could not get around to address them. A multitude of other pieces of circumstantial evidence, pointing to Ferrer's presence and activity during those days in different parts of the city, showing all the elements of suggestion and direction, was also offered. A curious fact, much more than mere coincidence, was that detachments of the rioters were officered by the teachers in Ferrer's schools, and that the severest outbreaks took place in precisely the districts where those schools and allied clubs were situated.

Francisco Domenech, the Masnou barber, testified that on the morning of July 29 he shaved Ferrer, completely taking off his beard. Bruno Humbert on that afternoon found Ferrer's villa locked and bolted and the occupants gone. Among others who testified to Ferrer's activity preceding the riots were Manuel Jimenez Moya, a newspaper man of radical opinions like Ferrer's, Narciso Verdaguet, Baldomero Bonet, himself prosecuted for arson in the riots, Modesto Lara, and Alfredo Garcia Magallon, most of whom had had close relations with the accused.

Against this mass of testimony Ferrer offered no witnesses. He only claimed that he did not belong to the school of militant anarchy. No attempt was made to prove what Ferrer did from the 26th to the 29th day of July, while the horrors of murder, pillage, and arson were going on. He did not undertake to prove that he never wore a blue suit and a straw hat, or why he shaved off his beard and ran away. If he had been innocent, the simplest thing would have been for him to go before the authorities on the first day of the riots and offer his services to restore order. That would have tested the kind of man he was, and would have proved the most effective alibi. It has been said that his mistress, Soledad Villafranca, who was deported by the authorities to Teruel, two hundred and fifty miles away, could have proved his innocence, but her testimony was not taken. Yet she was not called as a witness, although the trial lasted twenty-eight days. Nor was any request made to take her testimony by deposition, although that method was open at all times. During all this time the radical and anarchist press throughout Europe was ready to publish anything that might tend to exculpate Ferrer; yet Soledad Villafranca and the others said not a word. Nor have they detailed any facts since.

Ferrer's counsel, Captain Galcerán, wanted the trial suspended until he could get declarations from abroad in France, Italy, and Belgium, principally of distinguished anarchists, "that the ideas of Ferrer were opposed to every kind of act of violence," which would show he was incapable of taking part in the July rioting. The court properly rebuked Captain Galcerán that such a line of defense was not proper, and that Ferrer was being tried for his acts and their consequences, not for his ideas. This rebuke was afterward magnified into a report, first, that Galcerán had been shot for his energetic defense, and, later, that he had been court-martialed for it. As a matter of fact, nothing occurred.

The trial was in the open court-room, and the illustrated papers in Spain and France had large double-page illustrations showing a hundred persons or more present. It lasted twenty-eight days, ten of which were allotted for the defense to use. After deliberation, the sentence of the court on October 9, 1909, was that Ferrer was guilty of rebellion and treason under aggravating circumstances. This sentence was confirmed by the Captain-General of Cataluña on October 10, and it was afterward approved by the ministry. The law itself, under Article 238, fixed the penalty therefor as death, and this penalty was carried out on October 13, 1909.

In view of all the circumstances involved in the Ferrer case, we think the matter should be considered in a similar light to cases occurring in our own country, for thereby we can obtain a fairer and more unprejudiced view of the situation.

He had a trial, and there was evidence produced against him, and, moreover, the evidence was of substantially the same nature as that for which we ourselves sent seven men to death for a like crime. The law under which he was tried was framed by the anti-clerical party, while his daily associates furnished the principal evidence against him. The case should therefore be judged upon the actual facts involved, and not upon prejudice and hostility.

A LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM ARCHER REGARDING HIS INVESTIGATION OF THE FERRER CASE

Dear Mr. McClure:

In pursuance of your instructions, I have left no stone unturned in the endeavor to arrive at the truth as to Ferrer. After a preliminary look-around, I saw that the starting-point of any fruitful inquiry must be a minute examination of the official report of the trial: the "Juicio Ordinario seguido . . . contra Francisco Ferrer Guardia" ("Ordinary Process . . . against Francisco Ferrer Guardia") — perhaps a unique document in the history of legal procedure. Certain gaps in it — and notably the speech of Ferrer's defender — I was able to supply by reference to the detailed account of the proceedings which ran through nine numbers of the *Gil Blas*. This led me on to the five histories of the revolt which have appeared in Barcelona itself: two written from the clerical standpoint, "La Semána Sangrienta" ("The Bloody Week") and Villaescusa's "Revolución de Julio" ("Revolution of July") — recommended to me by one of the leading Jesuits of Barcelona; one, by Bonafulla, written from the anti-clerical standpoint; and two, by Brissa and Riera, non-partizan chronicles. The eight or ten French and Belgian works, of which the most remarkable was Kaspar's "Réponse des Intellectuels Français á S. M. Alphonse XIII." ("Reply of the French Intellectuals to His Majesty Alfonso XIII."), proved to be almost exclusively pro-Ferrer; so was McCabe's English book, "The Martyrdom of Ferrer." But against these I was able to set "Un Revolucionario de Accion" ("An Active Revolutionist"), by Casimiro Comas, the anti-Ferrer number of the Madrid newspaper *A. B. C.*, and Salillas' criminological essay, "La Celda de Ferrer" ("The Cell of Ferrer"). Finally (so far as books are concerned), Dr. Simarro, of Madrid, most generously gave me proof-sheets of the first five hundred and fifty pages of his great study of the Ferrer case, which, at the moment of writing, is still in the press.

In the meantime, I had sought out personally many of Ferrer's friends and enemies. From his enemies I failed to extract much except repetitions of statements already familiar in print; but I was able to test in some measure the value of police opinions upon his character. From his friends, on the other hand,— and they included some of his nearest relatives and most intimate associates,— I obtained much evidence that was, both directly and indirectly, valuable. By evidence of indirect value I mean that which one reads between the lines of a communication, or deduces from the character and manner of one's informant. Of course, in trying to piece together the true story, one kept a sharp lookout for inconsistencies between different witnesses, and for anything like evasion, prevarication, or disingenuousness. Many unpublished letters of Ferrer's have been through my hands; I have examined the *Boletines* or monthly journals of the Escuela Moderna; and, though I do not pretend to have read the thirty-five or forty volumes of educational and scientific works which issued from Ferrer's publishing-house, I have looked into them sufficiently to judge of their general character. I have studied carefully the localities of the events of July, 1909, in and around Barcelona; and I may say that the relations of certain places throw a significant light on certain parts of the story. In Madrid (as, indeed, in London and Paris) I have gone through various newspaper files in order to verify facts and dates. In Madrid, too, by a lucky accident, I received, hot from the press, the full reports of the great six days' debate in the Cortes, in which the Barcelona revolt and the case of Ferrer were fought out afresh with infinite heat and vehemence, Señor Lerroux and the two Iglesiases (Don Emiliano and Don Pablo) attacking the late Conservative Ministry, while Señor Maura and Señor La Cierva stood gallantly to their guns.

What is the conclusion I have come to? It would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to state it in a sentence, or even in a paragraph. I have given you, as you suggested, an outline of my methods of inquiry, and I hope you will find, when my manuscript reaches you, that I have made no statement on any essential point which is not either admitted by all parties, or based on evidence which must satisfy any reasonable man. Such, at least, has been my endeavor.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FERRER"

IN the November and December numbers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE Mr. William Archer will make a full report of his investigation of the proceedings of the Ferrer case.—EDITOR.

AN APOLOGY

OWING to a mistake in the office, the John Thorndyke detective stories by R. Austin Freeman were accredited to the editor of the London *Lancet*. Mr. Freeman has no connection whatever with the London *Lancet*, of which Mr. S. Squire Sprigge is editor.

PROFESSOR EHRLICH'S DISCOVERIES

BY MRS. MARKS

A CAREFUL study of Professor Ehrlich's discoveries relating to the blood, his work on immunization and on the standardizing of serums, and his work on the sleeping-sickness, together with all that may now be said regarding his cure, "606" (referred to in the following despatches to the London *Times* and the New York *Times*) will be published in the November McCLURE's.

This article comes from Professor Ehrlich's laboratory at Frankfort, and was written by Mrs. Marks, the wife of one of Professor Ehrlich's assistants, with the approval of Professor Ehrlich. Professor Ehrlich is not yet ready to make any statement regarding his new drug "606," which is spoken of in these despatches:

Frankfort-on-Main, July 5.

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, in an interview with a representative of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, made the following statement regarding the cure for syphilis which he said he had discovered and prepared jointly with his collaborators, notably Dr. Bertheim and Dr. Hata, and which is already being employed under the designation of "Preparation 606" in some hundred clinics. Work was still proceeding incessantly for the perfecting of the cure, but so many astonishing improvements in cases of syphilis could be shown that the greatest expectations might be entertained as to the healing power of the preparation. It took effect more quickly than had been the case with the method of treatment practised hitherto. The greatest difficulties were encountered where there were parasyphilitic symptoms. Hereditary lues was quite amenable, and satisfactory results had been obtained with secondary and tertiary syphilis. No harmful by-effects on other organs had so far been observed. He gave chemical treatment of syphilis the preference over serum treatment, as with the latter no complete killing of the generators of the disease was obtained. Experience of many thousand cases must first be awaited before the preparation could be introduced into general medicine.

London Times, July 6, 1910.

Paris, Aug. 20.

Dr. F. Mortimer Lawrence, of Philadelphia, is on his way from Paris to Frankfort and Vienna to investigate the remarkable claims put forth by Drs. Ehrlich and Hata for their recently devised preparation of arsenobenzol, also arbitrarily named "606."

All over the world this alleged discovery is now being studied with interest by advanced physicians.

Special Cable to The New York Times.

A letter from Mrs. Marks dated August sixteenth says: "Every day there are accounts of this drug and its effects in the papers of Europe. It is almost incredible. Ehrlich is overrun by reporters, doctors, and would-be patients. The whole atmosphere is charged with the excitement attending a great discovery."

MORE REMINISCENCES BY ELLEN TERRY

NEXT month McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will begin some new chapters of Reminiscences by Ellen Terry. The first article will deal with Miss Terry's recollections of various actresses in Shakespearian parts, and will compare the different ways in which Duse, Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, Modjeska, and other players of this generation have interpreted such parts as Juliet, Lady Macbeth, and Rosalind. The new Reminiscences are written with all the lightness and charm, the humor and wealth of anecdote, which characterized the series Miss Terry contributed to McCLURE'S two years ago.

Miss Terry leaves England on the *Oceanic* on October 19, and arrives in New York on the 26th, to begin a lecturing tour in the United States. In her talks about Shakespeare's heroines, it is one of Miss Terry's ideas to quote freely the Shakespearian lines, and by action, gesture, and voice to make them living women to her audiences.

THE NATIONAL HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Sept. 1, 1910.

To the Editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

In the editorial published in your July issue, entitled "A Department of Dollars *vs.* A Department of Health," there is a statement that representatives of the National League for Medical Freedom "approached" a writer who was employed by the Health League in writing articles in support of a national health department. If the writer of the editorial meant by the word "approached" that there was an attempt to buy off the employee of the Health League, there is absolutely no truth in the charge. All negotiations with the writer were dropped the moment he disclosed, rather tardily, the fact that he was working for the Health League.

Moreover, the entire editorial, including the title, tended to create the impression that opposition to a national department of health was prompted by commercial interests. Speaking for the National League for Medical Freedom, any such inference is false. The League represents an honest opposition to the cause which the Health League advocates, and no patent-medicine or other commerical concerns have been allowed to contribute in any way to the fight for our principles that we are making.

Very truly yours,

B. O. FLOWER,

President of the National League for Medical Freedom.